THE SATURDAY EVE ST

Volume 197, Number 6

Aug. 9, '24

5cts.

Julian Street—Thomas McMorrow—William Ashley Anderson
Elizabeth Shackleton—Octavus Roy Cohen—Garet Garrett

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

Your money entitles you to an investment; your clothes should give you a good appearance. In both ways and otherwise, Kuppenheimer good Clothes are *an Investment in Good Appearance.*

© K. & Co.

Westclox

In your vacation luggage

FOR two glorious weeks or more of vacation you can laugh at the clock that tells you each morning to get up for work.

But some time during your outing you will plan to get up early some morning for play. Then you will thank the foresight that caused you to tuck a Baby Ben in your bag.

You will welcome its tinkling call to a day of enjoyment. Or it may be a gentle reminder for you to choose between the luxury of lying in bed and having breakfast.

Westclox call you just as punctually and dependably for a holiday as for a working day. And for a handy timepiece to take with you there is Pocket Ben. When there is no light handy to snap on at night, Baby Ben Luminous or Glo-Ben with their glowing numerals and hands are convenient. All have the trade mark Westclox on the dial.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Westclox
Big Ben
7 inches tall. Runs 32 hours. Steady and repeat alarm. $3.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
Baby Ben
5¾ inches tall. Steady and repeat alarm. $1.25. Luminous, $4.50. In Canada, $4.50—$6.00.

Westclox
America
6¼ inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Sleep-Meter
5 inches tall. Nickeled case. 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $2.00. In Canada, $3.00.

Westclox
Jack o'Lantern
5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours, $3.00. In Canada, $4.00.

Westclox
Pocket Ben
A nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable, $1.50. In Canada, $2.00.

Westclox
Glo-Ben
Nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands, $2.25. In Canada, $3.00.

COMMUNITY PLATE

That Contented Hour

THE lilt of laughter, the gay chatter flowing back and forth across the teacups, the fragrance of the amber brew—lull one's senses to delightful serenity during that most contented hour—afternoon tea. And what a delight there is in the immaculately dainty service—beyond criticism if the silverware is Community Plate. *Teaspoons* $3.60 *Set of Six*

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1924, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 9, 1924 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 6

A SPEAKING LIKENESS

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

NOW that she saw what it was, May Bryson regretted that she had told Quayle to open the box. He had been butler here at Uplands since Basil, her husband, was a baby; she had a feeling that he did not consider her a worthy successor to her aristocratic mother-in-law as mistress of the house; and certainly, if that was so, this crayon portrait, in its ornate frame of white and gold, was not a thing to improve her standing with him.

It was a portrait of her father which had hung in the parlor of her girlhood home in Newbern; and although the crayon artist in Pittsburgh had worked from a photograph without ever having seen her father, it was very like him—so like him, May reflected bitterly, that her mother didn't want it any more.

Distinctly, she remembered the excitement caused in the Newbern household by its arrival. It came in a wooden box like the one in which it had come today; Clem Matlack unpacked it, and standing on the stepladder hung it between the stiffly curtained front windows, above the brass and onyx table. How surprised her father had looked when he came home and saw it there. Habitually a silent man, he had seemed to feel that the occasion called for appropriate remarks; and after inspecting it closely, he commented upon the way the artist had brought out the weave of the serge coat and drawn the watch chain, showing how each link fitted into the next.

"It certainly is a speaking likeness, Uncle William," said Clem.

"Yes," added her mother, gazing in rapt admiration, "you wouldn't be surprised if the lips moved and it began to talk, now would you?"

Her father's only reply was a little nod as he turned away. This did not satisfy her mother.

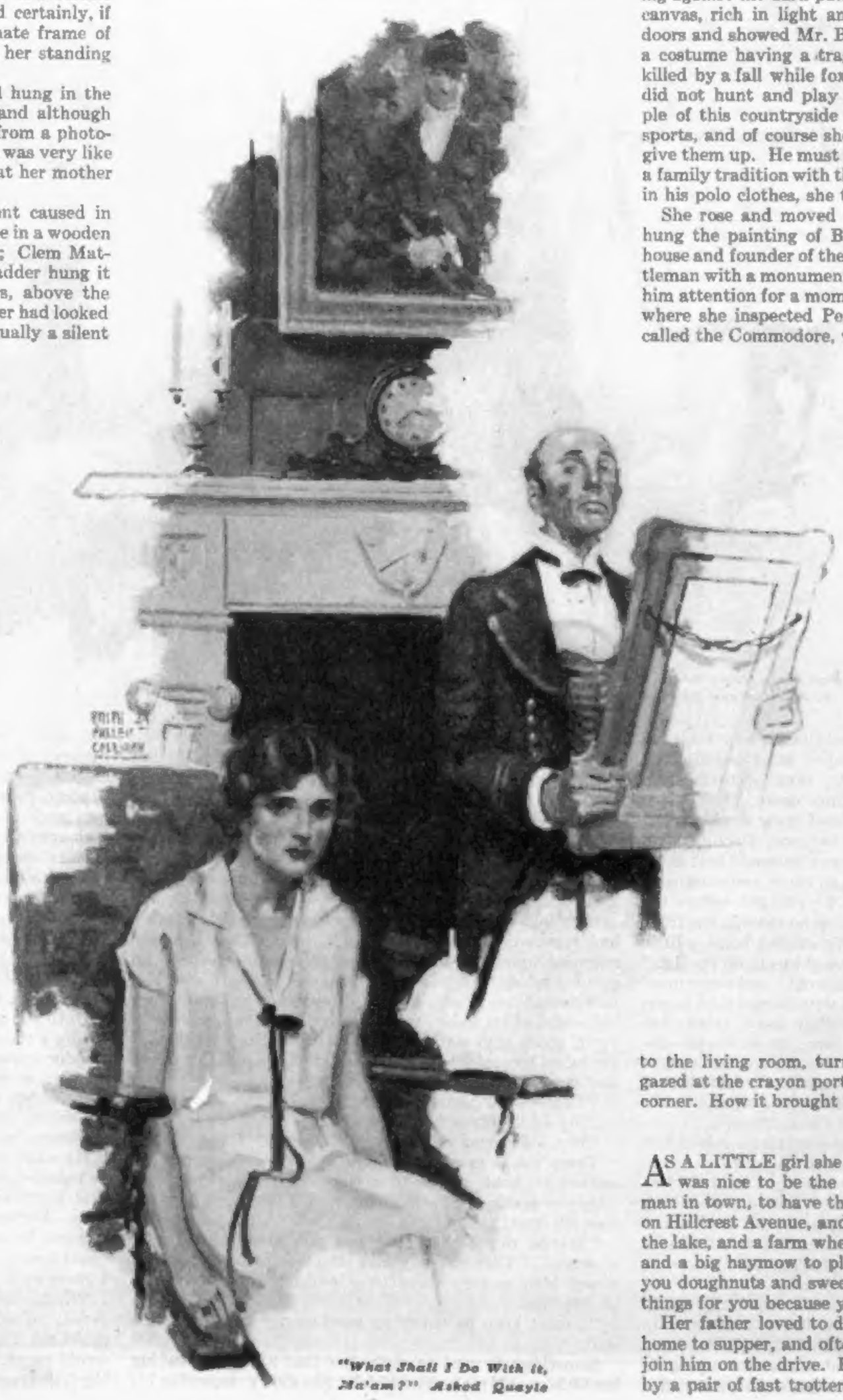
"My goodness, William," she exclaimed, "you certainly are the queerest man! A body might think you didn't appreciate it at all. And that elegant frame too! Honestly I don't believe you'd say much if an angel came flapping into the room!"

Herself as garrulous as he was inarticulate, she never understood his silences. May, however, thought she understood. Without analyzing—for she was only ten years old then—she sensed that his habitual reserve was due to shyness and that he was silent now because he did not wish to be in the position of admiring a picture of himself. He never mentioned the portrait again, and showed a slight uneasiness when others spoke of it; but occasionally she caught him glancing at it with an expression that told her he was pleased.

Now, at twenty, May Bryson knew that portraits should be works of art and that this one was far from being a work of art. Quayle seemed to know it, too, and to indicate the fact by his manner of holding it. Nevertheless, the likeness seemed to her as extraordinary as when she first saw the portrait. The eyes were kindly, the bearded face revealed the strength that had made her father Newbern's leading citizen, and the powerful shoulders and deep chest were those of a man who, when young, had labored in the fields.

"What shall I do with it, ma'am?" asked Quayle.

She had been asking herself the same question.



"What Shall I Do With It, Ma'am?" Asked Quayle

"Put it—let me see—lean it over there in the corner for the time being."

She watched him set it down, then turned her head and raised her eyes to Zorn's portrait of her father-in-law, hanging against the dark paneling above the mantelpiece. The canvas, rich in light and color, had been painted out of doors and showed Mr. Bryson in a coat of hunting pink—a costume having a tragic association, since he had been killed by a fall while fox hunting. May wished that Basil did not hunt and play polo; but like all the young people of this countryside he had been brought up to such sports, and of course she wouldn't think of asking him to give them up. He must sit for his portrait. Portraits were a family tradition with the Brysons. Basil would look best in his polo clothes, she thought.

She rose and moved to the door of the library, where hung the painting of Basil's grandfather, builder of this house and founder of the Bryson fortune—a ruddy old gentleman with a monumental nose and chin; and after giving him attention for a moment, passed on to the dining room, where she inspected Peale's canvas of the ancestor they called the Commodore, with his side whiskers, proud forelock and massive epaulets, and Gilbert Stuart's two paintings, the treasures of her husband's family, one representing the bewigged ancestor who signed the Declaration, the other his wife, a delicate young beauty, her dark hair parted in the middle and hanging in ringlets at her cheeks.

The portraits, the old mahogany and silver impressed her now no less than when she saw them on her first visit to Uplands as the guest of Hilda, Basil's sister. Now, as then, she had the illusion of participating in the life of a novel. The spacious ivy-covered mansion, the correct servants, the magnificent ease with which the household was conducted, the heirlooms, the immense stables, the pink coats and technical fox-hunting talk combined to create an atmosphere of charming and romantic unreality from which, even now that Basil's mother had settled in New York and left her as the permanent mistress of the place, she never quite emerged.

Having surveyed the paintings, May walked slowly back to the living room, turned a chair, dropped into it and gazed at the crayon portrait of her father, standing in the corner. How it brought things back!

II

AS A LITTLE girl she had thought Newbern perfect. It was nice to be the only child of the most important man in town, to have the best house and the biggest lawn on Hillcrest Avenue, and a pony, and a summer cottage at the lake, and a farm where there were apple trees to climb, and a big haymow to play in, and a farmer's wife to give you doughnuts and sweet cider, and everybody glad to do things for you because you were Mr. Gates' little girl.

Her father loved to drive out to the farm before going home to supper, and often in the late afternoon she would join him on the drive. His wire-wheeled runabout, drawn by a pair of fast trotters, had a light narrow body and a

metal foot rest, roughened to keep the driver's feet from slipping, and she felt her father's keen enjoyment of the equipment, down to the wooden knobs on the reins.

At the farm she would play about or run beside him while he inspected the fields, the stables and the livestock; but all too soon he would look at his fat silver watch—a reliable timekeeper which her mother continually urged him to replace with a gold one—and would exclaim as if surprised at the lateness of the hour. Without ever having spoken to him, or to anyone else, about this custom of his, May understood exactly what it meant. It was a little game that he played with himself and with her. In all other situations a very punctual man, he liked to let time slip by at the farm as an excuse to speed his trotters on the way home. Bracing himself, he would tighten the reins and speak to the horses, and they would begin to travel; as they gathered speed his outstretched arms would work rhythmically, nursing them along, keeping them from breaking; their backs would flatten down, their stride extend and the sound of separate hoof beats would be lost in a swift clatter as they flew back to town. Driving down State Street and into Hillcrest Avenue he would hold them in, but would still go fast enough to cause pedestrians to turn and look after him. When he stopped before the house he would note the time, and as he entered the front door he would say to his wife, "We started home a little late tonight, but Jenny and Joe brought us in on the dot."

Basil Had Come Home Early With News That War Had Been Declared by Austria and That the Market Had Gone All to Pieces

It exhilarated him to let the horses out; and sometimes, especially after a successful brush with some other horseman, he would talk to May more than usual, telling her about his boyhood on his father's farm, about his parents and their struggles with the soil, how his mother taught him to read out of an old almanac, and how he studied at night until he fell asleep and was awakened when his face bumped down against the pages of the arithmetic.

Habitually uncommunicative, he sometimes astonished her with his confidences. His creed was simple.

"The old-fashioned virtues are best," he said. "Any man who practices honesty, politeness, industry and thrift ought to get along all right. There's no special trick about getting along; everybody ought to understand the rules by now; wise men have been repeating them since the beginning of time."

The number of failures in the world perpetually astonished him. Almost all failures were due to laziness or to lack of horse sense. Most of his relatives were failures and he was continually worrying about them and trying to help them. His only sister, for instance, had married a weak, good-looking man named Matlack, a widower with a son. The son was Clem. Everybody knew that Matlack had run through his first wife's money, but Sarah had gone ahead and married him just the same. Matlack was a smooth talker and he seemed to put a spell on women. You couldn't tell Sarah anything. So of course Matlack ran through her little money and then skipped out, leaving her Clem, his first wife's son, if you please, to comfort her. A lot of comfort, Clem!

"Sarah was a good woman too," he said. "Sometimes it seems as if good women were put into the world just to be taken in by scalawags. She was always going to reform Matlack, and as long as she had a nickel he could come back to her with any cock-and-bull story and get it. She didn't learn anything. And to the day of her death Clem could pull the wool over her eyes same as his father did before him. Queer, isn't it?"

May thought it very queer, stupid. She didn't like Clem, though she never said anything about it. He was seventeen years older than she, a grown man; but even as a little girl she tried instinctively to avoid him because he claimed cousinly privileges. The Newbern Advertiser referred to him as one of the town's "young bloods," and May got the idea that the term had some relation to Dolan's pool room, through the swinging doors of which she had more than once seen him pass. As she grew older she perceived that Clem, for some strange reason, wished her to understand that he was wild; but she noticed that he never boasted to her father of his wildness.

He was always starting in some new business and always getting into difficulties, and she was aware that her father had repeatedly given him financial help. That fact was stamped upon her consciousness by the memory of an evening when, not knowing Clem was in the house, she had started downstairs and been stopped on the landing by the sound of his voice coming from the hall below.

"If you'll help me just this once more, Uncle William," she heard him say, "I'm about certain I can pull things out and stop bothering you."

"That's what you always think."

"My luck's bound to change."

"Not unless you change."

There was a moment's silence. Then, in a voice that seemed to hold a note of accusation, Clem demanded, "Do you realize, Uncle William, that if you don't help me now I'll bust?"

"Maybe that's the experience you need," her father answered. Then, in a phrase the homeliness of which struck May as very characteristic of him, he summed up his position.

"I can't keep on throwing good money after bad," he said.

Sometimes it used to strike her that without speaking her father could make his will felt. She didn't remember his having said much, one way or the other, when her mother was hysterically opposing her ambition to leave Newbern Seminary and go away to a good boarding school, but throughout that troubled period she felt herself strengthened by his silent support. It was he who found out about Postlethwaite Manor School and who managed, through influential business connections in New York, to persuade Miss Postlethwaite to make a place for her.

How different her life might have been had she not gone to Postlethwaite Manor and roomed with Hilda Bryson! How she admired Hilda—her quick, intolerant mind, her cool gray eyes, her trim figure so graceful in a riding habit, even the faint suggestion of something English in her accent.

May soon discovered that Miss Postlethwaite favored Hilda because the social position of her family added to the school's prestige; the photographs she had showed people mounted on handsome horses; her father, when he visited the school, wore tan spats and carried a cane, and Hilda's aunt was married to a titled Englishman. Yet even so, when Hilda took her home to visit, May was surprised at the splendors of Uplands. She had never seen such a house or such a household, and at first she felt overwhelmed to the point of awkwardness.

Mr. Bryson was like an Englishman, even to his clothes, which Hilda told her were made by King Edward's tailor; and Mrs. Bryson was like a dowager of fiction, gracious, but rather terrifying. Only Basil seemed not to be impressed by his mother. He would tease her, but he had a disarming smile which gave a curious charm to his audacities and caused them quickly to be forgiven. His liveliness made May feel quiet at first, but under the spell of his high spirits her shyness soon departed; and by the end of her first evening at Uplands she found herself entirely at ease with him.

"Basil has an instinct for managing horses and women," Hilda explained to her later.

He had been out of college less than a year, was distinguishing himself at polo, was planning a trip abroad, and had, May gathered, some idea of going into Wall Street upon his return.

Until she saw the portraits at Uplands, May had given hardly a thought to ancestry; but thereafter she began to wonder vaguely about her own descent. Such of her connections as she knew, on both sides, were ordinary people; but she felt that a man as fine as her father must have something fine back of him, and when she went home at Christmas she asked him about the Gates family.

He could tell her little. His mother's people were Dutch, he believed, and he had a dim recollection of having heard that his Grandfather Gates had come from New Hampshire—Portsmouth, he thought. But when, at May's request, he wrote to Portsmouth and made inquiries he could find out nothing. "Sorry, daughter," he said, "but I guess we'll just have to be good ancestors."

What would the Brysons think if they knew, she wondered. Would they look down on her? She wished she could ask Hilda and Basil to visit her in Newbern, but it would never do. She wasn't at all sure they'd appreciate her father, and certainly they must never meet her mother.

When her father met her at the station on her return after her second year at school, she saw a change in him. He had lost weight and looked tired. Perhaps it was the heat.

She recalled a night, just after they had moved out to the cottage on the lake, when he waited for her on the porch after supper and asked her to take a walk with him, and she remembered feeling at the time that he was somehow like a timid boy wishing to make an important declaration and feeling that he could speak better in the dark.

When they had strolled for a time in silence along the bank of the lake he began to discuss his investments. Everything was in good shape, he said; he had put away a block of government bonds for her; the returns were small, but the principal was absolutely safe. He never tried for more than five per cent, though it was easy to get more. The way to invest was to figure on safety in times of financial depression, but people were greedy and tried for big returns, so they got caught when slumps came. A woman, even more than a man, ought to invest conservatively. She ought to learn to look after her own property. The only way people ever learned much was from experience, and lots of them couldn't seem to learn even that way.

"You'll have plenty," he told her. "I think you have horse sense."

May realized that on his lips the term was a high tribute.

"Thank you, father," she said.

They returned to the cottage, and as they ascended the steps he seemed to hesitate, and she heard him sigh, as if relieved at having accomplished a difficult task. Suddenly for the first time she became aware of something wistful about him, and when at the door she kissed him impulsively he received the kiss like an embarrassed boy.

Later the memory of that talk became significant. One sultry evening in July she and her mother, sitting on the porch, heard a thud on the floor above, and hurrying upstairs found him lying there. In his occasional intervals of consciousness during the next two days he invariably asked for her, and always when she approached the bed his eyes seemed to be reaching out for her like hands. On the second night, when she thought he was asleep and was tiptoeing toward the door, she heard his feeble voice.

"May's going to miss me," he murmured. "May's going to miss me." It was the last time he spoke.

She had given but little thought to life and death. Until then, it had seemed to her you didn't have to think about such things. Life went along automatically and safely like letters through the mail. You didn't have to think about life any more than you had to think about the workings of the post office, and death, on the other hand, you put out of your mind as something ugly and remote like a whisper of scandal—scandal you didn't understand, about somebody you didn't know.

The next few days were like an evil dream culminating in an elaborate church service and funeral, through all of which her mother moaned. Then the reading of the will, with relatives sitting in a circle like a flock of crows cawing mournfully and thinking of the spoils. And through it all, Clem Matlack, with the elk's tooth resting on a tilted shelf of waistcoat, hanging about the house.

There were surprises in the will, but May was too tired and dazed to feel surprise, though she grasped the idea that whereas her mother's share of the estate was left in trust, her own share was left to her outright. She hadn't dreamed that she would have so much. It was more than she could ever use.

Though there was no bequest to Clem, he continued to come often to the house, bringing presents of candy and flowers; and partly because of this May presently suggested to her mother that they go away for the remainder of the summer, but she found her obdurate.

"You don't seem to understand that I'm practically an invalid," she exclaimed, and began to weep.

"Oh, no, you're not, mother. You're looking better."

"I'm not! I'm not! My nerves are completely shattered."

"My nerves are pretty jangly too," May answered, "and I thought a change might ——"

"Nerves!" her mother repeated indignantly, as if in claiming nerves May had infringed upon a special right of hers. "Why, you don't know what nerves are! Look at the way you've gone through everything, cold as ice! Oh, I've been watching you—yes, I have, and plenty of others have too! Goodness knows what the whole town must be thinking of you, never crying a tear, not even at the funeral."

May had not thought of that before. Why hadn't she wept, she wondered! Was it, perhaps, because her mother always wept so easily that tears were distasteful to her? Or was it something of her father in her, something stoical, a feeling that he would not have wished her to cry? She remembered his having praised her because she didn't cry when she fell out of the haymow and broke her arm. Nevertheless, her mother's accusation worried her.

The summer was drawing to a close when Clem caught her on the porch one afternoon.

"Let's take a walk," he suggested.

"It's too hot."

"That's right, it is pretty hot." He mopped his neck and brow before continuing: "Your mother doesn't seem to think much of those high moguls you got acquainted with at school."

"If you mean the Brysons, she doesn't know them."

"So she was telling me. Are you going back to school?"

She nodded.

"That means you'll be graduating when you're nineteen. I'll be thirty-six then. Quite a gap, looking at it one way, but it don't really amount to much. In fact it's a good thing. The man ought to be older."

With an instinct to make the conversation temporary, she had not sat down, and now she stared at him, wondering if she misunderstood.

"I hope you're going to think a lot about old Clem while you're gone, May," he continued, his voice taking a softer note. "I think the world and all of you, you know. Yes, sir, I certainly do. And if you think as much of me as I'd like for you to, why there'll be a neat little sparkler for you to put on a certain finger next time you come home, see? That's what I wanted to tell you, and I hope you'll understand the spirit in which I spoke of it and ——"

"I understand perfectly," she broke in, and abruptly turning, left him.

The final year of school passed rapidly. At Thanksgiving she went with Hilda to Uplands, but Basil was abroad and the place was quiet and a little dull without him. In the spring, however, he returned, and there was a heavenly week-end when he drove her over hills on which the apple blossoms were in bloom.

In June the Brysons came to the graduation exercises at the school and at the prom that followed Basil was her special guest. He captivated her. What could she do but accept when Mrs. Bryson invited her to return with them to Uplands for a week or two? What could she do but accept when Basil told her that he loved her?

They were already engaged when, at Uplands, she received the telegram announcing her mother's marriage to Clem. The news stunned and sickened her. Lying in her

(Continued on Page 42)

When They Had Strolled for a Time in Silence Along the Bank of the Lake He Began to Discuss His Investments

LO, THE NATIVE AMERICAN!

By GARET GARRETT

IT WAS as if a powerful and not very wise new giant grew big so fast all by himself that for a long time he had had no looking-glass; and he was so busy with growing that he wouldn't have had time to make one if he had thought of it. Never having seen himself since he was about half grown, he relied upon an admiring recollection of what he was like at that time, and supposed he was like that still—not exactly, but as man follows boy, with the same arms and legs and personality.

One day nearly all the old giants he distantly knew in the world formed themselves as two groups and fell one upon the other in mortal combat. This was astonishing in every respect. But what disturbed the new giant even more was its effect upon himself as a nonparticipant. He had always supposed that in a situation like this he would know how to act. He did know. Nevertheless, he was torn with unbidden, contrary impulses, some of them extremely hateful to his mind. The more he tried to account for this the worse bewildered he was, for the reason that many of the thoughts evoked by the spectacle passed in a strange tongue, as if you should find yourself thinking in Chinese, knowing that you did, yet unable to say what it was you thought. And when he commanded these thoughts either to cease taking place or to make themselves intelligible, they mocked him in his own tongue, saying, "We have a right to take place in any way we like, as much as any other thoughts you have." He said, "But you are strange to me." They answered, "No matter. We are a lawful part of your thinking. You have made us citizens of your mind." So they continued; and another very curious fact was that they seemed to be communicating themselves to the giants in combat, who understood and answered them, each to his own advantage.

At the same time the old giants were continually calling upon the new giant to take part in their struggle, one side saying, "You are kin of ours; wherefore help us," and the other side saying, "No, but you are blood of ours; wherefore save us."

The new giant answered them out of his mind. "I am nobody's kin. I am who I am, and I mind my own business." Yet all the time he had some subtle tormenting doubt of this, and his anxiety was increasing from the conflict of those strange unintelligible thoughts occurring inside of him. The old giants answered, "You don't know who you are. We know our own. Regard yourself."

The new giant looked first at his hands, as one would, and was startled to see that they had grown to be very unlike. One of them he couldn't have believed to be his own except that it was attached to him. He clapped his hands to his head—and though it might be only that he was losing his mind, it did seem that the shape of his head had changed. "Can it be," he said, "I am not myself?"

The Blurred Face in the Mirror

WITH that he rushed off to make a looking-glass. And this is how he made it:

The tables of the census were searched. Those were called in who day after day for thirty years at the gate had passively witnessed the silent invasion of a country by foreigners on a scale without example in human history; also anthropologists to prepare a descriptive dictionary of the races. Letters were sent to the mayors of all the cities, to all chambers of commerce, to all the great trade and industrial organizations, to all the philanthropical, political and religious bodies of a racial character that had ever been heard of, to the editors of foreign-language newspapers, to more than five thousand superintendents of schools, asking in several appropriate ways, "Who are we?"

What came to be reflected was the figure of a nation so utterly strange that no individual could recognize or accept it as a magnified representation of himself, actually, symbolically or otherwise.

Its face was blurred. Its speech was in forty tongues. Hand of Esau, right; hand of Jacob, left. Power—enormous, elemental power—and behind it eyes no one could see into.

Specifically, two persons in every five of the total white population were either foreign born or had parents born in foreign countries.

There were thirty-three distinctly alien racial groups, each one potently organized for purposes of its own. These purposes were mainly two: One was to move in this country for racial and nationalistic ends abroad; the other was to work for racial solidarity in this country.

An example of the first purpose was that of more than a million Poles with a system of Polish societies and above them all a central committee, interested not so much in anything here as in the liberty of Poland, to which it furnished propaganda, money and fighting legions. An example of the other purpose was the Pan-Hellenic Union to foster in this country the language, habits and traditions of modern Greece.

Embraced in these racial organizations were five millions unable to speak English at all. There were thirteen hundred foreign-language newspapers, with a combined circulation of more than ten millions. And as touching the hand of Esau, more than half the workers in the American iron and steel industries were foreign born; six-tenths of the soft-coal miners were foreign born; about seven-tenths of the garment workers in the principal garment-making centers were foreign born; nearly seven-tenths of the construction and maintenance workers on the railroads were foreign born.

Chicago was the eighth largest Polish city in the world; New York was the seventh. New York was also the sixth largest Italian city in the world, with half as many Italians as Rome; and the third largest Russian city in the world, with nearly one-third as many Russians as Moscow and about half as many as Petrograd. And of those in this country who were either German born or had parents born in Germany the number was equal to nearly one-eighth of the total population of the German Empire.

The Great Impossibility

NEVER before had any nation this weird, this unimaginable experience of suddenly perceiving itself to be not itself. The nation that looked at itself in the year 1915 was no more the nation of 1880 than it was any mythical, nonexistent nation. And never could it be again as it was. The fact of its alteration was unalterable. What had happened was final. Nothing unhappens, only something else happens. The hand of Esau will change and the hand of Jacob will change, one acting upon the other, becoming alike; but that will be a new hand entirely, different from any hand that might have been.

It is true—"And which of you with taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?"—only as to the man, the individual. A nation may change its height, its gait, the shape of its head, the look of its face, the color of its skin, with or without taking thought. The individual and the nation exist in different planes of time. The life of the individual is of few years and discontinuous. The life of the nation is continuous. The individual can never be other than himself; as he was born, so he dies, according to the inheritance of his cells. He cannot change them. But in the life of a nation one people may supplant another. One race may absorb another, or several races may absorb one another, and in either case there is a new race.

None of this is new. It has taken place so continuously in the history of mankind that there is nowhere on the earth such a thing as a pure race. But never was there anything like the substitution of race stocks—largely the substitution of foreign race stocks for the unborn native stock—which in one generation so altered this nation that it was unable to recognize a composite image of itself.

The facts were notorious. Everybody knew them. The Government published them in endless tables. That was the trouble. The facts were so vast that they ceased to have meaning. And when suddenly their meaning was dramatized in the circumstance of war, people were seized with a passionate desire to abolish them, and with the delusion that such could be done. A word was invented for this impossibility. The word was Americanization.

Whatever else may be said of the Americanization movement, it was itself characteristically American. Every living, contrary, vertical thing on American soil to be made 100 per cent American by the next Fourth of July. How? Anyhow. By persuasion, taboo, compulsion and ecstasy. By a law requiring every person over twenty-one to declare his intention to become a citizen and study the American language. Or by ingenuity, as to oblige all the talking-machine makers to put the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln on the back of every record, under pain of getting themselves marked 12½ per cent. This was seriously considered in the Americanization program of the Department of the Interior.

It was characteristically American, too, in that there was no telling who was boss or where the final authority was, least of all when its exercises and rituals were as a plague, and any foreign person strolling about in a peaceable manner was liable by force suddenly to be separated forever from his favorite potentate.

It was characteristically American in this further sense, that none of the good perished with the absurd. What remains is a slow, painstaking work of social assimilation and educational effort, touching every foreign group in the country, remarkable for its zeal, for the trouble it takes, and for the faith it has in the evidence of things no living eye shall see.

Nevertheless, through the whole of it passes deeply a vein of confusion. It is a confusion of both thought and feeling. Those who work with the alien become sentimental about him. If they were not sympathetically inclined they would not be working with him, and being so inclined they are bound to become sentimental. This could not be otherwise. They see only the human case. It is not to be supposed, perhaps it is not desirable, that they should see anything else. Certainly they cannot be expected to see sternly.

But there is the same confusion in what is thought about the alien, apart from what is felt about him. The things confused are three—namely, economic assimilation, social assimilation and political assimilation. Seldom, if ever, is there any clear distinction; and Americanization comes everywhere to be emphasized in terms of political assimilation—that is, citizenship. Economic assimilation is a matter of human welfare. Social assimilation is a process wherein cultural values are exchanged, or should be, to the further enrichment of all life. But citizenship confers the right to act upon political institutions, with the manner in which the voter acts upon national institutions to modify them becoming more and more direct. This right is conferred with almost no consideration of the questions, first, whether an alien whose racial, economic and political history is dissimilar may be expected to act upon those institutions in an American manner; secondly, whether the alien in a particular case is capable of acting upon them intelligently at all. It is notoriously conferred upon aliens who cannot understand what American institutions are. What this means will bear reflection.

Theoretically it is not intended that emphasis should be upon citizenship. Yet there it is. There are many who, though they see clearly that it ought not to be there, are apparently helpless to keep it from putting itself there. They put it there themselves and are unaware of doing so.

For example, the Federal Bureau of Naturalization deplores citizenship drives, as such; it insists that the business of Americanization is first and fundamentally educational. At the same time the Commissioner of Naturalization in his report for 1923 says: "The promotion of the organization of English and citizenship classes in the Federal penal institutions was authorized by the department during the year, with the result that classes in 27 state and the three Federal penal institutions have been organized."

Confusion at the Top

IF ONE holds this to be extraordinary as an activity of the Federal Government—citizenship classes in the penitentiaries—the commissioner will say: "They are better men for it. When they come out they will know the language of the country and something about its laws and ways."

"All right, so far as education will help them. But citizenship!"

"You may be right about the word," says the commissioner. "The only point is to educate them."

"But if the word is wrong, or even doubtful—if citizenship is not the point—what can the Federal Bureau of Naturalization have to do with it?"

Thus confusion at the top.

Another example: One of the great life-insurance companies, having many small policyholders among the foreign born, has added a naturalization division to its welfare department. It organizes citizenship drives. Taking a town like Norristown, Pennsylvania, or Passaic, New Jersey, where the proportion of aliens is very high, it proposes to the civic authorities, to the church bodies, to the Rotary Club and to the newspapers, a campaign and a slogan: Every Resident a Citizen. Why Not? A week is set apart for the drive. Publicity is prepared. Posters and placards appear: Are You a Citizen? Booklets are prepared: How to Take Out Your First Papers: An Easy Book in Plain English for the Coming Citizen. It does make everything easy: What you tell the clerk; what you get from the clerk; facts you must know.

The week opens that was set apart, and the drive begins. The Story of Norristown, afterward written to illustrate method and result, tells that "on the opening day of the campaign the question was general: 'What are you doing to help your neighbor to become a citizen?' Every-Resident-a-Citizen posters were in every part of the town. Newspaper stories in English and foreign languages were prominent on the front pages. Schoolhouse meetings spread the information; the burgess issued a formal proclamation to the town, announcing the plans of the committee, and county officials made arrangements to keep their offices open evenings so that everyone, regardless of

working hours, would have an opportunity to apply for first papers. During the week the general committee made arrangements to card-index the names and addresses of all noncitizens, for the purpose of supplying them with the simply written pamphlets on citizenship procedure. . . . Finally, the whole town was circularized to instruct everyone as to how he or she could aid the campaign. . . .

"Before the week was well under way Poles and Italians had entered into friendly competition to see which nationality would score the greater number of applicants. Industries were particularly active in encouraging their employes to take advantage of the week's opportunity. One presented a delegation of 100 applicants in one evening. Ten extra clerks were required to swear in the joint delegation from five other plants. As the week wore away the applications rolled up until by Saturday night there was a demand that could not be fulfilled. It was necessary to carry the campaign over into Monday of the next week to accommodate all who applied. At the end of that period it was estimated that fully 1000 of the 2500 noncitizens of Norristown—counting the wives of applicants, who, under the old law, were automatically included—had taken at least the first step toward citizenship."

You may say to the enthusiast who conducts this work for the great life-insurance company: "The alien is an economic problem. He is a social problem. Difficult in both aspects. He is at his very worst a police problem. But why are you so anxious to make him a political problem? That is what you do when you move him headlong into citizenship."

Time to Lift the Threshold

HE WILL answer: "We are not anxious to do that. Not at all. It isn't the idea. The purpose is to educate him—to make him a better member of the society in which he lives. It's welfare work in the highest sense."

You may say, "If the idea is welfare, then why stress citizenship in this manner?"

He will reply, "But you've got to hang it on something."

Of course. Hang welfare work upon citizenship. This is only to say that it is easier to sell the alien citizenship than to sell him education. That undoubtedly is true. But if you happen to think of it, American citizenship as an inducement to education requires a definition that would be utterly preposterous.

Or take, as an illustration of how thought on this subject may turn upside down, these two proposals seriously entertained under the head of Americanization: One, the proposal to compel every alien over twenty-one to become a citizen; two, a proposal that only citizens be permitted to transact business in the country.

Imagine citizenship as a thing which every alien shall be obliged by law to receive, like vaccination; or as a thing which he shall be coerced through economic pressure to embrace!

Aliens far down in the scale now complain of certain petty economic disabilities, or these are complained of in their behalf, such as that one must have taken out first papers—must have declared one's intention to become a citizen—in order to get a peddler's license in the city or hold the job of street sweeper. Also it sometimes happens that what finally moves a court to grant citizenship to a man who can only shake his head in English is the applicant's testimony that in the place where he works a noncitizen cannot get on. No doubt such economic restrictions, now unimportant, could be so extended as greatly to stimulate the alien's impulse toward citizenship. There might be a nation-wide drive on that plan. It is perfectly feasible. The results could be guaranteed. But why not propose to remove all manner of disability, even the pettiest, so that the alien's economic participation should be entirely free, and then lift the threshold of citizenship?

Wanting in all this confusedness of thought and impulse is an understanding, even a comprehending view, of what changes have occurred suddenly in the racial and religious character of the population.

There was never in this country widespread and conscious pride of race. Proof lies in what has happened. A race-conscious nation could not have changed its racial composition unawares, leaving it to the statisticians of the Census Bureau to discover the fact that in 1920 the descendants of the race stock with which it started had become a numerical minority, representing in that year less than one-half the total white population. Pride of race, indeed, was implicitly rejected in the American theory of human equality; and thereafter for more than a century it was denied in a practical manner—in the fact of a wide-open gate.

Nor had it ever a religion to oblige or defend. The principle of religious freedom was cemented in the foundation.

The American experiment as it was defined in the Declaration of Independence had nothing to do with either race or creed. It was a political experiment. Therefore, it is possible to speak of both racial and religious changes as natural facts, accidental or arbitrary in themselves, just as the original facts were. There is, for example, the original fact that what shall be deemed the native American white stock, intrinsically both good and bad, as all human stock is, was nearly all of one racial character.

Our Great Experiment

IN 1790, when the first national census was taken, more than nine-tenths of the whole white population was of British origin; about one-sixteenth of it was German, one-fiftieth Dutch. "This fact," says the Census Bureau, "is not surprising. The colonies had been under British rule for more than a century, the last to submit being the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam, from which New York and New Jersey were created, in 1664. Virginia, settled by the English in 1609, had at the first census but 6 per cent non-English population, and of these, 5 per cent were what are known as Valley Dutch—that is, Germans who had migrated through Maryland to Pennsylvania."

The great experiment, which was political, dedicated to the proposition that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable rights of all men alike, did not concern itself with either of these facts. Consciously they did not exist. Nevertheless it is inevitable that political institutions, whatever the theory, will express the total genius of the people who raise them; their institutions will represent not only the theory they were conscious of but all the facts about them, including the facts of race and religion. A Slav race and a Teutonic race might entertain the same political theory; yet within that theory neither one could create institutions exactly suited to the other.

(Continued on Page 108)

A Quiet Sunday in a Newspaper Office

THE SIN OF SUCCESS

By Albert W. Atwood

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER once said that men who want both to succeed and to render service should strike out on new lines rather than travel the "worn paths of accepted success."

"It requires a better type of mind to seek out and support or create the new. . . . But here is the great chance in our still rapidly developing country. The penalty of a selfish attempt to make the world confer a living without contributing to the progress or happiness of mankind is generally a failure to the individual."

Perhaps we do not all share Mr. Rockefeller's serene faith in the eventual downfall and punishment of the selfish and indolent. But disagree as we may with this part of his statement, it is difficult to see how anyone who looks around the world as it exists today can take exception to the first half of the quoted passage. In the main, success under modern conditions depends upon meeting the demands of the masses, which grow not only in amount but in an ever-bewildering variety.

No sane person pretends that the people's attitude toward all those who have obtained success, and perhaps riches, is or should be altogether one of admiration and respect, for obviously not every successful man deserves well of the community. But after all, popular disapproval of the successful, envy of them and a desire to punish them are probably nothing like so strong in the minds of most men as the desire for an increasing quantity of things.

Even the masses of the people know or feel that there is a connection, not always clear, perhaps, but somehow essential, between the daily miracle of a continuous production of goods and the system of pecuniary prizes or rewards. There is a wide statistical gap between the income of the millionaire and the laborer, but no such gap between the newspapers and magazines they read, the movies they go to, the electricity they burn, the telephones they use, the water they drink, or even in the phonographs, automobiles and radio sets which they enjoy.

It is an oft-told tale, not to be repeated here, how the wage earner of today accepts as matters of course luxuries unavailable to Queen Elizabeth, how almost the poorest in the land have numberless servants working for them that could not be had by the richest in earlier times. Men and women of middle age have no trouble in remembering when the owner of a bicycle was considered fortunate. On the whole, our social order makes the good things of life increasingly available for all.

Lord Leverhulme's Debate

AGAINST these facts only the ingrained professional socialist contends. He alone is unimpressed by them. Merely in passing, he takes a fling to the effect that real progress is not a mere multiplication of material things; that the use of existing wealth is more important than the creation of new wealth.

But this is only incidental. Coming directly to the point, he argues that decent men should not stand out for their price, for their toll on all these many new services and advantages.

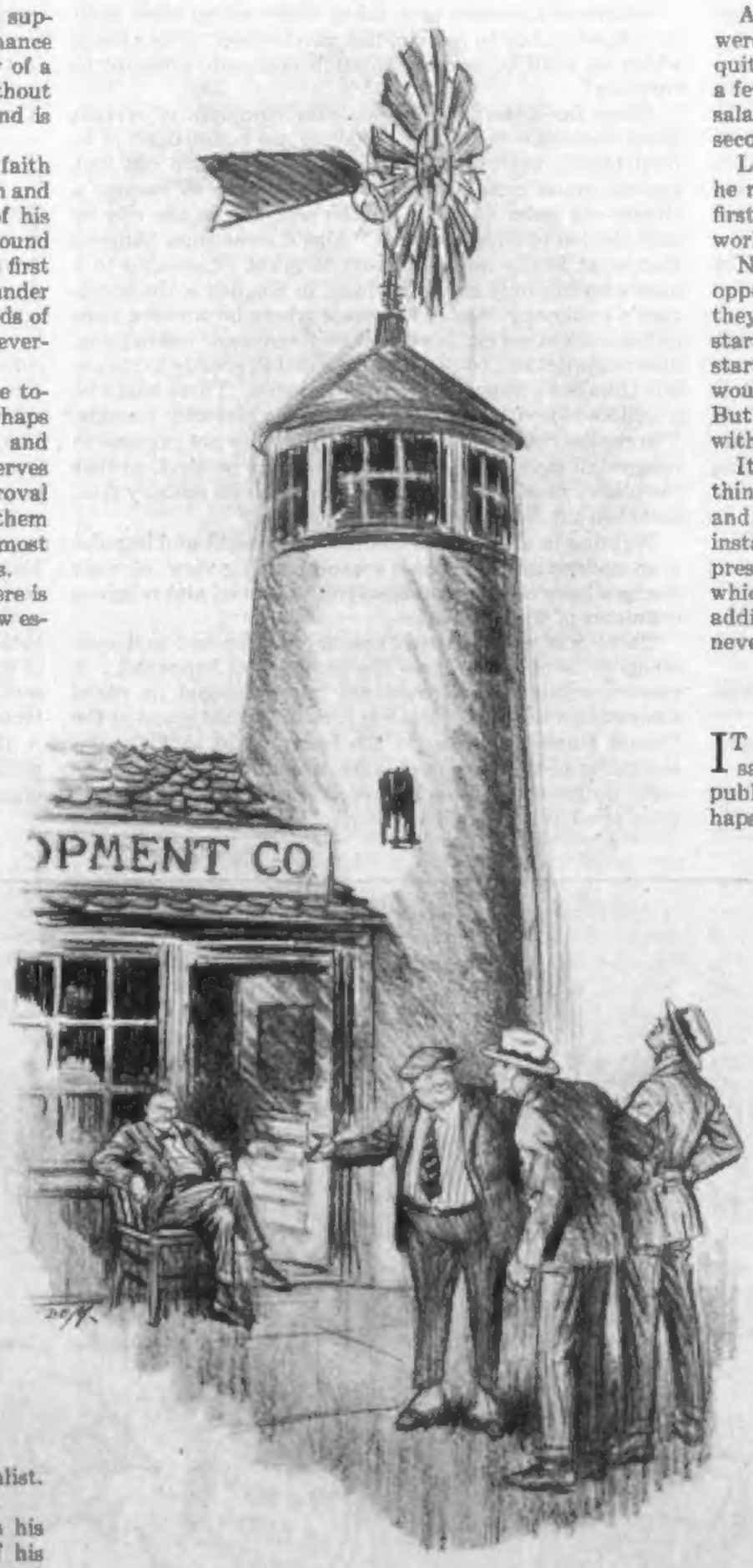
How about the point of honor? demands the socialist. And his challenge is not one to be lightly swept aside.

"A general who wins a battle doesn't haggle with his government for the precise pecuniary equivalent of his contribution. The sentry who gives an alarm doesn't spend the next day in collecting the capital value of the lives saved. Why this difference between making munitions and firing them, between building schools and teaching in them? No man should ask what he is worth, but only enough to enable him to perform his work."

But mankind has had a hard, bitter struggle with both Nature and himself in his long racial experience, and instinctively recoils from Utopian schemes which would substitute altruism for self-interest, except gradually and naturally. There is a shrewd suspicion that if all invention, industrial organization and enterprise were left to small-salaried civil servants, there would be no millions of small automobiles, radio sets and movies; in fact, there might not be enough to eat.

And as for paying all men, no matter what service they perform, only enough "to enable them to perform their work," such a proposal merely begs the question. Even the most hair-splitting of theorists have always blanched before the task of determining how much the leaders should be paid in a society from which all profits and gains have been banished. In practice, this question would appear to be utterly insoluble.

Nor can it be said that the successful man, speaking generally and not of all cases, takes such an undue toll for his services. We know from every study ever made that if all



the fortunes and incomes of the rich, the moderately well-to-do and even the merely comfortable were divided up among the people at large, the average income would be only a trifle larger. But if this be so, says the socialist, it is all the more important that none of the too-small annual income be wasted or misapplied.

But does it lie within the power of merely finite mind to devise any scheme, any system, devoid of waste and misapplication? Is not the waste simply the price which we pay for the tremendous efforts put forth by energetic, enterprising and courageous men in hope of great reward? It is the price, is it not, and a low one at that, which must be paid for the continuous miracle of a progressive production of goods and services?

To debate the social justice of a specific-sized fortune or income seems to the writer rather futile. But Lord Leverhulme, the soap manufacturer, once carried on a public correspondence with the secretary of a socialist organization as regards the question of whether a man can properly make $500,000 a year.

Leverhulme landed a pretty heavy blow on his opponent, who had argued that no man could make such a sum except by exploiting labor, by pointing out that when he had entered the soap business the concern he went with was losing many thousands of pounds a year. The second year of his management showed a profit of £50,000; wages had been advanced and hours somewhat shortened. The change, he said, was due to organization and system.

A few years ago several of the Standard Oil companies were investigated by a Senate committee, which made quite a stir by publishing the salaries of the higher officials, a few of which ran to $125,000 a year. But the aggregate salaries of all executives amounted to less than one forty-second of a cent in the cost of a gallon of gasoline.

Lord Northcliffe grew rich publishing newspapers, but he reduced the price in the process, bringing them for the first time within the reach of a great mass of English workingmen.

Now suppose the English masses had been so bitterly opposed to this man Harmsworth's becoming rich that they had locked him up in a padded cell to prevent him starting something, for he was the type that was sure to start an enterprise unless tied hand and foot. The result would have been to prevent the making of another fortune. But likewise the English masses would probably have gone without their halfpenny papers.

It is difficult to see how Northcliffe's fortune took anything away from the British people. What he really did, and anyone can name hundreds or even thousands of other instances, was to take off, or rake off, if you prefer the expression, a part, and a small one at that, of the new wealth which he created. It was a fraction of a new surplus or addition to the total national wealth which probably would never have existed at all without Northcliffe.

Success Through Service

IT WAS like so many other new industries; no one can say that the wealth produced was taken away from the public or from labor; rather it was added to them. Perhaps at certain stages competitors may have suffered, although as a rule new and great undertakings are as like to stir up competition as to destroy it.

If men like James J. Hill, Cecil Rhodes and Baron Hirsch grew rich from the development of transportation in the American Northwest, in South Africa and in the region of the Danube, they extracted but a fragment of what they brought into existence.

Indeed, it may be questioned whether the ordinary man, if offered business on the basis of such small commissions, would take it at all. If all the profits and fortunes acquired from such devices as the reaper, binder and harvester, or from the incandescent light and telephone, were set beside the social savings, or new wealth given rise to, what an absurdly small fraction these extractions would be! There are exceptions, of course; but I think it is a conservative statement that the typical successful man is not a camp follower. Only a short time before Rockefeller began his operations the petroleum industry was not worth a cent. One can think of scores of enormous business successes founded on ideas unthought of or substances unused when those now in middle life were children.

The typical successful man enters an industry in an early stage and develops leadership therein. What possible satisfaction can the people derive in preventing such development? It is reported that in a country which has adopted socialistic ideas the residents of a community demanded better railroad facilities, which they sorely needed. Their request was refused on the ground that the resulting increase in land values might benefit someone!

Such is the logical outcome of too great a dread of power and success. Of course, if a man is to be made happier by keeping his fellow man down, if to prevent one's neighbor from getting ahead affords more satisfaction than getting the good things of life oneself, then we in this country are on the wrong track. We should right-about-face and remove all the material rewards and prizes of achievement.

Would it have been better for us as a people to have forgone electricity, the automobile, the chain and department store, the mail-order house, the radio, the phonograph, the moving picture, the typewriter, the safety razor, and so on ad infinitum, just because fortunes have been made out of most of them?

These words are written in a little cottage beside a swift-flowing stream that tumbles down from the higher and more remote peaks of the Adirondack Mountains, themselves but a few miles away. The nearest railroad is twenty miles distant. But I can step into the next room, turn a crank and listen to the immortal Caruso's notes of liquid gold. And what is the toll, what the price of exploitation?

(Continued on Page 75)

Fads and Fancies of Collectors

By Elizabeth Shackleton

A MAN must have something to do with his money! With one it's yachts, another it's horses. With that one it's ship models; it might be worse!" So spoke the best-known dealer in them as his clerk and the chauffeur tucked the little full-rigged ship in a safe port at the new owner's feet. It had the very breath of the sea about it; the very look that makes one think of the wind that follows fast and fills the white and rustling sail and bends the gallant mast! Every ratline and block was miniatured, the sails, mainsail, topsail and flying jib, thin curves of white pine, swelled out in a breeze realistic to the cutter of the pine, realistic on the stony streets of New York. Collector's joy, an expression quite different from mere pride of possession, illumined the owner's face.

Ship models have great lure and popularity in collecting today. There are shops that hold whole fleets of them. The best little ships are the ones made to scale by which great ships were built. Accurate, intricate, they compel admiration. Set on a home mantel or where the light falls through their rigging from a window, they imaginatively take a dreamer on a voyage. To own a spirited ship model is as invigorating as was a stroll along a New Bedford wharf, or along the water front in New York or Philadelphia, when the prows of ships from distant seas poked far out over your head.

The Ship in the Hall

THE record in elaborate detail is the scaled model of a whaler accurate to every oil kettle and galley pan, carefully enshrined in a museum in New Bedford, of a size large enough to be climbed about both on and in—and incidentally requiring a high-roofed building to inclose it.

The record in purchase price is ten thousand dollars, for a ship model of a Spanish ship, the Casa Fuca, early seventeenth century, with a high stern all carved and balustered and galleried. On the decks are men in plumed hats, and there are old bronze cannon, all just as it sailed the Spanish Main centuries ago. This old model long decorated a house in New Orleans, but now belongs to a man born in a mansion overlooking an old American seaport, traditionally the sailing port *par excellence*. It is curious to observe a seafaring ancestry is often expressed in a descendant in a ship-model collection or in naval prints or even in ship lanterns.

But there are not many two-century-old models. Great distinction in this class of collecting can be had from navy models, Dutch or French or English, of the 1700's, where prices are in the thousands, while great content can be attained with the possession of an American frigate of 1812 with its place for fifty guns, its staunch three masts, its intricate rigging.

Sometimes the ship models are set in balance on a board cradle, sometimes they are in the half-round against a board where earth and sky and sea are painted on the flat background. Sometimes the ship models ride at anchor in a deep shadow box, with sea and land modeled in; or they may lurk mysteriously and tantalizingly within a small-mouthed glass bottle. All the old seaboard houses had a ship in the hall. It was about as essential on the wall as a doormat on the floor, and was usually of a ship owned by a dweller in the house or sailed by kin or designed by a keel-knowing forefather or named for some sweet Sally or Nancy or Ann, daughter or wife of the house.

Another source for collector and dealer—a well-searched one too—has been the waterside tavern, the sailors' boarding house, down by the wharves; a source this for the products of impossible jackknife dexterity in bottle-housed ships, constructed on long voyages, and sold on the return.

Even the churches in Brittany have been thinned of their votive offerings of ship models hung from their vaultings in memory of safety from shipwreck. As source after source has become exhausted, it has now come that a little ship need only be made out of a piece of teak or commoner timber from an old ship to bring high price, for few are the sailors who can rig a ship. There are few real sailors on the sea, and these carefully rigged models are the work of a vanishing life.

Clipper Ships in Miniature

AN OLD dodderer with a cane, out from some Snug Harbor for a last cruise afoot, pokes his cane at a model offered for sale. "Can I see that?" It is taken out of the shop window to show him. He gloats over the detail. "An old deep-sea sailor rigged that! No coast follower!" Today it's all the able seaman can do to tie a knot; he knows nothing of topgallants, spankers and flying jibs. A model with broken or incomplete rigging stands for years to find an old salt who can rig it, unless one has patience to take it down on Cape Cod.

Half the time the owner of an old model says, "I have a ship that's been in my family one hundred and fifty years." And he proudly displays a clipper ship, the good American kind that held the world's record for sailing speed, seventy-five years old. A clipper ship can't be a hundred years old.

(Continued on Page 125

THE SET-UP

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"What is This I Hear About Tooley Taking Out a Warrant for My Arrest? A Piece of Infernal Cheek, I Call It"

MR. TWIGGETT emptied a paper of cheap American tobacco into a tin canister showing the name and symbol of an expensive English mixture. He disposed of the embarrassing paper, filled his meerschaum pipe with the ostracized tobacco, and set the long amber stem between his rows of big teeth. Mr. Twiggett was in chronic need of money and he had to watch appearances, particularly in the telltale little things; he was the proprietor of a metropolitan newspaper and he had to maintain his position.

He was in his editorial sanctum. This sanctum was eighteen feet wide and sixty feet long. It had been a bakery in its time; on the plate-glass window that looked on Eighth Avenue was written, in bold characters that the Kaiser could have read without spectacles, Eat Chuff's Corn Muffins and Win the War! The war had been won, Chuff had retired, presumably to an old soldiers' home, but his battle cry still rang from the window to enlighten the historian and to enkindle the patriot. On the platform immediately behind the window, the platform whereon Chuff had piled his war material in grim pyramidal heaps, was a choice variety of radio accessories now; where his counters and munition workers had stood were five roll-top desks, tenanted severally by a glazier, a jobbing plumber, a realty dealer, a bootlegger and Mr. Quincy Twiggett. The several domains appurtenant to the desks were not delimited; therefore the establishment in its length and breadth is spoken of here as the editorial sanctum of Mr. Twiggett.

When Mr. Twiggett's expatriated mixture was burning evenly and mellowly and without offering to bite him, he turned to his mail. His mail divided itself almost equally between signed and authenticated letters and anonymous communications. Most of the signed letters were bills; with a tender and pitying gesture he placed these in his wastebasket. He had given over telling his creditors that he had no money and that it was their duty to be patient with an excellent and struggling periodical. Two of the signed letters he opened with hope that was not justified in the event. Here is one of these letters, the signature being omitted in deference to a possible property right of Mr. Twiggett:

"EDITOR, THE NEW YORK CARD.

"*Sir:* I have your communication suggesting that I subscribe to a contemplated issue of bonds by your publication. I shall do no such thing.

"I note also that you propose to publish a certain scandalous story about me. You will do so at your peril. I have forwarded your communication to my lawyers and I believe you will hear from them."

Mr. Twiggett pursed his red lips and blew through them long and gently, causing sections of his bristly brown mustache and brown beard to lift and flutter. He was distinctly bored at the prospect of hearing from further lawyers.

"Silly ass thinks I want to blackmail him," he muttered. "Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned the bonds in the same letter in which I asked him to comment on the story. Fine investment, though."

He placed the missive in the wastebasket and slitted the second envelope:

". . . Your letter reference legal advertising received. In reply, beg to call your attention to state law requiring that legal advertising be placed in bona fide newspapers only. Hoping this answers your inquiry ——"

Mr. Twiggett's brown eyes lit with indignation; he crumpled the insinuating letter into a ball and hurled it into the wastebasket. He was not easily angered, but an aspersion on the sheet which he owned and edited could do it every time. His hands were still trembling as he opened the anonymous communication. He came upon this epistle:

"NEW YORK CARD: Why don't you take after Hamilton Tooley, the big windjammer that's in the Assembly from your own district? He took money for his vote on that slot-machine bill. The Sun Mechanical Vending Company gave him his. What I hear, Preston Bertwissel got the money, and that's Tooley's cousin. Never mind who I am.

"A CITIZEN.

"P. S. I am a Republican and I live away downtown. I don't know Tooley and he don't know me. Put that in."

Mr. Twiggett laid this letter before him and fixed on it an evocative look such as he might have fixed on a Mexican jumping bean. He stared at it for some time, but the letter did not jump, nor was it goaded into telling him more. He opened the telephone directory and found in it a Preston Bertwissel.

He lay back in his chair to think; while so thinking, the elegance of his build was most easily to be admired. His architecture was sound in principle; his base covered the entire chair, and his stomach rested firmly on his lap. He was no such skimpy fellow as Rodin's Thinker, who sits and chews his fist for want of something better to put between his teeth. And yet the beholder could not dismiss Mr. Twiggett as a mere fat man; he was not wistful, he was not plaintive, he was not mild; rather he was a man of impressive capacity.

He rolled forward in his creaking chair, picked up the telephone, called the Sun Mechanical Vending Company, and demanded an audience with the president.

"Mr. Bertwissel's secretary talking," he said from his deep chest when he had the official on the wire. "Mr. Bertwissel wishes to tell you that somebody is inquiring into that matter, and he asks if you have had any inquiries at your end."

"Inquiring into what matter?"

"Mr. Bertwissel didn't say. He said that you'd understand."

"Well, I don't! Good-by."

"Not much nourishment in that," said Mr. Twiggett, hanging up the receiver.

But he took it down from its hook again shortly, and he called up Mr. Preston Bertwissel. "Hello! This is the Sun Mechanical Vending Company," he said. "The president's secretary talking. I am instructed to tell you that somebody is inquiring into that matter, and to ask if you have had any inquiries at your end."

"What matter do you mean?" asked the voice on the wire.

"He said you'd know."

"Yes?"

"And have you had any inquiries at your end?"

After a momentary silence, the voice said "No."

"Who do you think is inquiring?" asked Mr. Twiggett, crossing his legs after several attempts

"I have no idea—unless it's political."

"That's what the president thought too," said Mr. Twiggett gratulatingly. "He wishes to know if you have taken proper precautions."

"What precautions? I do hope you're not worrying me without reason."

"I really don't know," said Mr. Twiggett. "Perhaps you could tell me what precautions you took. And tell me if there is anything we can do to help at this end."

"Is Mr. D. there now?"

"No, he is not here now, but I have just been talking to him."

"I just want to let Mr. D. know that we're together in this. You tell him that. You tell him Bertwissel says we're together in this! You hear?"

"Very clearly," said Mr. Twiggett. "But about precautions! Does any way occur to you in which the matter can be made public? We are very anxious to have your suggestion as to any way in which the matter might be made public."

"Except through the records. The deed I took and the deed I gave. Man alive, don't you know that those deeds are on record?"

"You mean real-estate deeds," said Mr. Twiggett, twisting his legs in entreaty. "But they are not in your name, are they?"

"Certainly they are. Say, you don't seem to know very much."

"Oh, indeed I do!" protested Mr. Twiggett. "I suppose the best way would be to go down there to the record place and look up those deeds. Don't you think so? I mean, for anybody who wished to make the matter public, eh?"

"Say, who are you?"

"We've been over that," said Mr. Twiggett. "Now, what did you do with the money after you got it? But, no, I suppose that's a personal question. Let me ask you this, and I shall be done. Hello, hello! Hello!"

He replaced the receiver again. "Annoying fellow," he muttered. "He was just about to tell me everything. Now I shall have to inquire my way to that record place and tip some loafer to find me those deeds."

He was wroth with the invisible Preston Bertwissel. It did not occur to him that he had been dazzlingly fortunate. Being Mr. Quincy Twiggett, and not a person of less self-confidence—not to say a person of less impudence—it had not occurred to him to proceed by indirection.

He went downtown at once and inquired his way to the New York County Register's office. He returned in the late afternoon and wrote these paragraphs:

"Quick Profit—For Whom?

"A mysterious real-estate deal was made last winter while the slot-machine bill was pending in the legislature.

"A real-estate man named Bertwissel bought a lot on Twelfth Avenue adjoining the factory of the Sun Mechanical Vending Company. The records show that he paid $14,000 for it. He put it up at auction right away, and it was bought by the Sun Mechanical Vending Company for $24,000.

"A quick and handsome profit. Query: Who tipped Bertwissel off to buy the lot? Who got the profit? We never insinuate.

"Hamilton Tooley, representing the Fortieth Assembly District, was the principal champion of the slot-machine bill. Why did he suddenly switch and vote against the bill?

"We do not insinuate that the bill was only a bell ringer. And it may be only a coincidence that such easy money should come to Hamilton Tooley's ——"

Mr. Twiggett stopped at this point and studied the anonymous letter afresh. Then he looked up Hamilton Tooley's telephone number and called him.

"This the assemblyman?" said Mr. Twiggett.

"Yes; who's this?"

"Friend of your cousin. He wants you to call him up right away. Somebody is inquiring into that matter."

"What matter?"

"You know."

"No, I don't know!"

"Call him, will you?"

"Where?"

"You know. The same place. You know whom I mean, don't you? There are people here in the room. You know?"

"P. B.?"

"Louder!"

"Bertwissel?"

"Good-by!" called Mr. Twiggett satisfiedly.

He spread a handkerchief on the floor and knelt on it before a small safe. When he had opened the safe he put into a pigeonhole the paragraphs which he had written experimentally, and also the anonymous letter and his several notes on the interesting case of Assemblyman Hamilton Tooley. There would be a time and place to use this material; if not, it was all in the day's work. Often Mr. Twiggett got nothing for his pains. Good stuff came to him often by accident, out of the air—by elimination, out of a mass of irrelevancies. In a chronicle of his activities one must not look for consecutiveness and spareness and economy; earnestly pursuing he knew not exactly what, most of the things he did meant nothing in particular.

II

MR. TWIGGETT lifted his Malacca cane from the forearm of his gray walking suit, pulled the brim of his Bangkok hat, and stepped into the torrent of vehicular traffic at the confluence of Broadway, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street and Audubon Place.

Other pedestrians waited at the gutter edge for the signal of the traffic officer; three people are killed in New York City street accidents every week day, and four on Sunday. But Mr. Twiggett walked briskly along, pushing his large stomach before him, turning out sharply the toes of his small and highly polished shoes. Automobilists, returning to their jobs after the week-end in the hinterland, thundered down the northern hill; Mr. Twiggett's prominent brown eyes glanced casually and obliquely at them and they stopped in their tracks, squealing. He threw horses

Continued on Page 92

"Ah!" Breathed Mr. Twiggett. "I Begin to Understand. They Were Going Up, Were They? Well, Well!"

LIGHT LADY FINGERS

By Katherine Sproehnle and Jane Grant

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

ONE wonders if the feminists who agitated so strenuously and effectively the release of women from their duties of spinning, scrubbing and bearing babies in order that they might assume a place in the ranks of the professions were aware that among the careers their release opened up to women was the very definite business of crime. Whereas women once took up crime in a desultory manner, they are now going in for it as seriously as men do, and making of it a whole-time job. It is a competitive occupation in which the best woman wins, and requires not only minute preparation but the attention to details in which women excel.

In this analytical age, when sentimentality is shunted into the background, there is tendency to attribute crime to mental deficiency. Society may so judge it, but though women in crime may not follow the prescribed rules of conduct for the general good, they are keen and alert and have an enviable astuteness. Taking it in the broader sense, women whose minds, if not particularly honorable, are at least capable not only of normal but of highly intelligent functioning are forging ahead in the field of crime as they are in the professions. They are capable and self-sufficient and are even jostling men in the chosen paths of evil. A reformed crook said to us the other day:

"I am certainly glad that I was in the business in the old days, when a man came home after a hard job and found a piping hot meal waiting for him. Now the women who will stand for crime at all are pretty apt to want to play an active part in it themselves. Like enough, they would rather be up and about their own business. It's a lucky man who knows where his wife is. Now take Sid; he's in what you might call—well, the stock game.

"You see," he explained apologetically, "though I'm out myself, I've still got some good friends in the business. Well, Sid certainly has a fierce time with his wife, for she is out on her own most of the day. Of course, what she makes keeps a nurse for the baby; but Sid does pretty well himself, and I'll tell you he'd much rather have her home to welcome him when he gets in tired.

"But she says she's got as much right to live her life as he has his, and you know how women are nowadays," concluded our friend with resignation.

"It Does Seem That if Anyone Gets the Ten Thousand Dollars It Ought to be Poor Little Me"

Women's Motives

THE period of women's dependence on men in crime is on the wane. It was not much more than a few years ago that when women were in big crime at all it was only as aids—as lookouts, decoys, chauffeurs, messengers. They were merely the handmaidens of their lords and would serve as lures and confidence aids for their sakes. The few women who were independent enough to be on their own ventured only into petty crimes such as shoplifting, pocket picking and salamandering. But as they became more proficient in these fields, and realized the value of personality and charm, they ventured forth into new realms and have made the most of their ability and intuition.

Are women more honest than men? is a question that is often asked. It is difficult to go into the various degrees of honesty or dishonesty in crime; but women are attracted to it because of some ulterior motive, whereas men go into it because of the desire for a quick turnover. Men put a pretty high value on their wits and find it easy to plan a big operation where the haul may be thousands of dollars. Women have back of the desire for money and beautiful things motives of love, envy, jealousy, hate or revenge.

Love is the most frequent and most commanding motive. The records are filled with heart-rending examples of crime committed because of mother love. A mother will provide for her children at any cost; she will steal anything from a pound of butter to a diamond ring; she will go to the depths of disaster to protect them. But the fiercest and most dangerous love is jealous love.

Jealousy has caused a large percentage of the murders of the country, and for this reason practically all women do their murdering. Jealous love will drive a woman to any lengths; yet when the victim of this mad passion becomes the victim of the law, the woman will defend him with the same intensity.

Revenge, though equally intense, does not take so serious a turn. Revenge has bred the salamander. She, like the animal from which she takes her name, lives always in the fire of suspicion. Her activities are kept just outside the reach of a prison because of her keen foresight, for she covers her tracks. It is an unlucky man who excites the revenge of a scheming girl. Sometimes it is unlucky not only for him but also for his whole sex. One beautiful girl from a small Ohio town has declared war against all men because she was betrayed by an unscrupulous lawyer when she was very young and very trusting. First of all, she is determined to humiliate every man she comes in contact with. Secondly, she gets everything she can out of them.

She is a long step from the woman of other days, who stayed at home and pined over her grief and faded into a blighted old age. This woman is charming, beautiful and gay. Since outwitting men does not take all her energy, she occasionally appears on the stage. Her dramatic talent is a rather negligible quantity, but through her determination she gets the ear of a prominent manager from time to time.

The amount of the loot she gets is often of secondary consideration. She even takes delight in extracting from a man a pair of gloves, a blouse or stockings. One of her favorite stunts is to meet a possible victim, on whom she will practice her more extravagant plans later, for a quiet luncheon. She will wear a shabby pair of gloves, and when her friend, in an expansive mood, suggests a fashionable restaurant she protests that she couldn't go there with such terrible looking gloves. Still expansive, he assures her that that small matter can be easily remedied and into a shop they go. Before its doors are closed behind them he has parted with a considerable amount of money for perfume, stockings and other small trinkets.

High-Priced Winnings

ANOTHER of her infallible tricks is to impress some unsuspecting man with her exclusiveness, telling him that she never encourages the advances of a man whom she has not met, making him feel the more important for her confidence and friendship. Of course, he is boastful of his conquest and his men friends are not kept in ignorance. Invariably it results in her establishing the acquaintance of other wealthy men and a wider field of operation.

This is a favorite trick, and the amount that can be got out of it varies with the fancied masculine prestige which attaches to the desirability of being seen in the company of a well known and beautiful woman. The joy of being considered a man about town comes high. The scion of a wealthy family once said he could get any woman in America to go out with him. He bet an equally wealthy friend ten to one that within a week he would be seen about with an internationally famous beauty. A third, who was present when the bet was discussed, knew her about it as a joke. When the bettor telephoned to ask her if she would go to the theater with him she accepted readily and told him to call for her at her home. In jubilation he told all his friends to be at the theater if they wanted to see them together.

He was shown into the living room of her apartment, and after a short wait she appeared, radiant in a shining white gown. It was the first time he had met her face to face and he was more than pleased with his companion for the evening.

"It's very flattering of you to have shown this extraordinary interest in me," said she in greeting the wealthy young man.

"Not at all; it's very charming of you to go to the play with me," he replied.

"I'm sure we'll have a very pleasant evening. There's just one little thing before we start. I've heard about the bet you made, and it does seem that if anyone gets the ten thousand dollars it ought to be poor little me."

It took the young man some little time to realize that she really wouldn't leave the house with him unless she had his check for ten thousand. But once the transaction was over, she covered her white dress with an ermine wrap and sailed so proudly down the aisle beside him that he almost felt that his costly evening had been worth it.

His later advances to her were coldly refused. Her bargain was and remained: One evening at the theater, ten thousand dollars.

That intangible open sesame, charm, is just as important to women in crime as women in a ballroom. It opens doors for them with far more speed than a set of burglar's tools.

Since women have realized the value of this efficacious instrument in their illegal enterprises, they have become more and more formidable rivals in the branches of robbery which were once supposed to be exclusively masculine.

Take safe blowing, for instance. It is an art which women formerly made no attempt at practicing, perhaps because of the great physical danger and risk of capture. Few women have been as handy with nitroglycerin as with rose water, and the difference in handling a lip stick and a stick of dynamite was too vast to take many risks. Safe blowers, recognized as of the highest caste among crooks, long felt safety from feminine invasion in their particular field. But now their domain is threatened and they accept the new state of affairs none too kindly. The modern woman crook who is a safe breaker cannot, of course, be called that in the strictest sense of the word, for it is the breath of allure rather than an explosion that wafts open the safe.

Getting to a Safe With Safety

A JEWELRY store in Chicago was pleased at the patronage of a dashing young widow who opened an account, giving as references the names of important people in the city. While her account was being opened she made a few purchases for which she paid promptly, and for some time she met her monthly bills regularly. It was not so much the amount of her purchases that made her welcome at the store, but rather her pleasant manner and her appreciation of any courtesy shown to her. After almost a year she rushed into the shop one day and to the head of the establishment, with whom she was now on friendly terms, she explained that some securities had just been delivered to her and that as she was leaving town she had no place to keep them safely—it was too late to go to her safe-deposit vault and there was no one whom she could trust them with, she said. Flattered at her turning to him, the man readily offered to keep them for her.

"They will be just as secure as our most precious diamonds," he said, and led her back to a safe, explaining that she must see the exact spot where they would lie. "You can put them in with your own hands," he said.

And so she did; but while she was putting them in, with a facility born of long practice, she took something else out—and you'd be surprised at how many diamonds can be contained in a few paper packets. She left the store with gracious thanks, saying that she would come for the securities when she got back to town. It was a good twenty-four hours before it was discovered that the diamonds were gone and the "securities" were merely stock circulars, and light-fingered ladies can cover a lot of ground in twenty-four hours. Her boast of her exploits reached the ears of an old safe blower, whose standby for many years had been nitroglycerin.

"Calls herself a safe blower, does she?" he said bitterly. "It's nothing but just charm."

As burglars of the old type, who enter houses in the dead of night and if necessary take the loot at the point of a gun, women are not much of a success. It is rather lack of agility than of physical courage that impedes them. Perhaps, too, it is because they prefer to use more subtle means of getting their booty. A woman housebreaker gave a rueful account of her last venture from her cell in the Tombs.

"I don't know what put it into me," she said. "I decided it would be a fine idea to close every door behind me as I went through the house. When I got ready to make my get-away I found that the door of the room I was in on the third floor had one of those trick snap locks. I suppose the noise I made trying to open it woke 'em, and I could hear two clumping men coming up and I couldn't do a thing. There I was like a rabbit in a hole. There was one window—with a nice soft cement sidewalk three floors below. So what could I do but pretend that the one thing I wanted was to be arrested? Well, I suppose it serves me right for thinking I could do a big house job all by myself. What a fool I was not to stick to hotels!"

Hotels are, indeed, a favorite field of operation for female crooks. It takes a very discerning eye to discover the exact degree of wickedness in the charming, well-dressed women who sit in the peacock alleys of the great hotels, have tea in the perfume-laden palm courts or dance in the bright crowded ballrooms. Any woman who has ingenuity enough to follow her crooked paths with success is well able to dress and conduct herself in a manner to which she is supposed to be accustomed. Not only are many great schemes born under the public gaze of hotel lobbies but whole jobs are carried through under the same roof. Somehow hotel walls do not seem to have as many ears as the quiet rooms in lodging houses, where suspicious characters are easier to watch. It has been said that almost every great crime has been planned in a public place. Street corners are the criminal's greatest haven. In New York this may be because the perils of the traffic are so great that no one has any energy left to devote to the detection of mere quiet crime.

Where Mere Charm Fails

BUT after all, women favor hotels, especially those great caravansaries where the population is almost as changing as in a railroad station. Here access to rooms for inside jobs is comparatively simple; not only are the occupants of the rooms constantly in and out, but visitors to them are always trailing through the corridors—watched, of course, by the floor clerks; but even they and the house detectives are not infallible. For room jobs feminine charm is not nearly enough; a knowledge of the mechanics of locks and the skill to manipulate them are essential.

Women have forged ahead and have become adept with the latest burglar kit, through serving a private apprenticeship with the more familiar and old style burglar instruments, which included the darning needle, silk thread and hairpins. Men used to take care of the mechanical part of the work; women were the decoys and the aids. Now with their new-found independence women are branching out as truly accomplished lock pickers. But since, with the elaborate perfection of the new locks on hotel rooms, it is difficult to manipulate the lock, enter the room, take the loot and make a get-away in the short time usually available, the crooks go through a very complete and patient preparation of fixing, in this way.

A well-groomed woman with the usual array of luggage arrives at a hotel and asks for a room. She invariably

Continued on Page 121

"There I Was Like a Rabbit in a Hole"

THE LADY FARE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

TO THE philosophical Florian Slappey it became apparent early in the evening that half a spotlight was better than no spotlight at all, whereupon he sought an introduction to Miss Evva Mapes.

The occasion was the semiannual full-evening-dress ball of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. The majority of the Sons were present in garb of completely black formality and the Daughters blazed through the ballroom in lavishly décolleté gowns of purple and silver and crimson and gold. It was a truly riotous occasion; Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra blaring saxophoniously from a potted-palm corner into a room urgent with eager life, vivid color and unalloyed enjoyment.

Florian Slappey was chairman of the entertainment committee and master of ceremonies; each title carrying with it the privilege of wearing a medal. Florian wore them both: large glittery affairs which were suspended from the scarlet ribbon that slashed across the spotless purity of his plaited shirt front. And until the entrance of Miss Evva Mapes, Mr. Slappey had been the focal point for scores of admiring eyes.

Miss Mapes, however, created a diversion which amounted almost to an insult, although Mr. Slappey admitted cheerfully that she was worth it. Evva was, to express it mildly, a bear. Her evening gown of corn-colored satin overlaid with a robe of golden sequins afforded a startling and magnificent contrast to her colorado-claro complexion. Tpo, Mother Nature had been in a giving mood when Evva was born, with the result that Miss Mapes was there seven ways from the ace in the matter of pulchritude.

Florian sought her not because of any personal interest—Mr. Slappey was a confirmed misogynist—but because it was right and fitting that the handsomest man and the most beautiful woman should dance together that others might admire more or less vociferously.

"Miss Mapes, you suttinly looks swellegant tonight."

"You seems kinder O.K. yo'se'f, Brother Slappey."

"You slings a pretty wicked toe, Miss Mapes."

"It's just nachelly belongs together dancin' "

Florian Regarded Her Out of the Corners of His Eyes. "Ain't Been in Bumminham Long, Has You?"

"Ain't you tootin'?" Florian regarded her out of the corners of his eyes. "Ain't been in Bumminham long, has you?"

"Two-th'ee weeks."

"Di'n't you useter live heah?"

"Uh-huh. But Ise been off to a cemetery gittin' educated."

Florian ducked, dipped, whirled, jigged, paused and sped away. She followed without the miscalculation of an inch.

Other dancers, all the wallflowers—both male and female—the chaperons and the sponsors stood back and admired. Mr. Slappey and Miss Mapes were sensational. They knew that they were the center of interest and made the most of the calcium. Florian paid ardent court—none the less enthusiastic because there was no slightest danger of a heart involvement, bitter experience having made Mr. Slappey immune to siren charms. At the present moment he regarded Evva Mapes merely as a fitting complement to his own radiant personality.

The evening sped on golden wings. A good time was being had by all, and particularly by Florian and his fair partner. Mr. Slappey in fact was having quite the best time that had come his way in many a moon. His light was never bushel-hid, but in the social whirl it shone with unmitigated brilliance and tonight was doing itself doubly proud. For Evva, the evening was proving a triumph. It was her formal debut in Birmingham, and she was debutting in a manner which assured her high standing.

Midnight approached, and midnight was the drear hour at which the entertainment committee had insisted upon bringing festivities to a close. Florian was loath to part from his new-found partner.

"You ain't in no hurry to git home, is you, Evva?"

"Nope. Home don't mean nothin' in my young life."

"Well, listen!" Florian placed his lips close to her ear. "Lots of these folks is goin' out to Epic Peters' Broadway Tavun on the Mon'gom'ry Highway after this breaks up. There's eatments out there, an' dancin'. Sposin' we grab a taxi an' git us a few extra dances an' a nibble of san'wich?"

Evva assented with alacrity. If there was one thing she adored more than dancing, it was eating, and she had heard much of the new road house which was owned by the demon Pullman porter, and which had, until very recently, been run by Mr. Slappey himself.

At midnight Professor Champagne's orchestra sounded the knell of revelry with its wailing rendition of Good Night, Ladies, immediately followed by Home, Sweet Home. There was a frantic surge toward the cloakroom, and then in ones and twos and threes the merrymakers exodusted, most of them homeward bound, the younger set with eyes gleaming in anticipation of several additional hours at Epic Peters' place in the country.

In this latter group were Mr. Slappey and Miss Mapes. They sauntered to the curb and stood waiting, Florian in top hat and satin-lined cape, Miss Mapes infolded in an evening wrap of scarlet.

"How does us travel to Epic's place, Florian?"

"I gits a meter cab," was his magniloquent answer, and Evva beamed upon him with intransigent approval.

These days the meter cab was the ultimate gesture of magnificence among the leaders of Birmingham's Darktown society crowd. Pedestrians were *déclassé*, patrons of extouring cars held a medium ranking, but those who inserted themselves into meter cabs ——

Within the past year Birmingham, colored and Caucasian, had gone taxicab wild. For months the city had been flooded with cruisers, and within the past eight weeks a colored gentleman of parts had appeared in Birmingham with a fleet of meter cabs catering exclusively to the colored trade. This gentleman had gazed disdainfully upon the pallid colorings of those taxis which conveyed the white folks; wherefore he launched his enterprise as the Gold & Silver Taxicab Company, Inc., and dazzled Afro-American eyes with the magnificence of his cars.

They were of standard type and glorious coloring. The right side of each cab was solid gilt, the left silver. They were as flagrant as a colored boy in a snowstorm, and part of the company's immediate success had arisen from the yearning of each and every dusky resident of Birmingham to incase himself in one of these jewel boxes of gold and silver.

And so Florian Slappey beckoned imperiously to a Gold & Silver meter cab. It was a fitting climax to an evening of undiluted triumph. The cab swung in to the curb, its driver scowling from beneath his gold-and-silver-banded uniform cap.

Florian glanced casually at the man. The impression made upon Mr. Slappey was one of vastness. The taxi driver appeared to spread over all the front of the cab, and for a brief instant Florian fancied there was extreme distaste in the glance which was bestowed upon himself and his radiant companion. But the beatitude of the moment caused that apprehension to flee instanter as he assisted Evva Mapes into the taxi and gave directions to the Gargantuan chauffeur.

"Epic Peters' place," he ordered. "And we ain't cravin' no pretickeler speed."

"Humph!"

Certainly the driver was noncommunicative. He let in his gears and they rolled into the night, Florian and Evva lolling luxuriously against the upholstery.

They drove southward on Eighteenth Street, swung past Five Points and on over Red Mountain, dipping down into the moon-drenched valley beyond. The road was as perfect as the night, a silver band of broad pavement; the springs on the car were good, and the merrymakers felt as though they were traveling on air cushions. Ahead loomed the silhouette of Shades Mountain, and this eminence they climbed slowly, winding in and out through dense woods, with a cliff on the left and a precipice on the right.

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated Mr. Slappey. "If this ain't livin', whut is?"

"Ain't you talkin', Florian? It takes folks like us to enjoy the goodness of things."

"Gal, you said it! Yonder is the end of the paved road. Us gits to Epic's place in a few minutes now."

They found it easily enough: a low rambling structure set well back from the road, its wooded grounds illuminated by electric lights swung from tree to tree. From within came a spurt of hoof-tickling jazz, and through the windows they could see happy couples skipping and sliding and twisting and turning on the polished oak floor.

They parked under the trees and strolled inside. They were met by Epic Peters, arrived that morning from New York and off duty for more than two days. Epic—lengthy and gangling and more or less slab-sided—hustled forward eagerly to greet them. The men shook hands warmly and Florian demanded the best the place afforded.

They found a ring-side table and an obsequious waiter presented them with a menu. Evva eyed it enthusiastically. Epic moved away.

"I," announced Florian pointedly, "craves a club san'wich an' a lemonade."

"Gosh, Florian, you ain't got much appetite, has you?"

"Midnight eatin' ain't so good fo' folks' digestion."

"Shucks, I never have no such trouble! Lemme see. . . . Waiter, is you got any good filly mignon?"

"Yassum, tha's the goodest thing us has got tonight."

"Well, I'll have one of them, an' I wants some mushrooms on it."

"Yassum; filly mignon tarnished with mushrooms."

"Uh-huh. An' a fruit cocktail to start off with, an' some candied sweet potatoes."

Florian leaned forward solicitously.

"Sho'ly, Evva, that ain't all you is gwine eat?"

The young lady missed the exquisite sarcasm of her companion's query.

"No-o. I craves some cucumber-an'-lettuce salad with Thousan' Island dressin', an' lemme see—h'm ——"

"Some squabs, maybe?" withered Florian. "Or a few pa'tridge on toast, or maybe a plank steak or somethin' light?"

"No-o; I ain't so hungry."

"Ain't hungry? Gal, I'd hate to see you when you was Tha's all, waiter "

"Except the dessert," interjected Evva. "You reckon the chef cook could fix us up a baked Alaska?"

"A which?" gasped Mr. Slappey.

"A baked Alaska. Tha's the fondest thing I is of."

"Waiter, you go bake Alaska fo' this lady. An' go quick!"

"Go ahead, waiter. An' they's just one mo' thing. Fo' after lunch I want a demi-tasse of coffee an' some toasted saltines an' some Gruyère cheese."

"An'," finished Florian, "a finger bowl with water in it. The lady forgot that, waiter. I reckon it wasn't on the bill o' fare."

Pending the fillet mignon, they danced together; but much of Mr. Slappey's enthusiasm had vanished. He didn't know what the check would amount to; he had been afraid to look. But as they pirouetted to the jazzy strains and Florian felt approving eyes upon them, some of his pep returned. After all, the spotlight was worth considerable, and he was not minded to make the least of this opportunity.

The meal was served. One o'clock came, then 1:30. The couples drifted out slowly; the place was practically deserted. Florian called for his check and for Epic Peters. He received the check and the announcement that Mr. Peters had some few minutes since departed for Birmingham. Mr. Slappey's heart sank; gone was his last hope of credit

He paid the twelve dollars and eighty cents marked on the check. He grandiloquently handed the waiter a one-dollar tip, and feeling somewhat faint and hopeless, he shoved deep back into his pockets the eight dollars and forty cents which remained to him.

For the first time he was assailed by doubt as to whether the evening had been worth it. Too, he wanted to inspect the meter of his Gold & Silver cab. Instinct informed him that he faced considerable embarrassment.

The cab rolled up in answer to his signal, the leviathan driver glowering at him from the front seat. Florian met the man's eyes, then looked away in sudden panic.

"Dawg-gone that feller's hide!" he soliloquized. "How come him to look at me thataway? He don't know yet how broke I is."

But the driver permitted no friendly beam to shine through his frank disapproval. Florian assisted his companion into the cab and addressed the driver.

"Drive us to town," he ordered. "I lives at Sis Callie Flukers' an' my lady friend lives just two doors away."

"Pff!" The car jerked ahead. The meter ticked; it was remindful. Florian inserted a near-Turkish cigarette between his lips, noticed that the pilot light at the taximeter had burned out, and so in the glow of the match he ignited for his cigarette he took one wild glance at the meter.

"Gosh-amighty dawg! Twelve dollars! Florian Slappey, what you is up against is it!"

He recalled the hostile glances his driver had given him; he wondered what would happen when he was forced to inform the man that he was four or five dollars short. The prospect was not alluring, for Mr. Slappey understood that for some unaccountable reason there was an intense hostility in the cab driver's manner. He wondered whether that was a figment of his imagination, or whether by any dire chance Evva Mapes had seen.

"Evva," he questioned, "has you noticed our driver?"

"I ain't noticed nothin' else."

"He's a big feller, ain't he?"

"Awful."

"Awful is right. An' he seems kinder mean "

"You suttinly is an observin' man, Florian "

"Seems like," suggested Florian, "that fo' some reason or t'other, he ain't crazy 'bout me "

"How come you to say that?"

"Well, he kinder looked at me like I wan't so popular with him; soht of like as if I was a dog an' he was a wienie manufacturer, he woul'n't be so awful sad at meetin' me."

"Oh, shucks!" She shrugged her mahogany shoulders "Foolish imagination is the one thing you ain't got nothin' else but "

Florian's spirits soared. "You reckon he likes me?"

"Well, I ain't prospectin' that he loves you 'specially, but he shuah ain't got nothin' against you "

"But them looks which he flang at me — "

"He wan't lookin' at you, Florian. He was handin' me them dirty glances."

"You?" Mr. Slappey sensed that vitally important disclosures were imminent.

"Uh-huh. I." She said it with genuine pride.

"I—I don't understan' all what I knows 'bout this, Evva. How come that driver to git sore at you?"

"He ain't gittin'. He done got long ago."

"You know him?"

"I'll say so. I reckon a gal ought to know a feller she used to be engaged to."

"You him engaged?"

"Uh-huh. But don't you worry, Florian; I an' him ain't engaged no mo'. I busted off with him 'bout two weeks ago. There's some things I has got too much pride to stan' fum any man."

Florian frowned. He was excessively perturbed and felt a sense of resentment over the fact that certain highly essential information had been unjustly withheld from him.

"What wasn't it you coul'n't stan' offen him?"

"Jealousy."

"Oh!"

"Jealousy is bad enough, an' beatin' a feller half to death is bad enough; but when the beatin' takes place right out on a public road "

"Say, listen!" Florian laid a pleading hand on his lady's arm. "'Splain this a li'l' mo' completer. Who beat which half to death where?"

"That big driver yonder beat a gemmun friend up right in the street with a big crowd lookin' on, just 'cause I went out with him one evenin'. Understand?"

"Yes!"

"An' the wust of it was, our driver di'n't hahdly know the feller I went out with, an' di'n't have no mo' cause to be jealous of him than he has of—well, of you."

"Gosh, ain't that sweet?"

"So"—complacently—"right after he put this feller in the hospital I busted off my engagement with Percy."

"Which is Percy?"

"Our driver."

Florian flung a wild glance at the massive back with its bulging muscles. "Him is named Percy?"

"Yeh."

"Then I reckon I ought to be named Samson. Anyway, as you was remarkin' ——"

"I busted my engagement right off with Percy an' he said I could do as I pleased "

"You suttinly is doin' it, gal."

" but I better look out how I got him riled, because pizen wan't half as mean as him when he got to goin' good. But he cain't scare me, he cain't."

"I see he cain't. But, dawg-gone it, he can scare me!"

"Shuh! How come you to be scared? There ain't nothin' between I an' you."

"There's goin' to be."

"What?"

"Distance."

"Well, if you ain't the insultinest man! Does Percy say somethin' nasty to you, all you got to do is to esplain ——"

"Why di'n't that other gemmun 'splain?"

"'Cause it just happened that the fust time Percy busted him it was right in the mouf."

"Oof! Ain't that a queer coincidence?"

Florian fell into a moody silence. He placed all possible distance between himself and the ex-fiancée of that mouth-busting taxi driver; he wished Percy clearly to understand that he had no amatory designs upon Miss Evva Mapes. Once he thought to explain, but figured that such a procedure savored too strongly of starting something.

There was one thing which annoyed Florian considerably. The taximeter was now above thirteen dollars. In Mr. Slappey's pocket was eight dollars and forty cents. It required no mathematical wizard to put two and two together and make trouble. Ordinarily Florian would have ridden home, explained suavely that he had lost his wallet at Epic Peters' place and agreed to visit the Gold & Silver office the following day. But the situation made that impossible; he had an overpowering hunch that such an explanation would impress upon Percy the necessity for immediate physical action and plenty of it.

(Continued on Page 128)

"You Don't Need to Come, Percy. I Buys the San'wiches." "Yeh." It Was a Deep, Throaty Growl. "You Buys 'Em All Right, But I Watches You"

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY
M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"Manners Were More Primitive in Those Days, Perhaps Because Methods Were Cruder"

THE old chronicles are full of anecdotes telling how Jacob Little or Daniel Drew or some other market leader of that day made great golden coups by resorting to methods or expedients that seem too childishly naïve to be easily credible, resumed John K. Wing. They invariably bring to mind the story of the Irishman who confessed he had a rope at home that did not belong to him. The priest naturally told him to return it to the owner.

"But I don't know who owns it," objected Pat.

"Well, go around and try to find out who lost it," suggested the priest.

"And if I don't find him what do I do with the rope?"

"After you have tried everywhere, if you can't find the owner you may keep it."

So Pat went around the town carrying the rope in plain sight of everybody and crying, "Who lost this rope?" In an inaudible whisper he would add, "With a pig tied to it."

Well, I am often told, for instance, how you might hear a broker on the floor in the '80's roaring, "Any part of a thousand at 98!" But you would not hear him qualify his bid by adding, *sotto voce*, "Seller three!" This was trading based on a technicality. Today such a thing not only is unknown but the point of view that made such practices possible is unthinkable.

The changes came rather slowly, but it is only fair to bear in mind the professional character of the greater part of the trading in the old days. Almost everything went; but then, everybody knew this, and therefore complaints were apt to sound unpleasantly like whines. Usually it was a case of squeeze or be squeezed, and though certain practices should never have been allowed it was difficult to burn with indignation over the losses of green-goods buyers.

The character of the trading, moreover, varied with the character of the traders, and these differed with the character of the booms. People speculated in gold or in railroad stocks or in industrial shares, and the men who had prospered outside of the Stock Exchange sought to prosper even more greatly in the stock market. During the period of railroad expansion we went further and faster than our actual needs demanded. It has been a national trait—Americans at their best and silliest—to discount our irresistible progress. Great and sudden fortunes have been made time and again by betting on the United States—a phrase that has done service in the bull cause many thousands of times, because, when you think of it, it really is a wonderful thing to be paid in dollars for possessing such noble virtues as optimism and patriotism.

The public bought railroad stocks fifty years ago partly because they were thrilled by the vision of our growth, but chiefly because they believed the price would advance long before the railroads developed enough business to pay dividends with. In booms everybody knows that gold is to be had by picking it up from the ground. The great need is patience, while waiting for the mint to coin the pickings into eagles.

Star Customers of Other Days

THE railroad period of the '70's lasted a long time—long enough to teach the railroad officials how to work the stock market. It became a recognized perquisite of a big railroad job. It was considered almost legitimate pickings to bring on rate wars or to stop them. When the Interstate Commerce Act made old practices illegal, there were railroad presidents who took it as a direct infringement of their personal rights and prerogatives. Today there may still be a stock-market end to the railroad business, but it is not in the president's office that you will find the ticker.

The dean of the Wall Street news gatherers gave me a very good picture of the period one day when he was in a story-telling mood. He said: "The big offices had star customers to whom they catered instead of going to the general public. Each office clique gunned for other cliques and made use of all sorts of devices and subterfuges. There was mighty little about the railroad game that these big traders didn't know, for they had been at it all their lives. Their experiences had sharpened wits that had never been particularly dull, and their dealings with men in those brave pioneer days fitted them for any kind of warfare. Nothing was barred. Having been practical railroad builders they knew exactly what to do, and they had the nerve and the physique to do it. Many of them made money in the construction game, but when they came East they discovered how much more easily and quickly a million or two could be made in the stock market. The only complaint I ever heard from them was that stock speculating wasn't exciting enough—not when things were going their way, which was the way of a bull clique with a bull market.

"You will get a better idea of what I mean if I pick out one typical office—say, a big office of the '70's. Let us take Harvey Kennedy's. I used to go there daily, in the regular course of my newspaper duties. His star customers were a wonderful crowd—railroad builders all, mentally and physically big, resourceful, fearless, veritable Goths on a holiday. When they went out to luncheon and you saw them good-naturedly elbow ordinary human cattle out of the way, you wondered what would happen if they took a notion to feel vexed at some jostler. They were the American conquistadors of America, the fighting adventurers who had gridironed the prairies with endless lines of rails. They had carried the outposts of empire into the wilderness and had not stayed their steps for either furious redskins or timorous capital. The drought of the desert meant no more than the bridging of a mighty river—all part of the same job. They were there to achieve the impossible, and when they came back East to look for a fresh job they simply collected their overdue wages via the ticker.

"Northwest was a favorite speculative stock. It had a gorgeous historical background. Its market career contained many picturesque chapters. To hear how the control had passed from strong hands into stronger hands was almost like listening to the story of a great diamond, passing from conqueror to conqueror enveloped in clouds of sanguinolent smoke.

"Harvey Kennedy started a pool in his office. I don't know whose idea it was, but I remember they assured me they would profit by the experience of Jay Gould, who had cornered the same stock a few years before and had lost a million or two. The price went up to 230, I think, but the Gould clique couldn't sell their holdings at a profit. The question in a corner always is: What shall we do with the corpse? You can't live handcuffed to it.

"Kennedy was banking on a boom in general trade during which he figured the railroads would do an enormous business, and Chicago and North Western would prove no laggard. But the anticipated boom did not make its appearance and the price of North Western went down when everything else did. There was a coterie of highly efficient panic engineers at work in the Street just then, cold-blooded beyond belief, men like Jay Gould, Addison G. Cammack, Bill Travers and their associates, lieutenants and followers. Gould was so big that he was above getting the swelled head. 'Everybody,' he used to say, 'is bigger than anybody.' He was not himself a successful trader according to the gossip of the Street, and he made his big money by his control of properties rather than by his manipulation of stocks. At the same time analyses of certain phases of his stock-market strategy in certain deals, as well as his extraordinary quickness in changing his battle front, incline me to the belief that he himself fostered, for obvious reasons, the legend of his ineptitude as a stock trader. He was a pygmy physically but a Titan mentally."

On Living Life Over Again

"CAMMACK was a chronic bear. He has always been held up, as Jacob Little was before him, as a horrible example of the fellow who dreamed of making millions by betting against the United States. You are always told that, after winning and losing a dozen great fortunes, he finally left an estate consisting of investments made after a successful bull campaign. He was a very shrewd man, but I don't think he was as good a judge of property values as he was of the psychology of speculators. I remember him as an old-time Southerner, white hair, white mustache, always looking for the vulnerable side of the market, always waiting to attack it. The talk was that the money he brought to Wall Street he had made trading in slaves. I think he was too cynical in his outlook to achieve real success. One of his favorite sayings was, 'A big bank account and early information will ruin any man.' It is only after you study that apothegm by the light of experience that you realize just what Cammack meant. And he was right.

"Bill Travers was a shrewd and daring plunger whose stock-market exploits are not so well remembered as his many bon mots. I didn't care for him because I never heard him say anything pleasant of any living being.

"Let's get back to Harvey Kennedy's office. The star customer of the outfit was John F. Tracy, who had been president of the North Western at the time Jay Gould, Augustus Schell and Horace F. Clark started to punish Henry N. Smith, Daniel Drew and others in the North Western corner. Tracy was later president of the Rock Island and the prime mover in the Northwest pool that I'm telling you about.

"Those star customers of Harvey Kennedy's were really a remarkable crowd. I went into the office one day to ask Harvey for news, and found him busy chatting with his clients. They were all big men physically, including Harvey himself, whose one regret in life, as he told me every time I saw him, was that he had no education. That made him wish aloud, in and out of season, that he had his life to live over again in order to remedy his educational shortcomings in his second existence. He seemed to imagine that everybody else was a learned

scholar. He went broke once, and came back stronger than ever. At the time I am speaking about he was worth a lot of money.

"As I say, Harvey, as usual, was wishing aloud that he had his life to live over. He looked at me and said, 'I'd like to start from my fourteenth year and have it to do all over.'

"John F. Tracy—his cronies used to call him Frank—heard every word. He was a mighty wise man and his associates thought the world and all of his judgment. He rose and walked over to where Harvey Kennedy sat. Then, in his big voice he boomed, 'What? Live all over again? There isn't a man living who really wishes that. Not if he is in his right mind. Nowhere in the world can you find that man, by George!'

"Harvey said nothing; he just stared at Tracy. But one of the other customers spoke:

"'Don't you really think so, Frank?'

"'I don't think it. I know it. Nobody in this room wants to live his life again. I bet you don't.'

"'I am not so sure.'

"'I am,' said Tracy.

"'And I am not so sure that you wouldn't yourself,' persisted the friend.

"'Do you mean to say,' said Tracy, very earnestly, 'that you or anybody in this room would want to start as I did? After a lot of hard knocks as a boy I finally rose to be a brakeman. Day after day I worked at it, in all kinds of weather and all sorts of hours. It was dangerous work and so poorly paid I couldn't save any money. I did not wonder when I was going to be bumped off or lose a leg or an arm. I didn't have time to be afraid of losing my life or my limbs. What I did fear to lose was my job. I used to wonder how long I'd hold it. To lose it meant hunger. There were times when I used to think that the long black night without signals that comes to all men was a mighty long time in coming to me, John Francis Tracy, brakeman, tired and hungry, as I stared into the thick fog others called the future.'"

The Verdict Sustained

"'AND then, little by little, almost inch by inch, I worked up until I had enough to eat and I began to save pennies, and then my dimes and then my dollars until I could say I had enough for my needs. But the bitter winter nights and the hot summer evenings of the underpaid and underfed brakeman—years and years of it—had even robbed me of ordinary needs, so that in my prosperity I had to learn to need comfort. I had to work like hell to acquire the desire and the power to spend what I made as president of the railroad—the railroad that would have killed my body years before if I hadn't been too husky, and my soul, if I hadn't escaped in time.

"'Hell, man, do you want me to take the fortune I earned in all those years of hard work and toss it out of the window just to have the privilege of again struggling at all kinds of hard jobs, in all kinds of weather, having no joy of my youth? And the reward after those years of hardship to consist of my being where I am today? Live that life over again? Say, if some fairy godmother walked in here and said, "Tracy, you can take your choice of losing all you have salted away or of going back to where you started and do it all over," I'd say to her, "Godmother, take every damn cent I have, and welcome. But I don't go back to braking."'

"Everybody was listening. They couldn't help it, for Tracy's voice filled the room and we could see how terribly in earnest that big railroad president was. One of his associates spoke up:

"'You are right. Absolutely! I feel the same way. Today I have everything I want. There is no day that I can't send out and buy whatever I wish. But there is no day when I forget the day when every penny I had in the world and every bit of property I owned—furniture, clothes, books, house, everything—was taken from me by my creditors. They stripped me to the bone; and my young wife and I had to live on herbs—literally—and on whatever we could pick up, foraging around. And I saw her droop and stagger and finally fall by my side, and not a murmur from her so long as I was there beside her. And I saw her die, a pauper, in the arms of a pauper—myself!—but I was much the poorer in that I lost more than life. I survived at her command because the kid had to be fed and clothed. Then, after the long search, work at last, hard work, sometimes twenty hours a day, until my pile began to grow and I got so I could see it without a magnifying glass; until the kid had everything. And then, through no fault of mine, crash, went the pile! Flat broke again, but worse off because older and much of the fighting strength gone. But I fought on and once more gave hard knocks and took them until I won out a second time. Back on Easy Street again, but sore and tired. You couldn't induce me to get those bruises again, not if you promised to cover them with plasters made of solid diamond. There are not enough millions in the world to pay fair wages for such fighting. If somebody told me I'd have to do it again I'd blow my brains out. I'd be a jackass to choose anything else.' That was the first time those intimate friends in that broker's office knew what Norman Reed had gone through. They looked at him and at each other. Perhaps they felt themselves on the defensive and as such obliged to speak. At all events, one of the pool members, who was a cattle king from the West, spoke next:

"They Simply Collected Their Overdue Wages Via the Ticker"

"'Nobody wants to be a boy again. We might like to have some boy things again, but not others. Let me tell you about my boyhood. Dad had his ups and downs, but he got quite a bunch together before he decided to move farther north. He drove his herd to the nearest cattle-shipping point. Mother and I went with him. Well, he sold his cattle and got his money. A little later, less than an hour after he cashed in, we ran up against robbers. There before my eyes, with my mother shrieking for mercy, those men shot him and took every cent he had. That was the beginning of my boyhood—the day my father was killed. After that, all I remember is wandering from place to place with my mother, sometimes having almost enough to eat, but not often enough to encourage hope of improvement. I never had a square meal till I was past twenty-three; and when I did make money I didn't make it in time for my mother to live to enjoy it. I've got more than a million dollars now, and I haven't forgotten what it means to be busted. But I'd die first than go all over that boyhood of mine. Second time? No, sir-ree!'

"It was a wonderful thing the way these men, the big customers of one of the biggest commission houses of the Street, talked about their early life. They were exceptionally successful men, you must remember, typical of the period and of the country. I have never been so thrilled by men's talk in any broker's office as I was by this. I don't know what my face showed, but Tracy, happening to look toward me, saw something that made him ask sharply: 'What's the matter?'

"'Well,' I answered, 'I am beginning to think that making a million dollars can't be such great fun if none of you men want to relive your lives.'

"Tracy nodded and then he turned away from me and addressed the office generally—that is, the men who were associated with him in the big North Western pool:

"'Every man here is worth over a million dollars. None of it was left to us. We made our money ourselves. I think I made mine as honestly as any man in this room. But I'll say this, that not one of us can say we made our money honestly. I mean one hundred per cent honesty, and not the honesty that is honesty because it is within the law.'

"Nobody answered him. They were nearly all of them railroad men, rich, famous, respected, self-made men, and generally pretty good types of our industrial pioneers. I rather suspect that Tracy referred to practices that were common in those days, that had the sanction of custom and public knowledge. Some of those railroad presidents had been conductors, and as such they had undoubtedly knocked down fares. It wasn't stealing because everybody did it. It was a perquisite of the job. You can get a picture of the times by what I have told you. It couldn't be true today."

The Collapse of Tracy

"THE clique in Harvey Kennedy's office bought Northwest by the ream, and John F. Tracy was the king pin of them. He had been president of the road and knew all about it. He was then, as I remember, head of the Rock Island. The pool was still said to be accumulating stock, though I had my suspicions that Kennedy had already a mighty big line. I went into the inner office one day and found Tracy alone. He was sitting down in a wooden armchair, the kind you used to see on country-hotel porches. His head was bent forward and he was looking steadily at the pattern of the carpet. He was moving a rigid forefinger to and fro, slowly, before him.

"I said, 'Good morning, Mr. Tracy. What's new today?'

"Without lifting up his eyes he kept on waving that stiff forefinger of his, pointing to the pattern of vines on the Brussels carpet on the floor. Then he said, in a low, worried voice, 'I'd give a thousand dollars if I could see where that branch starts!' And he kept on trying to trace the pattern in the air with his pointing forefinger.

"It was very dramatic, but I only realized the tragedy of it later, when it was too late to take advantage of it, either in the papers or in the market. At the time I thought possibly he had been drinking hard. You see, everybody drank in those days, and, besides, Tracy certainly went the pace—to make up for the good times he had been cheated out of in his drab youth. So I left him there offering a thousand dollars for the unraveling of the vines in the carpet.

"A few days after that, Tracy gave Kennedy orders to buy forty thousand shares of

(Continued on Page 50

"So I Left Him There Offering a Thousand Dollars for the Unraveling of the Vines in the Carpet"

TO THE BOLD!

By William Ashley Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

FOR the twentieth time I poked my head out of the sweltering cabin to have my aching eyes almost burned out by a blast of hot sand.

"Thank God," said I fervently, drawing in my head, "I'm only to stay a week in Aden!"

Sweeping across the settlement that straggles along the water front, the suffocating blast enveloped the gray vessels in the harbor in a swirling golden haze. Flakes of whitewash, stripped from the drab buildings, filled the air as though with the ashes of burning bush. Occasionally through rifts in the scintillating fog I was able to glimpse the shadowy forms of donkeys, camels and dilapidated vehicles swaying and staggering past the port offices and the heaps of coal that had been transformed into gray dunes. There is the desolation of silence and the empty places, but it seemed to me that nothing could be more depressing than this scene of violent movement in the midst of stifling heat, set against the steep, grayish-brown disintegrating slopes of scorching Shum-Shum, with the uproar of a busy harbor in my ears. Contrasting it in my mind with the fresh, green, invigorating uplands of Abyssinia from which I had just come, it brought me a sudden unfamiliar fluttering of dread. Had it been possible I might have left the port without going ashore, as so many do—not deeming that the barren rocks of Aden can prove sufficiently interesting to warrant the venture.

"There are worse places," said the skipper. "It all depends on how you look at it."

"I am looking," said I, "without seeing anything!"

"To the blind," quoth the skipper, "it's always night. I'll be going ashore in half an hour. This wind will blow itself out before five o'clock. A man will find excitement enough if he looks for it."

Precisely at five we dropped into a bumboat that lay alongside, and the grinning Somali boys at the sweeps sent us foaming across the azure waters of the bay under a clean-swept sky.

My boy proceeded to Crater, where the company's quarters were, with my luggage, while I made my way leisurely to the club, standing with its gravel terrace, projecting into the bay a short distance along the shore. I met Hammond on the way, and he explained to me the condition of affairs, gratifying me with the information that all there was for me to do was to O. K. the arrangements he had already made with the bank. I had come to bury the Aden branch of his company at the request of several owners of big cotton mills in America, who were the chief creditors of the defunct company. The failure had not been Hammond's fault, and I felt sorry for him as one of the innocent victims of an unnecessary crash. He was dejected and embittered at the thought of his wasted years in exile and was desperately anxious to get away.

Within the club the Arab servants in long white kanzas and tight turbans were dusting the bridge and tea tables. A few bored old-timers were leaning against the diminutive open bar on the terrace, drinking Johnny Collinses and looking dejectedly out at the Kaiser-i-Hind and comparing dates. The setting was neither romantic nor stimulating to one who was already familiar with Northeast Africa.

I fixed the bar boy with a scorched eye and called for a *burra* peg, which I drank straight with considerable satisfaction. As I lowered my glass, feeling a marked revival of good spirits, my old friend De Grammont entered the club.

I had last seen De Grammont in Adis Abeba, at the little imperial guest house where he was involved in a quarrel with some Greeks and Italians over a matter concerning a very beautiful Greco-Ethiopian woman. The quarrel had ended with the throwing of bottles and chairs; but no one seemed to have been hurt, and De Grammont's recollection of the affair was always humorous—which was strictly in character.

He was the most exasperating and lovable little devil alive. Afraid of nothing, he was always intent on starting an adventure. Before 1915, when he was called to the colors, he had been one of the new generation of French athletes, one of those boys capable of distinguishing themselves in any or all sports. He was clean and supple as a Damascus blade; and he met life with sharp relish.

One night in 1917, zooming above the German lines, a tracer bullet struck him in the stomach. Imagine a piece of phosphorus as big as a cigar jammed into the muscles that incase the stomach! Yet he brought his machine back to the French lines. For sixteen hours those who were near him or attending him ardently hoped that he would die.

Nothing like that for De Grammont!

De Grammont Lowered the Girl After Me, and I Caught Her in My Arms as She Fell

He was cured, however, of all desire to participate in violent athletic sports. He had become a victim of a sort of neurosis that made him feel that any sudden physical exertion might bring back the pain he had suffered. He became, therefore, a cheerful cynic—a tantalizing adviser, holding himself aloof from most of the activities of his English friends.

"*Coquin de sort!*" he exclaimed, striking me lightly over the trousers with his stick. "Of all people! When did you arrive? The last time I saw you —— Oh, by George, what did you do with that beautiful Miriam?"

There had been no Miriam in my life, and I spluttered furiously.

"No matter!" said De Grammont, dismissing it with a wave of his hand. "You are always involved with someone!"

Because there was no truth in this I was indignant.

"At least," I said sarcastically, "it was not a woman who brought me here."

"Just the same, you'll probably find a woman who'll detain you here!"

"Is that the attraction that keeps you in Aden?"

"Who knows?" said De Grammont. Hammond turned his head slowly, stared insolently at the Frenchman, then walked out of the club without a word to me.

"Where's he going?" said I, looking into my half-empty glass and refusing to move.

"We'll find him outside later, sulking in a motor-gharry. There is one without a sense of romance, just as you are without a sense of humor. Pah! You all act as if life were a funeral march! Why not confess about Miriam? What difference if her name happens to be Thelma or Irene or Margaret? Admit there is a woman and you admit the joyousness of life!"

"De Grammont, you're in love!" said I.

"No, no, no! But I'm always interested. There is always the possibility, what! Without a belief in that possibility, how can one understand romance? There is your friend Hammond! He probably is in love! But he lacks courage. He is afraid of being made ridiculous. Imagine that!"

I had not thought of the rather slow-witted Hammond in this sort of situation, and I smiled.

"She must be very beautiful—or else very terrible?"

"Oh, he is afraid of the father! Do not laugh! You have not seen him. But surely you have heard of Col. Bernadotte Fitz-William Ashton, chief of intelligence? He is the veritable Bull of Bashan! He eats glass and breathes smoke and flame! He is capable of crushing any man in Aden either with his fists or his adjectives. He is terrible, I tell you!"

"About the daughter ——" said I, looking into my glass.

"I will show you."

We strolled casually away from the bar and along the edge of the terrace until we came to a long screened inclosure of the bay that served as a swimming pool. The lime-blue water was like delicately tinted glass, faintly pulsing, and streaked by the darting movements of schools of small brilliantly colored fish. More brilliant than these was the figure of a woman in a sea-green slip of a bathing suit, poised on a diving platform twenty feet in the air.

We turned the corner just as she rose on her toes with outstretched arms—a slim, strong, gold-and-tan figure against a gold-and-blue sky. The bare arms spread slowly, gracefully, almost sensuously, as though there were a lingering delight in the caress of the sinking sun. The exquisite poise of the body made its supple firmness perfectly obvious. It was a brief poem—the slight lift and expansion of the bosom as the lungs filled luxuriously, the flashing sweep downward with arms outstretched like wings, a burst of diamonds and opals, the gurgle of water closing after a perfect dive!

De Grammont's elbows were planted on the balustrade, his thin face cupped in the palms of his hands; and I planted myself beside him, fascinated. Another day I might have found rare enjoyment in De Grammont's picturesque comments on the fat middle-aged ladies disporting themselves in peppermint-striped annettes; the long gawky women in knee-length skirts testing the temperature of the water by delicately flexing their big toes at the advancing wavelets; the insolent young flappers, swinging their long pink legs over the edge of the diving platform. But this day, no!

We watched the mermaid in enraptured silence as she swam with a slightly undulating movement toward the end of the pool, occasionally plunging and rolling over. As she reached the end, she swerved, touched her feet, thrust away, and dived deep and far. The water had the clear greenish-blue of lime, and as she passed under it her sea-green bathing suit seemed nothing more than the shadow of waves drifting across her body; while her short tawny hair clung sleekly to her small head. The illusion was perfect!

"You would say she was a mermaid," said De Grammont softly; "yet she was born high in the mountains—at Darjiling, within sight of Mount Everest. Think of that! Think of the cold glacial slopes of those loftiest of mountains—and look at her, submerged in a warm and opalescent sea!"

I continued to watch in absolute silence, except for an appreciative grunt. I felt a slight sense of suffocation. I was still under high tension from the long hours on shipboard and from the drying blast of wind that had kept our nerves tingling. Besides, I had not seen a really good-looking white woman for many months. This beauty took my breath away.

"Is this the girl?" said I after a while.

"Yes," murmured De Grammont. "And here is the father," he added with a shrug, as a rough bellowing voice

behind us announced the arrival of Colonel Ashton. De Grammont would not turn his head, but I looked and saw a great uncouth monster, with head thrust forward acquisitively, and bulging truculent eyes, a touseled baldish head whose erratic plumes caught pink tints, and a heavy stained mustache. As his roving eye fell upon me I felt two distinct sets of emotions—one was to run away rapidly, and the other was to fight!

"Why the devil didn't you wait for me, Beth?" roared the father.

The mermaid plunged, and in three sweeping strokes confronted her apoplectic father.

"It was so boring," she explained in a low unhurried voice. "And after that beastly dust I had to get into the water!"

"How do you do?" said De Grammont in a suspiciously mincing tone.

Miss Ashton gave him a peculiar smile, without seeming to notice my presence. Her face was the creamy tint of ivory, and her hair with one quick shake had sprung into a mass of curls that looked like tarnished gold. Her eyebrows were level, and her nose, following the straight line of her forehead, had the squareness at the bridge that is characteristic of Greek models. I couldn't tell the color of her eyes because her head was tilted backward and her heavy lids were half lowered with a sort of repressed mockery. It was an extraordinary face because, though the features were of a somewhat languorous character, it gave an instant impression of alertness, impatience, recklessness almost.

It seemed to me the face of a woman who hoped for the shock of an awakening—who looked for a man capable of leading and controlling her.

"Don't you ever swim, Mr. De Grammont?"

De Grammont shrugged helplessly.

"But you don't fool me," said Miss Ashton. "I know your record! Your hypochondria is simply a pose!"

"But—but—you do not comprehend."

"Comprehend! It's simply this: You find more fun tantalizing your acquaintances at the bar inside." Looking straight into his eyes with a slow smile she added in most beautifully modulated Arabic:

"Kum-bena ya-khel muskur ——"
(Come then, let's drink wine!)

De Grammont stammered confusedly, capping the line:

"Tah-tah-tahta dahl al y'asimin
Makthef khokh min-ala ——"
(Under the spreading jessamine
We will pluck the drooping apricot ——)

"Oh, hello there, De Grammont!" said Colonel Ashton, heaving his body about with a jerk. A shadow of irritation crossed De Grammont's flushed face, but wishing to prolong the moment, he introduced me to the colonel. "Yes, yes!" said the colonel, with a gleam of interest. "Heard about you up in Abyssinia. A damned foolhardy business, if you ask me!"

"I have no intention of asking you," said I wildly; but without waiting to discuss the point the colonel suddenly plunged in with a splash that sent waves against the foundations of the terrace, while Miss Ashton glided away from him.

De Grammont and I followed them with our eyes for a moment in furious silence; then we looked at each other angrily; then we burst out laughing.

"She speaks Arabic as well as yourself," said I, recovering

"Oh, better! And most other Oriental languages besides. She's her father's right hand. She knows more of native life, I suppose, than any man, since she has the entrée into the harimlik. But that father! Imagine! He permits her freely to associate with Arabs, but he doesn't trust men of his own race with her!"

"Very sensible," said I.

"Zut!" said De Grammont, taking me by the elbow and guiding me back through the club.

Hammond was still waiting for us in his car, his topee pulled down over his eyes, and a lugubrious expression on his countenance.

"If you will have me," said De Grammont, "I too am coming for potluck."

Hammond remained silent as the car began to wind jerkily through the confused mob back of the landing stage, and I had a quiet space in which to note the extraordinary change that had come over Aden with the dying away of the dusty blast of daytime and the sinking of the sun beyond the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. The bay and the edge of the Arabian shore beyond were powdered with mauve tints deepening as the brazen sun passed behind the drab screen of ragged Shum-Shum, sending shafts of light into the pale sky.

The heat, the dust, the aridness of Aden, were suddenly softened and rendered beautiful by a shadowy veiling of purple and saffron, spangled and jeweled. Bars of orange flamed from behind the madder mountain screen, changing from shade to shade as we looked; and across the swiftly purpling bay, in which direction my eyes were involuntarily drawn to the desert, the mountains of the Hadramaut, unexplored barriers of the Southern Arabian desert, stood up as sharply as though cut from cardboard and edged with tinsel. Across the languidly heaving water dhows drifted with lateen sails that were daube; and the iron steamships tugging at their chains with coal lighters crowding about were smudged against a background of pastel shades.

The calmness of evening was settling over the town. The uproar of day gradually became silenced, and the dreaminess of tropical sunset hung for a moment over us.

"To Hammond here," said De Grammont, twinkling impishly, "all this which you are admiring in silence is simply hell."

"Hell!" said Hammond disgustedly, driving cautiously around the Crescent where good Queen Vic squats in immortal lead before a row of dirty cement buildings which symbolize the cosmopolitan character of the empire she ruled, until we were out at last upon the dust-swept plain of Maala.

Away we shot at high speed, with the mountains on our right and the bay upon our left separated from the ocean by a narrow spit of sand that makes Aden a bulky promontory instead of an island. Dodging great hulking Indian dromedaries and the graceful gliding creatures of Arabia, big-eared donkeys trotting along with their noses in the dust, spilling precious water from their panniers, rattling automobiles driven by hairy men in tinseled garments, dusty flocks of goats and sheep with their fat tails drawn up like plumes, a kaleidoscopic mass of shuffling pedestrians—Somalis, Arabs, Indians of all types—we at last soared up the tortuous road to the Main Pass and dropped down into the Crater, still hot and smelling of cinders and guano.

The space within the bowl of Crater is limited, and I found the company's quarters were in the heart of the

(Continued on Page 98)

"But That Father! Imagine! He Permits Her Freely to Associate With Arabs, But He Doesn't Trust Men of His Own Race With Her!".

WEBER AND FIELDS

By Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout

Weber, Vesta Tilley and Fields on the Flower-Banked Music-Hall Stage

LISTEN to Booth and Barrett!" the Bowery scoffed when Weber and Fields, back from California with $1800 savings, broadcast their intention of taking their own variety show on the road the coming season of 1889-90.

As a flight of imagination, $1800 was a puny effort. The idle actors who lined the rail at Harry Miner's saloon and swapped lies by the hour about their past, present and future were irritated by such amateurishness. If Joe and Lew liked to blow pretty bubbles, why not $18,000 or $18,000,000?

Not that a fortune was essential to the production of a variety show. Thirty years ago the emphasis was on nerve rather than capital. The acts provided their own costumes and props. The theaters furnished sets and music. The railroads did not contribute transportation, but they were not yet so exclusive with their rights of way, and tripping the light fantastic tie was a part of the trouper curriculum. It preserved the figure. Eighteen miles before breakfast on the Lehigh Valley served then for eighteen holes before breakfast at Shinnecock Hills. The Lehigh Valley was the sportier course.

A Plunge in Publicity

THERE were no misgivings in Joe and Lew's minds. They were set. But one high hurdle blocked the preliminary paths of ambition. It was $1000 high. The job plant of the Buffalo Courier had a virtual monopoly of the theatrical lithographing business—the printing of show posters and window cards. These had to be prepared in advance. If a show failed, the posters were so much old paper, and sad-eyed experience had erased the word "credit" from the Courier's lexicon. When $1000 United States money had been deposited in Buffalo the Courier was ready to do business, and not a nickel before. If the paper was paid for as delivered weekly, the deposit would be refunded at the end of the season or when the paper on the shelf had been used.

Oscar Hammerstein, in Whose Theater Joe and Lew Made Their Broadway Debut

It was a wrench, but they sent $1000 of their $1800 to Buffalo. With it went their own pictures and photographs of Wilson and Cameron and Richman and Glenroy, the two acts they had booked on the Coast. Pictures of the rest of the cast would follow as quickly as acts were signed up. Signing them was the rub. When Joe and Lew attempted to complete their company they learned that Matthew knew whereof he spoke when he observed that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house. The boys at Miner's, even as you and I, believed what they saw, and they saw only two neighborhood kids whom most of them had known practically from infancy.

"Go-getters? Yes. Clever kids with a good act? Yes. Producers? I'm laughing at and with you. Why, they can't be more than eighteen! Twenty-one? They don't look it. And they'd better take half of that $18,000,000-roll, or whatever it is, and get another shirt, and their two pairs of pants pressed."

If the world believed only what its eyes told it, Joe and Lew determined to knock the world's eye out forthwith. They did it with two three-carat diamond studs, yellow white and flawed to be sure, but flashy — and diamonds. They got them at a pawnshop not a block distant from Miner's on terms of twenty-five dollars down and ten dollars a week till death do us part, and wore their joint handkerchief down to rags that afternoon giving the stones a high polish. Two such crown jewels demanded appropriate scenic investiture. So some other part of the $800-balance was invested in what the well-dressed gentleman of 1889 was wearing, including Prince Albert coats, patent-leather shoes, derby hats, black silk shirts and black bow ties. Harry Lehr was nowhere.

Frank Bush, one of the earliest and best of Jewish comedians, was the first victim of the sunstroke that lurked in the studs. Bush was famous not only for his inimitable way of telling a joke but for the originality of his self-creations. They needed a Bush in their troupe. Two days earlier he had told them to run along and sell their papers, but it was Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields when the diamonds began to shine.

Maude Huth, of the Third Weber and Fields Variety Company

Greeks All

"I'VE been thinking over that offer, gentlemen," Bush began as soon as he could get them alone. "I'd consider it for $250 per and $100 for my wife."

Speaking metaphorically — very metaphorically in fact — Greek had met Greek. Joe and Lew would pay $350 if they had to, but it needed a better judge of poker faces than Frank Bush to guess it. They talked to him like a fatherly banker refusing to lend a young client $1000 to buck the stock market, while Bush shaded twenty-five dollars off his price every time he gave another glance at the studs. The big news at Miner's that night was that Frank Bush and his wife, Isabelle Ward, had signed at $200 a week to go out with Weber and Fields' Own Company.

The newspapers knew of the variety stage only by hearsay in that distant day; but when the Clipper, a theatrical weekly, gave a paragraph to the news that Bush and Ward, and Wilson and Cameron, a highly touted black-face act from the Coast, had joined up with the new venture, the trick was turned. Other sheep followed the bellwether, Bush, over the fence, and theater owners who had written that they would "try to find some time for your show" now wired in demanding that the young producers fill the booking arranged for them. Before mid-September the company and the booking were complete.

And a good company it was. In it were Frank Bush and Isabelle Ward, the Fremonts, Wilson and Cameron, Haines and Vidocq, Drummond and Staley, Richman and Glenroy, Florence Miller and Weber and Fields in person, a first-class, nicely balanced bill. The weekly pay roll, ignoring Joe and Lew, was $925. If they didn't have it, they didn't have to pay themselves. The pay roll, by the bye, was some $300 more than they now possessed.

Meanwhile, what of their own act? Their stock in trade was the same knockabout they had peddled around the circuit for five successive years with Hill, Hyde and others. Vaudeville has its perennials such as McIntyre and Heath's The Georgia Minstrels and Victor Moore's Change Your Act, which age does not wither nor custom stale; but this was hardly such a one. Joe and Lew thought of Cincinnati and Sunday-night openings at the People's Theater,

where the young bloods of the town kept a death watch more critical than New York's sophisticates. One telling was the life of any gag with this audience. If they knew the answer, they raised their hands en masse and beat you to it with a mocking shout. There was the case of Lavender and Thompson and their catch line—"I knowed it first." Cincinnati had laughed the first time, let it pass in silence the second, and greeted its third appearance with the sing-song chant, "We knowed it first, we knowed it first, we knowed it first." And Florence Miller, who tried to sing a song the Queen City regarded as the rightful property of Lottie Gilson, was hissed off the stage. Miss Miller had sassed them back.

"Only snakes hiss," the indignant cantatrice retorted.

Sitting in their "office" in the pool room of Miner's Bowery ten days before the Baltimore opening, and pondering the fickleness of audiences, Weber and Fields heard German voices lifted in anger at a near-by pool table. The peppery old gallery doorkeeper at the theater and his crony, both Düsseldorfians, had been disputing every play of an interminable call-shot pool game. Their excited jargon was delighting a little group of loungers. Suddenly the smoldering quarrel burst into flames. The doorkeeper had scratched the deciding fourteen-ball and claimed a fair shot. The two old men shouted abuse in German and broken English, shook their cues at each other menacingly, then joined in battle. While butt ends of cues thrashed and pool balls smacked the walls like canister shot, Weber, Fields and the other neutrals took cover. A wildly thrown ball, ricocheting from a cast-iron column, took the doorkeeper on the temple. An ambulance called for him, a patrol wagon for his countryman. Fields, looking out cautiously from under a billiard table, whispered to Weber, who was beneath him, "We've got it!" Their famous pool-table burlesque had fallen plop into their laps.

"Myer" and "Mike" in the Pool-Table Act

Within half an hour the boys had found a one-table pool room in the rear of a half-basement saloon in an obscure side street, where, safe from prying eyes, they called their first rehearsal of their new act. The next morning before nine o'clock the rehearsal was continued in the pool room at Miner's, with only a porter and a dozing bartender as an unwitting audience. When the first of the usual hangers-on sauntered in around noon, Joe and Lew racked their cues and reverted to the side-street saloon. This was precious metal, to be guarded from theatrical hijackers.

A week later the dress rehearsal was called in the single-table pool room. Up to now they had practiced their pretended violence softly, but here they lifted their German dialect voices and brawled hotly. As the riot in the back room waxed, the listening bartender reached for a bung starter, excused himself to his customers and burst into the room to find Lew throttling Joe with such realism that the barkeep declared himself in, and Fields barely escaped following the gallery doorkeeper to the hospital. Admitted to the secret, the bartender invited his clients to join him in the back room and the act had its first public hearing to an appreciative audience of two truck drivers, a tinsmith, a gas-meter reader and the white-aproned host.

Every pool room of the 90's was a betting station for the races, with a telegraph operator, a bookmaker's agent and a blackboard. The act, as it was seen that season with Weber and Fields' Own Company, began appropriately with a betting scene. Frank Van Ness then owned a horse called India Rubber, a regular campaigner on the Eastern tracks. Mike and Myer entered, studying the entries on the blackboard, and agreed on placing a bet on India Rubber because he was "good in the stretch." While they waited on the result, Fields, who was Myer, suggested a game of pool. A manufacturer had built a special pool table for the act in return for the privilege of having the firm's name in gilt letters across its length. Weight and bulk were reduced to a minimum by leaving out the usual slate bed and providing folding legs.

"I don't know dis pool business," Weber, who was Mike, would object when Myer suggested their playing a game.

MYER: Vatever I don't know, I teach you.
MIKE: Dot seems fair.

Florence Miller, Who Said "Only Snakes Hiss"

MYER: To make der game more as interesting, I bet you dot I beat.

MIKE: Oughtn't you to beat? Ain't you biggest?

MYER: Brains in der head, not bigness, vins in pool.

MIKE: Give me otts und I bet you.

MYER: Vat you mean, otts?

MIKE: You should put up more money to my lesterest money.

MYER: I vill not! But I tell you vot I vill do. I vill put up five dollar to your ten dollar.

MIKE: Dot's what I mean.

Weber was a wistful little figure; a mild, trustful, undersized innocent, the Mister Common Peepul or Little Jeff of the eternal comic strip, abused and exploited by the tall, bullying, brutal Fields, who told him how he loved him while engaged in gouging out an eye.

"Ven I'm away from you, I cannot keep mein mind from off you. Ven I'm mit you, I cannot keep mein hands from off you. Oh, how I luff you, Mike!" Fields was wont to declare—bending a trick billiard cue over Mike's head.

The squat Weber would guilelessly confide his ten dollars to the lower shelf of the ball rack. Fields would remove it immediately, with his own five dollars, to the top shelf. Weber, watching this maneuver, would return to the rack, raise himself on tiptoe, discover that he could not reach the money, then look questioningly at Fields.

MYER: Remember, now! Der one dot gets der money vins

MIKE: Let me understandt meinself: der one dot gets der money is der vinner, eh?

[MYER *starting to shoot,* MIKE *seizes his cue.*

MIKE: Who made idt out you should be firstest starter?

MYER: All right, den ve choose up for it.

[*They measure hands on a pool cue in the manner*

(Continued on Page 80)

PHOTOS FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Weber and Fields' Second Variety Company. Top Row, Left to Right: Billy Emerson, Greatest of Minstrel Men; Pidgy Fay, Advance Man; Weber; Fields; Two Property Men. Center Row "Young Mule" Reay; Staley, of Drummond and Staley; the Bird Man, George Lavender; Bobbie and Dick Garnella. Bottom Row: Miss Drummond; the Bird Woman; Lottie Gilson; Miss Thompson; Mrs. Garnella

BALISAND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

THERE was a dragging at his shoulder—it was Henry Dalney. "You must get out of here," Henry said, and he half pushed Richard Bale out to the portico. But there he halted, undecided. "It might be better for you to stay. No"—he returned to his first impulse—"there will be a confusion, and you won't be considered, or they'll think—you are not the family—that you were right going."

Richard didn't answer him; he was incapable of speech; and Dalney conducted him down the stone steps and along the bricked walk to the schoolhouse. Then they were in his room.

"I'll go back at once," Henry told him, "and let you know as soon as possible. It was a terrible fall . . . full on the floor"

"Lavinia? She is dead," Richard assured him.

He was at the window again, above the garden drooping with dusk, with the summer-house before him. He repeated that final word, and he at once comprehended it and was totally unable to take in all its implications. Henry Dalney, he discovered, had gone. The greater part of his mind—yes, and his body—was numb: his hands were at once wet and cold. When he drew one across his eyes, in an effort to clear his sight, he had the sensation that it was a damp cloth. A feeling of shocked amazement possessed him, nothing more. He had seen Lavinia pitching downward through space, he knew that she had been killed; but those facts wouldn't form a whole, the sum of their horror he couldn't contain.

He moved slightly; his legs seemed to be wooden, his heels struck with a sound unrelated to his body. A wave of physical sickness, of nausea, swept over him. That was succeeded by a chill; he tried to stop it, to control his nerves; but he shook in a tremor that he thought must stir the room. This didn't stop. It went on and on, and he bit his lower lip until his chin was smeared with blood. He found it on his hands and transferred it in bright prints to the white-painted window ledge. All that he did was mechanical; he was, now, like a shape of tin which held an intolerable and agonizing fire. Henry Dalney returned; he stood silent while Richard Bale turned haggardly:

"Yes," he said, "she is dead. It killed her instantly. How in God's world "

"God's world," Richard interrupted. "God's world?"

"How it happened so quickly and fatally I can't understand," he finished his period. "No one can. It was fortunate I got you out of there when I did. Richard, you'll have to be reasonable until you are at Balisand again."

"I'll be reasonable," Bale agreed. "What does it matter who is or isn't? Henry, it was in the middle of a song. Did you hear her singing? It ends, But you must bring me oceans more. Be true. Be true. I only knew one verse. Why did I say that? With this ——"

"There is something else I am forced to remind you of," Henry Dalney proceeded; "it's necessary for someone to keep his head. What about Gawin and you? I couldn't find Robine, but I'll see him at once."

As Long as I'm Active It's Well Enough; But Let Anything Stop for a Minute, if I Get Alone on Diggery in the Woods . . . Shadows and Dream

"It was politics," Richard reminded him: "do you think that will matter to Gawin Todd for a little? But you're right; we have his challenge; he may hate me worse than death. It's such a strange situation, Henry; here is Lavinia killed and Gawin and me—me and Gawin ——" His voice trailed into silence. "She was delicate." He spoke after a silence of laboured breathing. "Her head—on the oak floor. No one could catch her, it was so hellish sudden. You must have seen her on the landing, I mean when she was singing. I looked away, just for a second, and then she was gone. I don't think she could have suffered, but there was time for her to be frightened; you see, she did cry."

Henry Dalney replied by saying that he'd send William up with rum.

"Take the stiffest drink you can manage," he advised Richard. "Robine will have to stay until to-morrow, but we'll go home to-night. You came by the river, but I suppose you will have to ride back. I don't think Charles Todd can object to your taking a horse. Anyhow, I won't ask."

He was gone again, with a quick, agitated step; and the silence, the dimness, of evening, gathered in the room. Lavinia was dead, Richard Bale said to himself. Slowly this reality was being borne upon him; he was beginning to understand it. A frightful accident, that had nothing to do with Gawin Todd, had taken her away from him. She had already left Todd. Waiting, ready, to come to Balisand. He'd never know what she intended to say to him in the summer-house. "Richard ——" He repeated aloud her broken phrase. Words that couldn't be finished. Words stopped by death. Yes, that was the end of the endless things they had had to say to each other. He had sent her away, then.

"I wanted to save her!" he cried in a choked voice. "With so many people and Gawin Todd and Rose Ann. Not to go, Lavinia! Never to leave me!"

That rang in his head as though the actual sounds had been thrown back from a wall. Never to leave me! Never to leave! The room darkened, and slowly, methodically, he lighted both the candles on the chest of drawers. Hung drying on a chair was the black coat wetted by the morning rain. William was a good servant and careful of his things.

Then it came back to him that Lavinia was dead—her beautiful youngness, her air of the absent-minded, her singing, was over, crushed out of being. And Henry Dalney had spoken of God's world. He laughed in a rasping contempt. How could anyone believe that now, ever again?

"It's a lie," he asserted loudly; "a damned cold lie."

Lavinia had been so warm, so richly alive. He started to curse God, but he was interrupted by the sense of its uselessness. There was nothing to curse, he had just discovered that. A joke. He had seen so many people die, black with cold or swollen with heat, shot and hacked out of all resemblance to humanity, that it occurred to him he might be steadier. But this was Lavinia Lavinia. She was his; not Gawin Todd's; not death's.

A stir rose at the door, and, to his amazement, Gawin Todd, accompanied by Charles, Jasper Robine and Henry, moved forward in a compact mass.

"Mr. Bale"—Charles spoke for them—"this will appear heartless in the face of what has happened; but it's Mr Robine's judgment and mine that it was necessary. Miss Roderick has been taken from all that concerns us and it remains for us to keep whatever secret was in her heart. Your affair with my brother will not be followed a step farther by us. There is nothing else, I think, for us to say to you."

"Yes"—Gawin Todd stepped forward—"you spoiled her life for her and her death for me. That ought to console you. But you lost her, and I'm glad. If you didn't understand what Charles said, it is this—never repeat Miss Roderick's name in public. If you do I will see that you are shot, out of your saddle or on the river or in the woods. Not a duel, an execution."

It was, it seemed to Bale, all such a useless clamour.

"Perhaps I lost her," he said, but more to himself than the others. "Of course, she's dead, but do you know what that means?" He was gazing at Henry Dalney. Then he collected himself. "It's enough to answer you, Charles, and you don't need an answer."

People came and went so illogically; once more he was alone. He had been standing for a very long while. Sharply, through its numbness, the old ache in his right leg recommenced, and he found a chair. The same mocking bird. A lily bud. His stomach contracted into a stone and tore its way up through his body to his throat. It was a sob. His head drooped on his arm, lying across the back of the chair, and his body was shaken with a gasping, dry grief.

Past the middle of April, after a week of cold thin rain, drenching the new white flowers of the fringe trees and

dogwoods, there was a morning so still and warm with sun that Richard Bale lingered sitting over his breakfast in the dining room at Balisand. The only sound that came to him was the restless shifting of Diggery, the horse he usually rode, tied to the rack in front of the house. Diggery's hoofs struck sharply into the earth from which years of such trampling had cut away all the turf. Four foxhounds from his pack of six couples lay on the floor close beside him. Their tongues were out, they were all watching him, and, whenever he moved, there was an answering beat on the oak floor from wagging tails. Perhaps half an hour before, Mrs. Patton had left the table to order and watch the affairs of the household. It was well enough, she had declared, for Mr. Bale to idle, since gentlemen had nothing in the world to do but ride over their plantations and talk all day, and drink and play hazard or whist all night.

There was a great deal of truth in this, Richard reflected; but there was a necessity, a responsibility, in such idleness that Mrs. Patton missed: he was, in a considerable way, the plantation itself, Richard Bale, of Balisand. Without the weight of his authority, the force and prestige of his inheritance, the place would soon fall apart. The first Richard Bale in America had, in 1652, cut down the trees where the house was to stand and cleared the underbrush from the lawn; and, throughout the years that had followed, there had been a Bale in the direct masculine succession to maintain the unity, the integrity, of their home.

From where he sat, with the North River visible through the windows at his left, he could see the portrait of Richard Bale the Cavalier hung on the high dark paneling of the north wall. It had been painted in England, probably not long before the beheading of Charles I, for it showed its original to be already marked by the struggle which, fatal to the Stuarts, had ended for him in flight to the Colony of Virginia. Yet, in the portrait he was young: he had been thirty when, after the final defeat at Worcester, he had sailed for America; Charles had gone to the scaffold in 1649—he had been painted at twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age.

He wore a short jacket open for a drooping collar of lace, its strings tied at a gold ring. His loose breeches were ornamented by points of coloured ribbons; and his hair swept his shoulders in a careful disorder, a lovelock tied with a bow of blue. There was a full light on a thin face wrought, with the exception of his lips, by war into an expression of implacable determination. His mouth, however, had preserved the slightly sullen contours of the ease and petulant luxury of court life. But that hadn't affected his ability to found an honourable house in what was, generally, a primitive land. Immediately on his arrival at the colony, he had met and married Lydia Morryson, of Elizabeth City, who belonged to a family already established and important in Virginia; a family of soldiers—Richard Morryson had commanded the fort at Point Comfort—and at once they had made the foundations of all that Balisand became

This, of course, was assisted by the fact that they hadn't lacked resources. Richard had brought a thousand pounds from England, a considerable sum then, and the Morrysons had both money and the influence of position. Soon even a large degree of the old luxury—but limited, naturally, to a few scattered plantations—had been possible; and the life they constructed followed, in its essential form and obligations, that which, in body but not spirit, they had left. Their son Francis—the other children were girls—had been born in 1653:

It was that Francis who, it was evident, had not been in agreement with the wide opposition to Governor Berkeley which resulted in the rebellion of the younger Bacon. The freedom of the Colony under the English Commonwealth had bred a resentment to the Crown, against which the Bales of Balisand would have been arraigned by every personal and inherited quality. Francis Bale, certainly, had supported Berkeley throughout his long-disputed career in Virginia. He had been with him in the vain defense of Jamestown; and, when it was burned, accompanied the governor on his retreat to the eastern shore of the Chesapeake. It was said, too, that he had publicly asserted the necessity of the many executions which had followed Bacon's death and the defeat of his men. In 1680 he married Camilla Scarborough

That was a marriage as fortunate in its happiness and connections as his father's: he settled into a distinguished and uneventful existence as a landed gentleman, and his third child and first son was, again, Richard Bale. For his part, in 1706, at seventeen years of age, he married Eveline Heyman, who was notably beautiful and a niece of the Peter Heyman, Collector of the Lower James River, who, humorously enough, had been killed on the vessel Shoreham in an engagement with a pirate, where he had gone as no more than a spectator.

This Richard, entering an imported horse, Rattle, against the celebrated Tryall and Colonel Taylor's Jenny Cameron in 1752, established the racing stable at Balisand. His first son, Morryson Bale, had never married; and now, in his seventy-seventh year, he was the companion of Richard, delaying at the breakfast table and thoughtfully studying the portrait of his ancestor. And his father, finally, the second son of Richard and Eveline Bale, again Francis, had been born in 1713 and put off marriage until forty, when he was wedded to Celia Tucker, but only to have her die at the birth of their child.

His life would have been different, the house at Balisand would be very different, if his mother had lived. Through his memory it had been a bare masculine place hardly tempered by a succession of housekeepers, paid or of the family. In that long train Mrs. Patton was immeasurably the best; yet she had been powerless, as at intervals he had noted, to soften the metal of the Bale existence. Still, her energy, her ambitions, were undiminished: probably at that minute she was attending to the comfort of Morryson Bale, who didn't appear until well toward noon

Richard was very accurate in the memories and dates, the genealogical and personal facts, of his family; both because they had always engaged his pleasure and had seemed, other than as facts alone, to be extraordinarily present in him. He felt that he was a living repository of all that the Bales had been and must be; and toward this he kept a sense of importance, together with a rigorously maintained responsibility; he accepted it all as inescapable, the good with the not so good, and made no conscious effort—it never occurred to him that it might be needful to change and improve his nature or disposition

He had had pancakes for breakfast, and one, he saw, was left. In the act of leaning forward there was a battery of

(Continued on Page 61)

You Lost Her, and I'm Glad. If You Didn't Understand What Charles Said, it is This—Never Repeat Miss Roderick's Name in Public

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $3.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.50 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 9, 1924

The Limits of Insurance

THE beneficence of life insurance cannot be exaggerated, but even the most enthusiastic salesman stops short of suggesting it as a complete substitute for a good husband and father. A going business, if honestly conducted, would rather have its well-equipped factory in operation than smoking ruins and a large new credit at the bank. A normal honest man prefers a leg or an arm to several thousands of dollars, and strives to the utmost to avoid accidents, even though his pocketbook be full of insurance.

Sensible men do not expect miracles of insurance or the total elimination of personal responsibility, risk and loss from the world, because of its useful existence. Yet the spirit in which a number of states adopted the guaranty or insurance of bank deposits, beginning about eighteen years ago, suggests nothing so much as a belief in the literally miraculous efficacy of this particular device.

When the state legislature of Oklahoma in 1907 passed its famous statute providing that banks holding state charters must mutually guarantee one another's deposits, without restriction or limit, the new law was lauded by many as a reform of the first importance. Panics and losses to depositors would cease, the guaranty system would sweep the country, national banks would be forced to join, and the banks themselves were certain to gain greatly in new business.

But the results of the guaranty laws have been for the most part the reverse of those expected by advocates of these measures and just about as bad as predicted by their opponents. With agricultural depression it was found that guaranty or insurance funds were utterly inadequate. The premiums charged—as usually happens with new and untried insurance projects—were altogether too small. In seven states the guaranty of bank deposits either has failed or has been subjected to a strain so great that confidence in its all-embracing potency is thoroughly shaken.

It is to be feared that the adoption of deposit guaranty laws may have somewhat retarded the inevitably slow and unsensational process of strengthening the banking system by strict regulation, vigilant public opinion and strict requirements with regard to the ability of organizers and the minima of capitalization, which are always necessary in any state or any community, old or new.

To the extent that residents came to look upon one bank as being as good as another because of the guaranty, the system was foredoomed to failure. Integrity, financial ability and responsibility form the very essentials of the banking business. No insurance scheme can take the place of these requisites, even if it be handled on the most scientific and technically impeccable basis; when merged into the activities of state governments, which have occasionally been corrupt and often reckless or inefficient, there is no hope at all.

Whatever depositories receive the public's money, whether for banking or investment, should be rigorously and minutely regulated and supervised. Any ability which government may possess to detect, root out and punish fraud can find its normal exercise in this field. But if freedom of choice on the public's part is to be deadened, if government attempts to supply the integrity, experience, ability and responsibility without which any financial institution is a hollow sham, only failure and disaster are to be expected.

Financial institutions grow strong and dependable only because patronage is attracted by sound policies. No thin coat of state legerdemain can be substituted for the gradual but substantial increments of reliability. Happy fiscal short cuts are just about as worthless as those in the field of social policy.

The Unseen Burden

IT WOULD be valuable to know what the total cost has become to the business concerns of the country of computing, adjusting and litigating taxes. The direct cost of taxes to various industries and corporations is fairly well ascertained. The railroads this year will pay out about $366,000,000 for this purpose, a total which is expected to exceed the amount of dividends by a considerable sum. Any stockholder or legislator can learn what a particular railroad disburses in taxes by reference to its annual report, and the same is true of most of the larger corporations in other lines. Also the tax burden borne by farmers and by other important economic groups is known, at least approximately.

But there is an unseen, an inviable cost which is indirect and less easily computed. Probably no one will deny, however, that at least $100,000,000 is spent upon lawyers, accountants, engineers and other tax experts, advisers and fixers. Banks must spend large sums in advising their depositors. In addition, there is the time, thought and work expended by business men themselves. A former Massachusetts income-tax deputy and member of the Board of Federal Tax Reviewers, Henry Herrick Bond, of the Boston bar, has gone on record as estimating this total indirect cost at $400,000,000 a year.

"Many a corporation executive has told me frankly," he says, "that from one-quarter to one-half of his time in the last few years has been directly or indirectly given to the tax problems of his business. . . . We are then faced with the question of whether a tax—the Federal income tax—which would yield approximately $1,500,000,000 annually, is justified if it carries with it an economic burden in excess of 25 per cent of its yield."

Modern industrial and commercial operations are so complex that the factor of taxation cannot be singled out for simple automatic application. Other elements of business have become intricate; taxation alone cannot be an exception. Even if the Federal income tax were abolished, business concerns would still face the increasing intricacy and totality of state and local levies.

There is no turning back the hands of the clock. But it will take just as much vigilance to maintain a workable economic system in the future, with the complications injected into it, as was required to win political freedom in the past. If taxes eat up too much of the product of our industrial and commercial machinery, the machine itself will not work.

As wealth increases it is permissible for taxes to increase also. If wisely and economically spent, tax money can hardly be described as unproductive; but revenue raising must not actually interfere with the wealth-producing process, which alone makes taxes possible.

In a complicated modern society we cannot dispose of taxation in the earlier poll-tax fashion. But the first duty of railroad managers is to operate railroads; of steel and oil manufacturers and refiners, to produce steel and oil. The determination of taxes should never be for them more than an incidental and secondary function.

If this relation is being reversed, if producers must continue to devote the attention which it is alleged they are giving to the problems of taxation, there is a real danger that the geese, if not actually killed, will be diverted to entirely other tasks than that of laying golden eggs.

Britain's Rejection of Preference

HAD Mr. Baldwin and his party majority survived the general election the British market, the only really large free market left in the world, would undoubtedly have been surrounded by a protective and preferential tariff. But as more than half of the eatables required by the people have to be imported the British electors are naturally sensitive about import duties on food.

Before appealing to the electors last fall for a mandate which would relieve him from his pledge not to disturb the fiscal system, Mr. Baldwin very rashly promised the colonial premiers that he would endeavor to obtain the consent of Parliament and of the country to a number of duties on foreign apples, dried fruits, tinned salmon, and so on, for the benefit of colonial products. Unfortunately for him, the importers and shopkeepers of the kingdom took alarm and told their customers that these and other taxes would raise home prices and increase the cost of living. The proposed duty on apples proved to be especially unpopular, and the general result was that a Conservative majority of more than seventy was converted into a minority of more than ninety. Practically all the Liberal and Labor candidates at the election stood for free trade; and as the election was fought upon this issue Mr. Baldwin was defeated on the address when he met Parliament. It was because the Labor Party outnumbered the Liberals in the new House of Commons that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald took office. His government, being dependent for its existence on Liberal support, was bound to carry out only those policies which Liberals could approve. No surprise therefore was felt—though much indignation was expressed by the protected industries—when Mr. Snowden in his budget repealed the 33 per cent war duties on motor cars, musical instruments, cinema films, clocks and watches. At the same time he removed or reduced all or nearly all the existing preferential duties.

The Snowden budget was carried by large majorities; but later in the session the Imperialists made a desperate effort to restore preferential duties, and to reestablish the arrangements formulated at last year's Imperial Conference. In this effort they were very nearly successful.

In arguing for a tariff on this occasion—June eighteenth—Mr. Baldwin said that Britain was a free-trade country in an almost entirely protectionist world. The tendency in Europe was to raise tariff discriminations and to contract the areas in which goods circulate freely. "The American debt," he added, "demands from us a larger amount of exports than we have ever sent from this country before. The markets of America and other countries have tariff walls, and it is obvious that we can only remove those walls by treaties. It is equally obvious that we cannot make treaties if we have not the means for doing so."

This obviously meant retaliatory tariffs with a view to bargaining; and Mr. Baldwin followed it up by pleading for preferential arrangements with the colonies and India. Perhaps the most effective reply to those who said that the British Empire can be bound together only by a preferential tariff came from Mr. Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer:

"Every member of the government will go into the lobby against the resolutions. They will do so, certain that by the rejection of these proposals they will not imperil the existence of the empire. Let Unionist members not forget that we lost one empire by taxing colonies for the benefit of the mother country; if these proposals are adopted there will be grave danger of losing another empire by taxing the mother country for the benefit of the colonies."

The Argonauts of the Automobile

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

HUMAN nature will never become so incased in culture that it will not be lured by strange lands. Millions still sail the seven seas to far-flung ports. There are more ships and passengers afloat today than at any time in history. Millions are still crowding transcontinental railroad trains. But millions more are stepping on the gas and hitting the trails for undiscovered countries. This year not less than 15,000,000 Americans will indulge in some kind of motor tour. They are the modern Argonauts—the Argonauts of the automobile. Their nightly habitat is the motor-tourist camp. They are more or less consciously remodeling our civilization.

Twenty years ago a horseless carriage was still a novelty. In 1912, 1,000,000 motor cars were licensed or registered. Last year the number of registered automobiles and trucks was 15,222,678. This year the number will be close to 19,000,000. This tremendous increase in motor transportation is transforming thousands of American towns. It is transforming yours and mine.

My town—Rochelle, Illinois—was a nationally known horse market twenty years ago. It is well-nigh horseless now. Its 4000 people own 600 automobiles. On a normal summer day 5000 tourist cars pause at our free tourist camp or buzz through east or west on the Lincoln Highway or north or south on the Meridian Highway. My own people, formerly quiet and content, are riding in an endless procession of motor cars. They'll tell the world that they'll see the world before the curtain falls on their own particular life's drama. I don't blame them.

Up to twenty years ago the rich retired farmers who form such a large proportion of Rochelle's population spent their summers fixing up their comfortable places in town, and their winters sitting around the village banks or stores. Most of them died of pneumonia without moving out of the county, except to go to Chicago or Rockford occasionally.

After the automobile had passed the frightful period during which farmers alighted and blindfolded their nags until those new contraptions thundered by on the country roads, our farmers gradually got to motoring south or west in the wintertime. Now they motor as much as anybody, summer and winter. It is a mighty poor retired farmer in our town who doesn't own a couple of cars. And although the statistical sharps can show you that there are fewer cars per capita in the strictly rural regions than anywhere else in our motorized land, it is a shiftless farmer, whether he be active owner or tenant or retired, who hasn't a flivver or better, to go a-touring in.

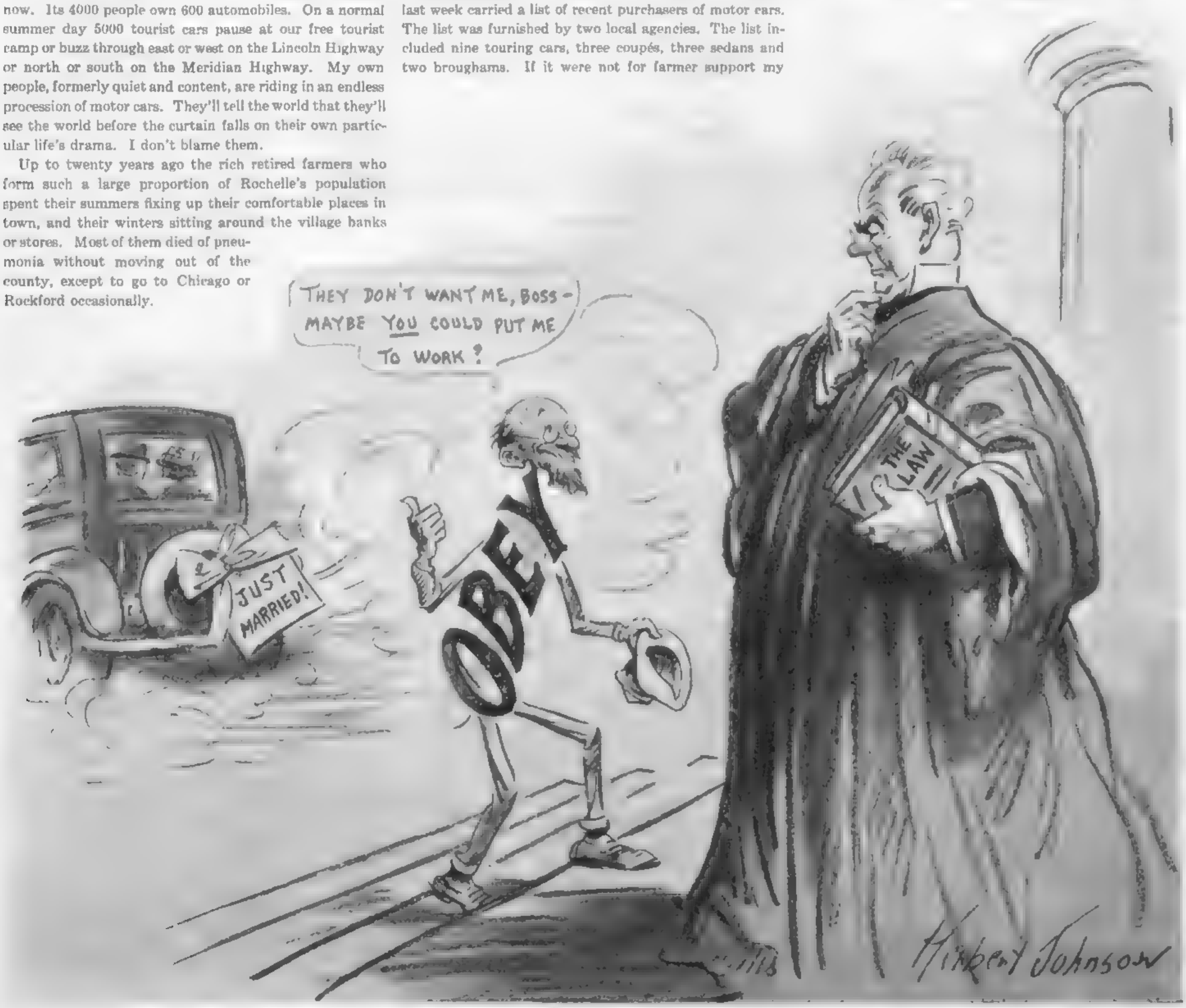
There's a lot of talk about hard times in our agricultural regions. The average value of Illinois farm lands was $177 an acre in 1920. It is only $127.50 now. The average price around Rochelle is higher, because Rochelle is in one of the choice farming regions of the world. But money is tight around Rochelle. Any of my farmer friends can prove he is losing money hand over fist. Yet my home-town paper last week carried a list of recent purchasers of motor cars. The list was furnished by two local agencies. The list included nine touring cars, three coupés, three sedans and two broughams. If it were not for farmer support my town would go out of business. Thirteen of those seventeen cars were purchased by farmers. There were no flivvers in the list.

Where does the money come from? In 1890, when we first began to hear about automobiles, the deposits of the Rochelle banks totaled $344,531.14. This year, when we hear little else than automobile talk—unless folks are talking about hard times—the deposits of the Rochelle banks total $2,000,000. Thousands of other small towns can furnish similar examples of increased buying power. And these hard-up town and country motor owners are also paying for a vast amount of hard-road building.

The last time I saw Bozeman, Montana, in 1907, a hard road was a curiosity. Now Bozeman has fifteen miles of paved streets. The 20,000 people living in Bozeman and Gallatin County, of which Bozeman is the seat, have spent more than $1,000,000 in road improvements in four years. Bozeman has a free tourist camp too.

When I left Lakeland, Florida, in 1914, it had a population of 6000 and perhaps three miles of soft stone or sand clay paved streets. Now it has a population of 16,000 and

(Continued on Page 89)



THE UNEMPLOYED

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Cheap Labor

A Rimed Editorial

IN ANCIENT times a mandarin
(Chinese, as p'r'aps you've guessed)
Resided, as the phrase goes, in
A province of the west.
His name was Li, or maybe Lo.
It doesn't matter much. Let's go!

The palace of this Lo (or Li)
Was sumptuous and grand.
No nobler building could one see
In that bepalaced land.
All things it had save only one:
Of running water there was none.

When Li (or Lo) desired a bath
His coolies had to go
A half mile by a winding path
To Yang-tse's turbid flow,
Whence they returned with water sacks
Perched dripping on their straining backs.

A bachelor was Lo (or Li)
For thirty years of life;
But then, becoming lonely, he
Selected him a wife.
And since she, too, enjoyed a scrub
That meant more water for the tub.

This doubled, to be quite precise,
Each coolie's daily chore;
So Li was forced to hire twice
As many as before.
Still, since such labor came dirt cheap,
That didn't make Lo lose much sleep.

But soon Li's family became
Three, four, six, seven, ten;
For Lo (or Li or what's his name)
Soon wedded twice again.
(Since married life agreed with him
Why blame him for his harmless whim?)

However, as his family grew,
The water problem, which
Had not been difficult for two,
Caused many a household hitch.
Though strong the coolies were and tough
They could not tote it fast enough.

So Li (oh, call him what you please!)
Imported more and more.
Burm-, Siam-, every kind of ese
He brought in by the score.
They all worked cheap—they all worked hard,
But how they cluttered up the yard!

It's true they drew a scanty wage
But my! how they did eat!
So much that Li remarked in rage
He'd never seen their beat!
Then, too, their habits weren't partic-
U'larly what you might call chic.

DRAWN BY CARL ANDERSON

The Road Hog

So, ceasing to import them, Li
Tried out the scheme instead
Of cutting down the quantity
Of water used per head.
But then his family rose in wrath,
Demanding each a brimming bath.

Poor Li was in a dreadful way
To find a panacea
Till, wandering by the stream one day,
He had a bright idea.
"My gosh!" he said. "I've been a chump.
I simply will invent the pump!"

(Just how he got this clever hunch
Is needless to relate.
'Twould not increase the story's punch
Such details here to state.
Let how the thought occurred stay hid.
The main point's merely that it did.)

It was no sooner said than done.
(The Chinese are that quick!)
The pump invented, pipe was run,
And Li had done the trick!
One man pumped more in half a day
Than ten could tote the ancient way.

Observe now, please, what happened then
To Li's cheap labor force;
He laid off nine in every ten,
Not needing them, of course;
Who, naturally, had to strive
To find some means to keep alive.

They, thus compelled to exercise
Their brains to get along,
At length were able to devise
The game we call mah-jongg.
The sale of which earned all a good—
Nay, comfortable livelihood.

Their living standards thus were raised
Much higher than before,
And labor problems never fazed
That province any more.
Cheap labor went; brain power alone
Usurped its unregretted throne.

And if The Moral you don't see
You're not one-half as bright as—Li!

—Baron Ireland.

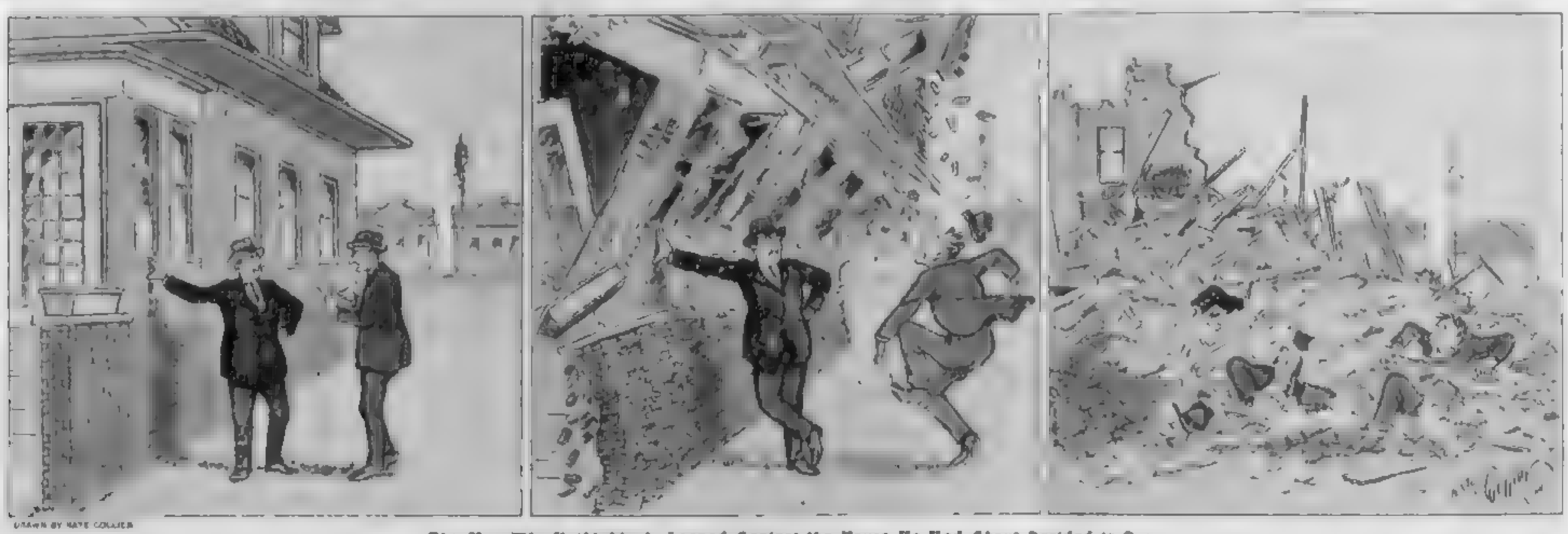
The Salome Sun

At the Blue Rock Inne

THE Blue Rock Inne is certainly Some Gold Mine since the Greasewood Golf Course got started—a regular Endless Chain of Money Coming in and I've had to Raise my Rates four or five times since these Goofy Golf Folks commenced coming, just trying to keep people away so as I could get a Little Rest once in A while. It beats all where they come From and Where do they Get the Money. If all the Folks that is Playing Golf was to go to raising Wheat it wouldn't be worth 10c a Bushel and you could Buy Biscuits by the Barrel.

I only used to get $2.50 a Day and all the Beans and Bacon you could eat, and now I'm getting $25 a Day, CASH, from these Golf Funnies in Boys Pants and Men's Clothes and I've got a Waiting List as long as and that Looks Like the sucker list of some New York Gold Mining Co. I don't keep many of them Waiting any longer than I have to, though. It takes a Week or 10 days or 2 or 3 weeks or some times a Month to Get Around the Greasewood Golf Course, a Little Over 23 Miles, on account of our making a Mistake and making all the Far A Ways in Rods instead of Yards, all because the man that wrote the Directions out for us was a Poor Writer. As soon as I get a Golf Funny Registered and Receipted and his $25 a Day in My Money Barrel, by the Week in Advance Always, I let him Look At his Room and then I start Him or Her or Them Around the Greasewood Golf Course and as soon as He, She or Them gets out behind the Mesquite and Palo Verde trees going towards the 1st Hole I put their Grips in

(Continued on Page 58)



DRAWN BY HAYE COLLIER

The Man Who Unthinkingly Leaned Against the House He Had About Decided to Buy

The way millions like to eat tomatoes!

12 cents a can

TASTE THE JERSEY TOMATO IN ALL ITS GLORY!

THE SILVER FOREST

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XV

FOR a while that morning the sun had shone: but it was only for a little while. Then the sky became overcast again, and there was even a threat of further snow. When Coxon now came downstairs the short day was already drawing toward its close; the light out of doors was failing and the blue shadows upon the snow beneath the trees were becoming more and more somber. The wind no longer blew, and the hush of a winter evening lay upon the forest, surrounding and embracing the camp. This great silence seemed to filter through the walls upon the cold currents of air which penetrated the cracks beneath doors or about windows; the persons within doors felt its spell and submitted to it. Coxon found them all save Grace Taber gathered in a circle about the fireplace, talking together in low tones, with covert glances one at another. The light had already failed to such an extent as might have justified a lamp; but no one had made a move to light one. Upon the hearth a great fire leaped and crackled, cheerfully ignoring the mood which held the persons in the room. There was something like mockery in the gay demeanor of this fire.

Everyone looked toward Coxon when he came downstairs.

He met their questioning glances without comment, but said to Mrs. Pring, "I thought I'd ask Bruton to make some tea."

Carlotta welcomed the suggestion with a faint smile

"I think we would all like that," she agreed; and Coxon accordingly went into the kitchen where the amiable cook was beginning the preparation of dinner. There was boiling water on the stove, and Bruton at once began to prepare the strong and stimulating tea of the north woods, while Coxon got cookies and bread and butter and a jar of jam.

He Drove Shatteringly at One of the Panels of the Door. It Splintered; a Second and a Third Stroke Burst It Clear Out

Bruton looked at his chief with some curiosity, and at last asked outright, "What do you think now—eh, Bob?"

Coxon shook his head

"I've found out a good many things," he replied. "It's kind of curious too. At first it looked like nobody knew anything at all about it; looked as though they was all asleep. But come to find out, there were four that were awake, anyway—awake when Wardle was shot."

The other's curiosity quickened.

"Who were they?"

"I want to talk to you about it after a spell," Coxon replied, his tone lowered so that those in the next room could not hear. "Wait till after dinner. I've got a scheme that might do some good. I'm figuring on trying it and you'll have to help some."

Bruton nodded his assent.

"You just let me know what you want," he replied. When Coxon went into the other room again to serve the tea he found that Grace Taber had joined the others before the fire. Someone had brought the library couch to replace the one that had been removed; chairs were grouped at either end of it. Coxon arranged the tea things on the table and lighted the large lamp. The sudden illumination made them all blink a little; their eyes, widened to see more clearly in the darkness that had been gathering, narrowed and contracted now. Rotch, at one end of the couch, slumped so far down that he seemed to be lying on his shoulder blades, was asleep, and Julie at his side perceived this and gripped his arm and woke him. He pulled himself to a sitting position, grumbling, with swaying head, and Coxon saw that the man was far gone in drink. Julie showed her distress; the others paid him little heed.

They drank the hot strong tea eagerly, Pring and Doctor Moal adding a little rum to theirs. In the kitchen Bruton clattered cheerfully about his work. Coxon waited to attend their wants if any should arise; and after a considerable interval, during which no one spoke except Carlotta, to ask for directions as to sugar, cream, lemon or the like, Pring cleared his throat in the fashion of a man faintly ill at ease and addressed the old woodsman.

"Well, Coxon," he said thoughtfully, "you have gone the rounds; you have talked with each one of us now."

"Except Mr. Rotch," Coxon amended, with a glance toward the man he named. Rotch leered at him and grinned.

"You're not going to get at me," he said ponderously. "I'd like to have you understand, my friend, that I'm a guest in this house and as such entitled to respect. If somebody chooses to kill somebody else, that's none of my affair. I don't care a damn. Doesn't concern me. Doesn't interest me." He waved a large hand. "It doesn't interest me in the most insignificant degree." His utterance, though his tones were thick, was careful and accurate.

Coxon made him no reply and after a moment Pring said, "All of us but one, then. You have had your way with all of us but one, Coxon. I wonder if you have anything to report."

"Well, sir," said Coxon mildly, "you each know what you told me. I don't plan to repeat what anyone told me. I can go this far, though: I can say that four of you were awake when Wardle was shot—four of you, anyway. That's something to start with." He hesitated, saw them scrutinizing one another with that sudden access of suspicion, that increased doubt and fear which his statement was calculated to awaken. "There's one thing, though, that I'd kind of like to bring up. Maybe some of you can help out, or think of something."

Pring waited for a moment, then said courteously, "I think you may fairly assume that we are interested, Coxon. What is this particular matter?"

"Well, sir," said Coxon, "it's this" He drew from his pocket that small handkerchief which he had shown Carlotta a few hours before "Here's a thing that doesn't seem to have any meaning at all It's a handkerchief. Mrs. Pring says it's hers, and that she left it downstairs last night.

"Now I found out in another way that Mr. Wardle had a handkerchief, or something white, in his hand when he was shot He had it when he fell on the couch. There's a spot of blood on this handkerchief now. But he didn't have it in his hand when you found him, Mr. Pring You and Doctor Moal are both sure of that." He turned and pointed to where the mounted trout hung on the wall above the stairs. "I found it stuffed in behind that fish," he explained "You saw me find it there this morning, Mr Pring"

Pring nodded, with faint hesitation.

"Yes," he agreed.

"How do you figure it got there?" Coxon asked. "How did it get out of a dead man's hand and hide itself way over there?"

His question held them for a space in silence. He put the handkerchief carefully away in his pocket, waiting for them to reply.

Rotch had gone to sleep again. Pring seemed to have nothing to suggest

Carlotta said thoughtfully, "It's certainly my handkerchief"

"Do you suppose Wardle knew it was yours?" Doctor Moal asked her. "Assuming that he did have it in his hand."

"I don't know," she replied. "It isn't marked."

"The scent?" he suggested.

She shook her head

"No."

"Then he didn't know it was yours?"

"Unless he had noticed it during the evening."

Continued on Page 30

Time's Wonderful Story *of the* CADILLAC

Virtually all of the V-Type Eight-Cylinder Cadillac cars delivered in the United States in the last ten years are still in service

The one adequate guarantee of any type of motor car is a long record of reliability.

Mechanical specifications may mean much or little. Demonstration-rides must be backed by demonstration-*years.*

Proof of inherent, enduring quality rests solely with Time—Time alone tells the full truth.

Advanced as it is in engineering refinements, the New Cadillac V-63 is nevertheless the logical outgrowth of *a decade of eight-cylinder manufacture.*

For ten years, its makers have concentrated on the development of this V-Type eight-cylinder motor car; building it better and better with each passing year; improving, refining and perfecting it; bringing it to a higher and ever higher state of leadership.

And Time, meanwhile, has been telling a wonderful story of the Cadillac.

Official state license records reveal that virtually 100% of the V-Type eight-cylinder Cadillacs delivered in the last ten years are steadfastly paying returns to their owners.

What this enviable and almost perfect record means to prospective purchasers of the Cadillac is so obvious as scarcely to require discussion. The fine result of a policy of "Doing One Thing Well," it constitutes *proof* rather than mere *promise* of quality.

It speaks of a degree of dependability, long life, economy and resale value which manifestly sets the standard for the industry.

This is the story which Time tells of the Cadillac—*and Time tells the Truth.*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 28)

"I suppose we can safely assume that the man who killed Wardle also hid the handkerchief," Doctor Moal suggested thoughtfully.

His words seemed to rouse Rotch, who pulled himself erect and demanded harshly, "Man! What makes you think it was a man? Anybody could pull that trigger, couldn't they? Well then, why aren't we all in this boat together?"

For a moment no one replied; then Doctor Moal said in a placating tone, "Person, if you prefer"

"That's much better," Rotch agreed with great dignity. "That's a great improvement. Yes, sir, that's perfectly agreeable to me." He seemed to slumber once more.

Coxon asked surprisingly, "Mr. Pring, I wish you'd look at this handkerchief. Would you know it was Mrs. Pring's?"

He extended a bit of linen, and Pring approached him and glanced at it, and after a moment said, "Yes, I think I should recognize it." There was something unnatural in his tone, so that Coxon looked at him with attention. Carlotta rose and came to her husband's side and put her arm lightly through his; he turned to look down at her, his lips twisting, and abruptly he added, "I might as well explain this small mystery to you, Coxon. I put the handkerchief where you found it."

The silence became palpable and tremulous before Coxon spoke.

"Why?" he asked.

It was Carlotta who answered.

"To keep me from being dragged into this, Coxon. Warren would never say so, but that was the reason. Don't you see?"

Coxon saw slow color flood Pring's cheeks, so that the man was like a boy ashamed of being discovered in a worthy deed.

"Was that it, Mr. Pring?" he asked.

"I hardly reasoned the matter out," Pring said slowly. "It was probably instinctive rather than deliberate."

But Carlotta held his arm more firmly.

"I understand," she insisted, her eyes upon him tenderly.

So the tension which held them all abruptly relaxed. The others accepted this explanation. Coxon, though he seemed to do so, was quite sure the handkerchief might have a deeper significance. He busied himself removing the tea things, and while he did so, Carlotta, in her capacity as hostess, thought it wise to suggest a rubber of bridge before dinner; and since Rotch was still asleep, the five others cut in. Pring found himself excluded by the chance of the cards. It was as a result of this circumstance that when Coxon presently returned to the living room Pring drew him aside. They went toward the door of the gun room and stood there by the foot of the stairs, talking together in low tones.

Once Rotch opened his eyes and saw them and asked, "What are you talking about over there?"

But neither of them replied to him, and though he continued to watch them, he did not speak again.

Pring had asked Coxon whether he had discovered any further circumstance. Coxon nodded readily enough.

"I was wanting a chance to speak to you, sir," he explained. "There is one thing." He glanced toward Rotch, who was watching them, and turned his back in that direction. "I guess you feel the same way I do about who did this, Mr. Pring," he continued, and saw Pring's eyes turn toward Rotch and the others with a faint inner satisfaction. "I can't prove it, of course," Coxon continued. "But I've got something that will prove it."

Pring asked swiftly, "What is that?"

"I'm kind of taking it for granted that when you and Doctor Moal found the rifle the empty cartridge had already been ejected," he suggested.

Pring considered, eyes thoughtful.

"Yes," he said at last; "yes, I remember that when we looked to see whether the gun had been fired, I ejected a cartridge and it fell on the floor. Doctor Moal picked it up, and after he had looked at the gun he put it back into the magazine. It was loaded."

"That's what I thought," Coxon agreed. "Well, then I've got the empty one that killed Mr. Wardle."

"Where did you get it?" Pring demanded.

"You remember I told you I had a new brand when you were all shooting targets yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Well, you used the last of the old. I threw the empties into that cigar box in the gun room. Well, this morning I looked in there and I found an empty—the new brand. I've got it."

Pring considered this.

"You're thinking of finger prints," he suggested.

Coxon nodded.

"Yes; yes, I am. I had wiped the rifle with oil, and whoever handled it got oil on his fingers. There's the mark of somebody's fingers on that cartridge, Mr. Pring. I picked it up on the end of a match so as not to rub them."

"Where is it?" Pring asked.

"Put away—in the cabin," Coxon told him; "hid as well as I could. I didn't even tell Bruton. That's the most important thing I've found out, sir."

"You had better tell me where it is," Pring suggested.

"Why?"

"Something might happen to you. Then it would be lost."

Coxon nodded.

"You mean—whoever shot Wardle might want to get rid of me? I'm figuring to look out for that, Mr. Pring."

The other hesitated, then made a little movement of reluctant assent.

"I hesitate to oppose your ideas," he confessed. "Have it your own way. But—take care of yourself, Coxon."

"That's why I took away all the guns," Coxon replied.

Then Carlotta called from the bridge table.

"Your turn to cut in, Warren." Pring turned that way.

"All right," he assented. But Coxon for a moment restrained him.

"There's one thing," he said. "When you went to get the rifle, was the gun-room door open or shut?"

"Shut," Pring replied. "I remember distinctly."

Coxon nodded.

(Continued on Page 32)

He Stepped Into the Shelter of a Bowlder, Only His Head Visible to the Other Man, His Weapon Ready for Defense if Need Arose

MAXWELL
Initiates a New Order Says Walter P. Chrysler

The public in general probably has no adequate realization of the great advances which have recently been made in motor car engineering.

It is a fact that the good Maxwell, together with the Chrysler Six, has literally accomplished a revolution in motor car results.

If you have not familiarized yourself with the good Maxwell since Chrysler engineers began their work with it, you cannot begin to appreciate what it means to thorough satisfaction and economical, care-free motoring.

Its engineering design and its fine materials are directly responsible for the statements of owners that the good Maxwell now costs less to maintain than any car they have ever known.

When you ride in the good Maxwell, be prepared for a quietness and a smoothness that you probably never expected from a four-cylinder engine.

One reason why you don't feel any trace of vibration when you ride behind the Maxwell motor, is the fact that the reciprocating parts of the engine are balanced to the fraction of an ounce.

Another reason is a floating platform spring mounting under the front end of the motor—a wonderfully effective device which is exclusive to Maxwell.

Owners will tell you that gasoline economy generally averages 24 miles to the gallon.

With this economy is coupled performance that would be gratifying in a car of far greater cost and power.

You accelerate from 5 to 25 miles an hour in eight seconds, when you drive a good Maxwell.

Its engine, with displacement only a fraction over 185 cubic inches, develops power that will take you anywhere a car can go—and some places where some cars cannot go.

The car is a revelation in ease of steering. Its ease of riding is equally remarkable.

The spring suspension is one reason for this. The noticeable absence of motor vibration is another.

If you really want to know how far four-cylinder engineering practice has advanced—take a ride in the good Maxwell. Nothing else can give you a full realization of the new order of things which the good Maxwell has initiated.

W. P. Chrysler

President and Chairman of the Board
MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD. WINDSOR, ONT.

Touring	$ 895	*Club Coupe*	$1025
Sport Touring	1055	*Club Sedan*	1095
Roadster	885	*Sedan*	1325

All prices F. O. B. Detroit subject to current government tax.

All Maxwell dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Maxwell's attractive plan.

MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 30)

"I think I ought to tell you," he added, "that Mrs. Rotch was in the library all the time—came down to get a book. She says she didn't see who shot him, but—I'm not sure that's so."

Carlotta again summoned her husband.

"Coming, Warren?" And with a glance at Coxon he obeyed. Doctor Moal rose to yield place to him. Rotch perceived this movement and made an effort to get to his feet.

"I say, I'll cut in too," he exclaimed.

But Julie said quickly, "No, Bert; no."

Doctor Moal added a good-natured word.

"Take a rest, old man," he suggested. "You're well off as you are." He nodded to Coxon as he passed the guide, and said casually, "I'm going to get a breath of air." At the same time he went through the gun room and opened the French windows, passing out to the veranda. Coxon, after a moment's hesitation, followed him. Doctor Moal was about to close the windows from the outside, fumbled for the handle which was not there, and then perceiving Coxon, said curiously, "How's this? The handle's gone."

Coxon nodded.

"I meant to put it back," he explained, ill at ease.

"Oh, you took it off?" Doctor Moal asked.

"Yes," the old woodsman confessed; "yes, I took it off this morning."

The doctor looked at him keenly.

"What was your idea?"

"Well, sir," Coxon said uncomfortably, "I took it off—well, I thought then you might have done this, Doctor Moal. If you did, you probably came along the veranda and into the gun room that way, and there might be finger prints on this handle. After I'd taken it off and put it in a safe place I remembered the snow on the porch floor. Then I knew you couldn't have done this business, of course, or you'd have left tracks. But—I've been pretty busy; didn't take time to put it back. I came out hoping I could keep you from noticing it was gone now."

The doctor smiled.

"Afraid of offending me?"

"Well, I was pretty sure you'd understand."

The other had lighted a cigarette, carelessly assented.

"Of course, Coxon. I advise you to try everything that occurs to you. The more I consider this matter, the more its very simplicity seems to baffle me." Coxon shook his head.

"I'm not so much worried about that," he confessed. "I've got two or three things. It wouldn't be right for me to tell you about them, probably. I have an idea Mrs. Rotch knows more than she has told too. No, sir. I'm not afraid but what we'll find out who did this, all right. It's other things that are bothering me."

Doctor Moal showed his interest.

"What, for example?"

"Well," Coxon confessed, "I'm afraid of more killings."

"More?"

"I guess you know my idea, sir," the guide told him. "If whoever did this could protect himself or herself by killing somebody else, why shouldn't he do it? I can't see. I figure that whoever it was is pretty well nerved up now—having to play a part all day, and looking forward to a night with nothing to do but think, and more days of waiting, with no chance to get away. Their nerves must be right on edge. I can imagine some pretty ugly things that might happen. Burn the camp, maybe; kill everybody in it."

The other smiled.

"You don't look like an imaginative man," he protested.

"I guess there's more sense than imagination to that," Coxon urged. "I'd like to make you see it the way I do."

Doctor Moal shivered faintly.

"It's cold out here," he said. "Let's go back inside."

So Coxon followed him, shutting the tall windows behind them. As they entered the living room, he said in a low tone in the other's ear, "Mr. Rotch is in bad shape, it looks to me."

He saw the doctor's eyes turn toward Rotch, who had roused at their coming; and a moment later he was not surprised when Rotch got uncertainly to his feet and said loudly, "Say, listen. What's going on here, anyway? You, Coxon. First you take Pring over and tell him something about me, and then you and the doctor talk me over. Listen, I'm likely to make a row about this. What you trying to do, anyhow? It looks to me you're trying to pin something on me." There was a faint confusion in his thickening speech.

Coxon met the other's eyes squarely, but he offered no reply; instead, moved past him and went out into the kitchen, leaving Doctor Moal to placate the angry man as he could. The old guide was well content with the progress of events; there was, when he met Bruton's eye, a faint smile on his lips. But Bruton's first word awakened him to a new concern.

The amiable cook drew near him and said softly, "Bob, there's a knife gone."

"A knife?"

Bruton nodded vigorously.

"It was here this morning, because I used it to slice bacon with. The big butcher knife. I washed it up and stuck it in its slot there, and she's gone."

"When?" Coxon asked.

"Must have been while you and me were down at the cabin after lunch. I haven't used it since."

Coxon said gravely, "That's bad. I never thought of the kitchen knives. Ought to have taken them away." He looked at the other curiously. "Now who do you guess?"

"I don't know."

"Sharp, was it?"

"I rubbed her up the day before the folks came in." The other nodded.

"Dinner nearly ready?" he asked; and when Bruton assented, he set himself to help with the preparations, and presently served the dinner in the other room. Afterwards, alone with Bruton, he returned to the matter of the knife again. "It fits in," he explained. "It's what I've been expecting, in a way."

"Looking for it? Why?"

The two men were eating together at a small table by the kitchen window, a lamp between them. Their voices were low, scarce more than murmurs, inaudible in the other room.

Coxon poured coffee into his cup and said slowly, "I've found out a good deal today, talking to them all, one after another. Some of them told the truth right off, and some didn't; but I guess they all finally came to it, more or less. Anyway, I'm believing some of them. I guess Mrs. Pring was asleep, all right. Mrs. Rotch says she came down to get a book and was in the library when he was killed. She says she don't know who did it; but she thinks Miss Taber might have. I could see that. Mrs. Pring kind of thought at first that Mr. Pring did it; but either she's changed her mind or else she's sticking to him anyway. I don't guess Miss Taber did it. Seemed like she was telling the truth, when she got around to it. That leaves the three men."

Bruton nodded.

"It ain't the sort of thing a woman would do, anyhow."

"Well, you can't tell; but I guess you're right," Coxon agreed. "But when it comes to the man, I don't know how to figure." He was silent for a moment, eating busily; at length continued: "I'll tell you what I'm planning on," he said. "I've kind of tried to let each one of them think I've got something on him; think I've got something that shows he did it, without me knowing what it shows, myself—except maybe Rotch. If the doctor did it, he must have gone along the porch. There wasn't any tracks in the snow; but the wind changed about that time, and maybe the snow didn't drift onto the porch till after. I've took the handle off the outside of the gun-room door, and he knows it. If he went in that way, he'll have to figure that maybe he left the print of his hand on it. And Pring—he came downstairs and went back up again, if he did it; and maybe he did. I've got the cartridge that was shot, and I told him so. If he did it he thinks the cartridge will prove it on him. Rotch I don't know about. He's drunk and mad enough to do anything." He looked toward the other. "I kind of expect whoever did it will be after my hide tonight."

Bruton uttered a low ejaculation.

"What you going to do?"

"Well," said Coxon, "I'll tell you. I'm going to stay in the living room all night, kind of keeping watch; in a chair with my back to the stairs. It's going to look easy to get at me. But I'll have a pistol handy, and I'd like mighty well if you'd take a rifle and come around by and by and get on the other porch, where you can look in and keep an eye on things. Don't go to shooting too quick. But if you see any reason, you jump in and take a hand. Will you do that?"

"You're right I'll do it!"

"It's going to be pretty cold," Coxon warned him. "But I don't guess you'll have to wait long. If anything's going to happen, it ought to be within a hour or so."

"I'll stick with it," Bruton promised.

The other nodded.

"You do that," he agreed. "I don't mind taking some chances; but I never was the bait in a trap before, and it makes me kind of nervous."

The cook nodded.

"I'll see to't the trap don't come shut on you," he promised.

They had finished, their pipes were going, and Coxon helped with the dishes. From the other room he could hear now and then the murmur of voices. He went in at last to ask if anything were wanted, and Carlotta told him they were comfortable.

He said slowly, "I thought you'd want to know that I'm planning to spend the night here in the living room. I'm kind of worried for fear something else may happen, so I aim to keep an eye on things."

They considered him in silence; then Pring said, "I'll relieve you, share the watch with you."

Coxon shook his head.

"You didn't get any sleep last night, sir. You go to bed. It won't bother me any."

Grace Taber said with a movement of dismay, "I can't believe any of us will sleep tonight. The thought of being alone terrifies me."

Doctor Moal smiled.

"You'll find your nerves will relax, once you are abed," he told her, and glanced at the others. "Of course, I'll be glad to give anyone who wants it something to help them get to sleep."

"I shall be able to sleep," Pring replied, and Carlotta echoed, "I too."

Rotch was already slumbering, slumped in a sodden heap in his chair, apparently unconscious of what went on around him.

Grace said slowly to the doctor, "I think I will—ask you to give me something."

Doctor Moal looked toward Julie.

"How about you?"

She shook her head, faintly smiling.

"I shall take a book upstairs," she replied. "I don't mind lying awake if I must."

"If any of you need me in the night, just call out," Coxon told them, and they nodded, understanding. He asked, "About what time do you figure on going to bed tonight?"

Pring glanced at the others, then replied, "I expect it will be late."

"I thought I'd get me some sleep beforehand," Coxon explained. "You can send Bruton to wake me when you get ready to go upstairs."

Pring nodded assent; and Coxon, after a momentary hesitation, went out through the kitchen again and departed toward the cabin. In his bunk, he closed his eyes and was asleep almost immediately; he wore not at all the bearing of a man who was about to put his life in pawn.

Toward midnight Bruton wakened him. Coxon made sure the other understood the part he was to play, and then went up the path to the main camp. He found that, save for Doctor Moal and Pring, the others had already gone upstairs; the two men exchanged a word or two with him before departing.

When he was alone Coxon surveyed the big room thoughtfully. The farther wall, where the stairs were and the doors to gun room and library, was all in shadow. At one side was the closed door of the room where Wardle's body lay. The guide shifted the lamp so as somewhat to increase the illumination in the direction of the stairs; then he drew a great chair before the fire and with the lamp at his shoulder settled himself in comfort. There were magazines on the table and he chose one and opened it. When his movements ceased he could hear the footsteps of Pring as he prepared for bed in the room above. These slight sounds ceased at last, and upon the big camp a silence settled, a hush that was full of prickling currents. Coxon, his back resolutely turned toward the stair from which his peril must come, felt, for all his courage, the hair scratch and crawl upon the nape of his neck; and in the stillness he could hear the strong pounding of his heart.

The impulse to swing around and face the stair was almost uncontrollable. Sweat broke out upon his forehead as he fought to hold himself still. After what seemed to him an eternity he looked at his watch and found that he had been scarce five minutes in his chair; and this discovery reconciled him to the wait that lay before him. He relaxed a little, releasing by sheer force of will the tension upon nerves and muscles; and he slumped lower in his chair.

Once he grinned with faint and derisive amusement. This smile was provoked by the thought that though to any observer his behavior must have seemed brave to the point of audacity, he was in reality half paralyzed with stark and dreadful terror.

He was, in fact, so much afraid of what might happen to himself that it did not occur to him that Julie Rotch was actually in even greater peril.

XVI

THERE may be, under certain circumstances, a soothing and beneficent effect in silence; but complete quiet is much more likely to make the average person uneasy. A boy alone upon a lonely street at night will whistle, and sometimes a man under the same circumstances whistles as loudly as the boy. When two persons in company fall silent at the same time, unless they are very good friends indeed, each is uncomfortable until the conversation is resumed. Only the rare philosopher has the ability to go into a desert place and sit him down and permit the great hush of the wilderness to infold him. There is a quality in silence which provokes the fearful imagination. The ordinary man is glad to clear his throat, to scuffle his feet, to talk to himself in a low and reassuring tone, to sing or whistle or hum.

Old Bob Coxon was in no respect an ordinary man. The mere fact that he was by profession a guide and woodsman set him apart from other folk, for this business of being a guide is one which puts its mark upon a man. His life is at the same time that of a servant and that of a master. He does great labors, and at the same time he commands

(Continued on Page 34)

For all stale, rancid odors—this "*double action*" cleanser

Utensils in which fat is used require scrupulous care. For fat burns quickly, and since burned grease is harder to clean off, every overlooked spot holds a strong, rancid taint which ruins the flavor of food.

Sunbrite, the "*double action*" cleanser, is the very thing needed to keep your frying and roasting pans not only spotlessly clean but sweet and fresh and odorless. For it is an effective scouring powder and in addition, has an element which sweetens and purifies.

And for this "*double action*" you pay so little—less than you often pay for a cleanser! There is a United Profit Sharing Coupon with each can, too.

Not only your kitchen utensils but your kitchen sink, your bathroom fixtures need this *double action* cleanser. Try **Sunbrite;** it will keep them shining and in addition, fresh and sweet and odorless.

Swift & Company

Double action *yet costs less*

(Continued from Page 32)

and he instructs. His contact is, ordinarily, with persons of some superiority who are nevertheless inferior to him in all the lore and the craft of the forest. The inevitable result of this contact is to breed in him confidence in himself and his own powers and faint—though usually tolerant—scorn for the men with whom he deals. Among this guild of guides, set apart from their fellows, Bob Coxon enjoyed a certain preëminence; he received the deference of his fellow craftsmen, and when they were members of a party which he directed they obeyed him readily and freely.

But the fact that Coxon was thus an extraordinary man among extraordinary men did not keep him from acting like an ordinary man in his present situation. He had that intellectual courage which upheld him in what he meant to do; he had decided to set a trap, himself as bait, and he did so. But though he was sure of the wisdom of his measures, he was nevertheless as terrified by the ominous silence of the night as any other man would have been. A few minutes after the others had gone upstairs the last sound of their preparation for bed ceased. The deep hush of the surrounding forest seemed to permeate the big camp, seeping in through windows and doors until the wide living room was full of it. This quiet was so intense that Coxon could hear his heart; it seemed to him that by looking down at his breast he could perceive the vibration of his solid flesh, stirred by its pulsations.

By and by he cleared his throat in a loud and unnecessary fashion, and looked about with a certain defiance in his air as though to say, "You see, one can make a noise if one chooses." Then he busied himself with the magazine he had chosen and turned the pages rapidly, enjoying their rustling. The occasional crackling of the fire was reassuring; the whinny and flicker of its flames pleased him. In one of the logs, penned-up moisture was, by the increasing heat, distilled into steam which found an opening through the solid wood and shot out a hissing jet of smoke, and Coxon was near approving this manifestation by a nod. He scraped his chair nearer the fire; he adjusted the lamp; he rose and tapped out his pipe against the upper part of the fireplace; then casually strolled around the room, passing the windows which opened out on the porch, where he saw Bruton standing attentively on guard. He made the cook a little sign of reassurance, and by the other's presence was himself reassured, so that he came back and sat down in the chair, his back turned boldly to the stairs, to wait for what should come to pass. He had refilled his pipe, and now he lighted it and enjoyed the pleasant sound his inhalations evoked from it.

The influence of the strong tobacco, combined with the comforting knowledge that Bruton was watching over him, somewhat relaxed the tension of his nerves. He had in the pocket of his coat an automatic pistol, and he took this now and stuck it inside his belt, under his coat on the left-hand side, where his right hand rested upon the butt, ready to bring the weapon into instant play. His posture, though it was easy, was not completely relaxed; his feet were gathered under him, and save when now and then he fingered the bowl of his pipe, his left hand rested on the arm of his chair, ready to lift him quickly to his feet.

The fire was warm, the lamp beside him radiated a genial heat, and Coxon began to forget the immediately critical situation in which he was thus playing a passive part. His thoughts turned to speculation; he began to wander back through the day, dissecting the facts he had learned, speculating as to the truth or falsity of what each person had said to him. He had an orderly mind, a part of the orderly habit of his life, the habit of an old bachelor who is accustomed to care for his own belongings without the assistance of any woman's hand. Thus he presently brought himself to consider just how much he knew of Wardle's movements the night before. Without putting the thought into words, he attempted to reconstruct the crime.

Wardle, having said good night to the others, had gone to bed. That is to say, he had undressed and put on his night attire and pretended to compose himself for slumber. He must have kept himself awake by some slight effort; must perhaps have consulted his watch as he waited for the hour appointed by Grace Taber. Or perhaps there had been no definite hour involved in their plan; perhaps they had simply agreed that she would come downstairs after the others were all abed.

At any rate, Wardle undoubtedly lay awake, presumably waiting till he felt sure Doctor Moal, in the bed beyond his own, was asleep. Then he must have risen, drawn on his slippers and dressing gown, and as quietly as possible gone out into the living room. Yet he had made sufficient noise to arouse the doctor, who had watched him go without remark and without revealing the fact that he was awake.

In the living room Wardle lighted the lamp. Then he strolled about the room, put a log on the fire, glanced at a magazine, waited for Grace to come. No doubt he listened, heard her steps before she reached the foot of the stairs, perceived her approach. She must have come quietly. Coxon remembered that she had worn, the evening before, low, soft moccasins, so that her footsteps would have been almost noiseless. Perhaps Wardle did not hear her; but at any rate she came, and they met before the fire, and no doubt sat down upon the couch and fell into conversation together.

Coxon felt sure he could guess the burden of their conversation. He could imagine what Grace Taber had said, the manner of the saying, and the fashion in which Wardle had received what she had to say. A phrase leaped into his mind. Grace had said that Wardle spoke of his former wife unpleasantly, that if Pring had heard him he would have done something. Those had been her words; they seemed to rivet Coxon's thoughts now to a single point, to the hypothesis that Pring had done this murder.

He considered the case against his employer. Pring had, perhaps in higher degree than any of the others, a reason for killing Wardle. He had his sister's wrong to avenge. Coxon remembered that these two were twins, and it occurred to him that there was sometimes a curious psychological kinship in such cases. Pring himself had said that his sister was occasionally the victim of furious bursts of anger against Wardle; had added that he and his sister were much alike. Coxon knew, from his own observation, that Pring had a capacity for sudden rage, not always controlled. Considering the matter now, he was satisfied that Pring might have wanted to kill Wardle.

But—could he have done it? Had he the opportunity? The old woodsman began to analyze what had happened. When Carlotta woke, Pring was at the door of their room, already clad in his dressing gown and slippers. If he had risen only to secure the door against rattling, would he have taken time to put on these garments? Perhaps. The room must have been cold. But certainly he had them on, and this being so, he might have been downstairs before Carlotta woke at all. Perhaps she even knew of his absence and concealed it. Coxon remembered that she had, at least in the beginning, suspected her husband.

The time element entered into his conjectures. Assuming that Carlotta spoke truth, Pring was at his door when Julie came upstairs, or when he said he heard her come up. Coxon assumed for the moment that this was true. Then when Carlotta awoke, Wardle was already dead; and Pring could not have killed him when, leaving Carlotta awake, a moment later he went downstairs. If he had fired the shot it must have been some minutes before. He must have shot Wardle and hurried up to his room before Julie emerged into the living room in the first shock and confusion of her discovery of the murder itself.

There was a further possibility. Pring might have fired the shot, then drawn back into the gun room till after Julie went upstairs; might have followed her up and entered his own room almost on her heels, before Carlotta was awakened by the scream of the slain rabbit. He tried to remember whether Julie had fixed the time of the murder in relation to the rabbit's cry in the night. She had said at first that the scream woke her, but at that time she was not yet brought to the point of telling the truth about her movements, had not admitted her visit to the library. Coxon made a mental note to ask her about the rabbit in the morning. If the beast had screamed before she came upstairs, then Pring must have come up well before her, could not have done the murder.

But—could he have shot Wardle and then come upstairs before Julie emerged from the library? Had there been sufficient time for him to do this? Whoever shot Wardle ejected the empty shell and put it in the cigar box on the gun-room table. This was the sort of thing Pring might have done, or Doctor Moal, or anyone else familiar with weapons and with a certain sense of order. But if Pring—or whoever shot Wardle—had actuated the lock of the rifle while Julie was still in the library, then she must have heard the sound. Whoever shot Wardle, therefore, must have remained in the gun room till Julie had gone upstairs. If, then, the rabbit cried before she came upstairs, Pring had not shot Wardle. The woodsman considered this conclusion so evident that he was half moved to rise at once and waken Julie and put the question to her. If she had reached her room before she heard the rabbit, Pring might still be guilty; but if the other were the case, then he was surely innocent, and his elimination infinitely simplified the problem with which Coxon was laboring.

He attempted to attack the question from another angle, recalling his talk with Grace Taber. She had fled from Wardle's presence to her own room, left the door open, flung herself across the bed. Her door was still open when Julie came upstairs, for Julie had seen it so. It was still open when Pring went downstairs, according to Grace herself. Pring had not remarked this open door; his attention must have been fixed upon the light below stairs. But if Pring had come up before Julie, Grace might have heard him. Coxon remembered with sudden illumination that Grace had heard no one come up the stairs. If no one came up the stairs, then—Doctor Moal shot Wardle, since he alone slept on the lower floor. But Julie had certainly come upstairs, and if Grace failed to hear her, she might equally have failed to hear one who took more pains to move without sound. The fact that she did not hear Julie made of small importance the fact that she had heard no one else.

He realized more and more clearly that the element of time was tremendously important. How long was it after Wardle was shot before Julie emerged from the library? How long was it after Grace came upstairs before Pring went down? How great was the interval between the time the rabbit cried and the instant of the murder, and which preceded the other? Coxon wished with faint and resentful impatience that either Grace or Julie had been able to answer these questions, had been able to estimate with some accuracy the passage of time. The thought made him wonder how long his vigil had now continued, and he looked at his watch and realized with a faint prickling of the scalp that it was within a few minutes of twenty-four hours since Wardle, standing almost on the spot where Coxon's chair now stood, had been struck down.

This discovery brought flooding back that shuddering fear which had at first tormented him, which the activity of his thoughts had for the time dispelled. He found it again impossible to sit still, and he rose under pretext of knocking out his pipe, and began to fill it again, standing by the hearth, his eyes wandering around the room. The door of the bedroom where Wardle's body lay fixed his attention; he had a momentary impression that it was open a crack, and took a step or two that way before he discovered that a line of shadow had deceived his eyes. The kitchen door was reassuringly shut. He crossed the room with an impulse to make sure that the doors of the library and gun room were closed. He found the door of the library open, and shut and latched it. The other, the gun-room door, was already latched. The deerskin hangings, stiff and unwieldy, almost wholly obscured these doors; nevertheless, the fact that he had now closed them gave him a certain sense of security. He wished uneasily that there were curtains upon the windows around the living room. One outside the camp might so easily hold him, inside, at their mercy. But on one side Bruton protected him; and after all, no one above stairs could get out-of-doors without descending through this room.

He returned at last to his chair and sat down again, vaguely reassured by his own movements. If his trap were to seize its prey he must, he reminded himself, sit still and play the part of an easy victim. If he were right in his theory, then someone would presently come down the stair and seek to steal upon him from behind. They could not shoot from the stair itself; he remembered with gratification that the useful weapons were all in the cabin. There was only that pistol whose firing pin was broken, which Pring had taken from the gun room hours before. Coxon began to speculate once more, to wonder why Pring had taken that weapon. Pring himself had broken the firing pin at his last visit to the camp; he must have remembered this; must have looked to see whether it had been repaired or replaced. A man of Pring's habits would certainly make sure the weapon was in order. Therefore if he had it, as Coxon believed, he knew its uselessness. With it, however, a deadly blow might still be struck, and Coxon's scalp tingled at the thought, and he held himself rigidly still.

There was also the kitchen knife, the theft of which Bruton had discovered. It was impossible to know who had taken that; but to use it the murderer must come clear across the room from the stair foot, and Coxon felt sure he would hear even the most careful approach. Or if he did not hear, then Bruton would see. The old guide tried to decide whether Rotch or Doctor Moal had taken this knife. He remembered, with startling suddenness, that Doctor Moal had brought with him a small surgical kit, which must contain something capable of use as a weapon. Coxon blamed himself for having failed to think of this before, for having failed to ask the doctor to surrender the kit. But if Doctor Moal were already thus armed, he would have been under no necessity of stealing the knife. Had Rotch, then, taken it?

The woodsman thus abandoned speculation as to Pring's guilt to consider the case of Hubert Rotch. Rotch was not a prepossessing man. He was of a type which Coxon instinctively disliked; and his demeanor all the day just gone had been defiant, morose, truculent. But the manner of each of the individuals in the camp had been, since the event, abnormal and disturbed. This was inevitable. Carlotta, suspecting her husband's guilt, played her part; Pring himself had been under a quite obvious restraint, guarding his utterances. Grace Taber's perturbation was well enough accounted for by her experience the night before, and this was true of Julie Rotch as well. Only Doctor Moal had been able to maintain something like his natural ease of manner. Therefore the fact that Rotch had been sullen and morose established nothing; might well be the simple consequence of his steady drinking.

Nevertheless, it was perfectly possible that Rotch had killed Wardle. He might have been awakened by his wife's movements as she left their room; might have followed her downstairs to see what she was about; might have slipped into the gun room to avoid discovery when Wardle appeared; might have listened to what followed.

But Coxon suddenly realized that nothing Wardle could have said to Grace Taber would have justified Rotch in shooting him. This consideration brought the guide up short and his thoughts began to race. He had, in suspecting Rotch, gone on the theory that Rotch might have discovered Wardle with Julie. But if Julie spoke truth, and if Grace spoke truth, Wardle had not even known of Julie's presence below stairs. Rotch, his senses fuddled, might have mistaken Grace for Julie. This seemed incredible; nevertheless, Coxon clung to the possibility and tried to strengthen the hypothesis.

But he could find no circumstances to bolster up his case against Rotch, and after a while he began to believe that Rotch must be eliminated from consideration. This on the theory that Grace and Julie spoke truth. Their stories were corroborated, at least in part, by that of Doctor Moal; therefore Coxon was inclined to accept them. It was true the two young women had had opportunity to concert a tale; but if they had wished to do so they would hardly have devised so involved a narrative as that which they had related to him. Furthermore, he thought he had broken down Julie's defenses, and Miss Taber's too. He felt more and more certain that what they said was truth.

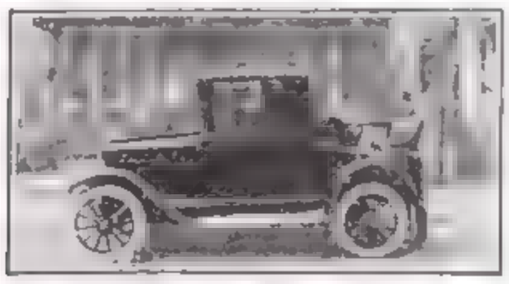
And if true, then Rotch could have had no reason for killing Wardle. Coxon weighed this conclusion, found himself more and more forced to accept it as certain. And his heart faintly quickened its beat, for if Rotch had not killed Wardle, then the slayer must be either Pring or Doctor Moal. So soon as he could ask Julie about the rabbit's cry he might be able to eliminate Pring. The old guide thought he began to see light through the dark disorder of events. He shifted his position and relighted his pipe, which he had forgotten to keep burning.

(Continued on Page 36)

for Economical Transportation

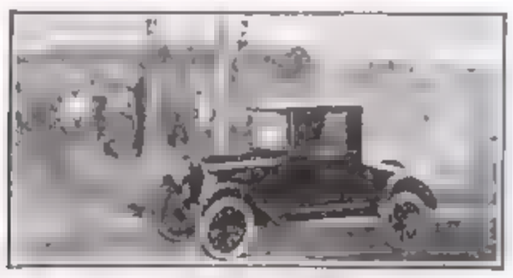
CHEVROLET

Utility Coupe
—the car of many uses



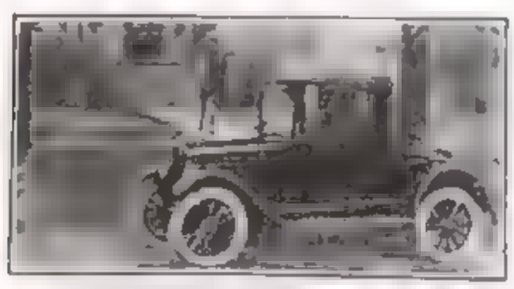
For Salesmen and Business Men

The Chevrolet Utility Coupe is a great favorite with salesmen and business men because of its dependable performance. Its splendid style and Fisher Body create a fine impression upon their trade. The immense rear compartment affords plenty of room for samples, suitcases and luggage.



In Construction Work

In construction work it affords remarkable ease in getting about over all kinds of roads, carrying tools and equipment. It provides a means of going quickly from one job to another, especially in places where transportation facilities are poor, thus effecting a great saving in time.



For Physicians and Professional Men

Physicians and professional men use it to a large extent because it is an all-weather, all-season car, possessing a dignity in accordance with their profession. It is unusually easy to handle in traffic and city streets and can be quickly and easily parked in a small space.

For Farmers

Farmers use it to a surprising extent because its large carrying capacity makes it easy to take produce to the nearby town, and because it possesses the lowest average cost of operation of any closed car built. It can be used in all seasons. Its powerful valve-in-head motor makes it possible to travel the rough country roads.

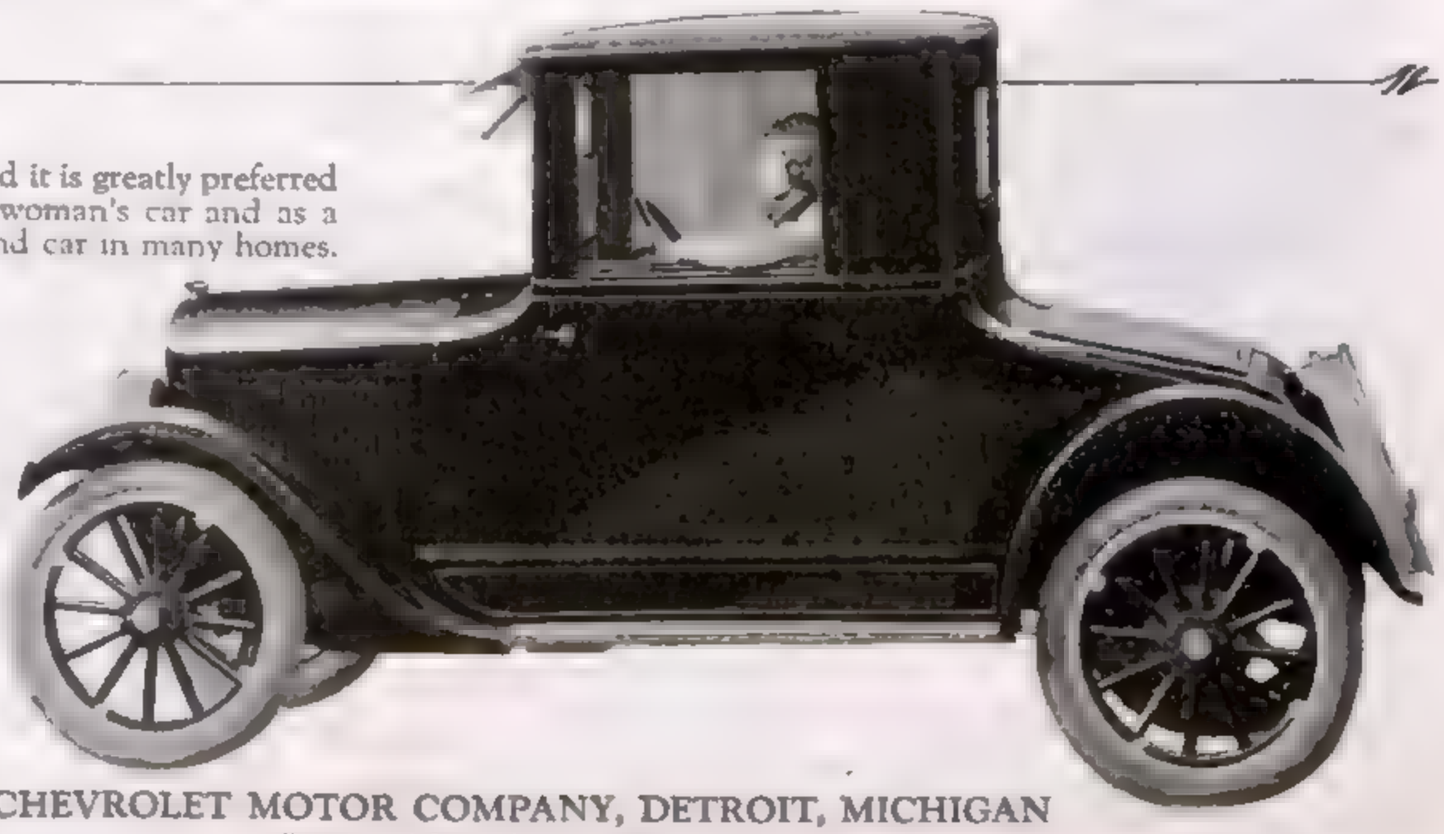
The Utility Coupe is priced at

$640

Superior Roadster - -	$495
Superior Touring - -	510
Superior Touring DeLuxe -	640
Superior Utility Coupe -	640
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725
Superior Sedan - - -	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	410
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

All Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

—and it is greatly preferred as a woman's car and as a second car in many homes.



CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 34)

His mental activity now momentarily relaxing, he became conscious once more of the intense silence which filled the big camp. Save for the faint purring of the flames of the hearth and the murmur of his pipe, there was not a sound. In other seasons the forest would have been full of the whisper of life, but now snow blanketed and muffled everything. Within the camp the very air seemed to sleep like a still pool, without motion. Yet in this silence there was to Coxon something ominous. Above his head six persons lay abed. Some of them were undoubtedly asleep; perhaps all of them save one. But one, Coxon felt sure, lay awake, waiting, nerving himself to that which must be done. It seemed to the guide that between that malignant, wakeful mind above his head and his own thoughts a certain communion was developing; he thought something like waves of hatred and destruction flowed from the other toward him; and he sat very still, receiving these impressions, weighing the impalpable silence with his senses finely attuned to catch the faintest sound, to detect the pressure of a foot upon the stairs or the faint breathing of anyone behind him in the room.

It was at the moment when his whole body was thus attuned and receptive that the silence was shattered; shattered and destroyed and broken into thousands of flying fragments by the jangle and clamor of the telephone bell upon the wall by the kitchen door.

The effect of this loud and resonant alarm in the stillness of the night was hideous. The ringing of the bell seemed to Coxon to endure interminably. It wrenched him to his feet, where he stood shuddering, drenched in its continuing waves of sound. He pressed his hands to his ears, tortured by the outcry of the bell.

Then it fell abruptly still, and a voice almost at his elbow ejaculated an oath, and Coxon whirled to see Hubert Rotch standing at the stair foot—Rotch, who, he had decided, must be innocent of Wardle's murder.

Yet Rotch, who had come downstairs so softly that even in the silence Coxon had not heard him, stood now at the foot of the stairs in his pajamas, a great water pitcher of heavy crockery like a weapon in his hand.

XVII

DISCOVERING Rotch so unexpectedly, and in the moment when the alarm of the telephone still left him quivering and startled, Coxon wrenched from his belt the pistol which he had there, and whipped it into position, leveled at the other man's middle. At the same time, automatically, and without any thought, he asked, "What do you want?"

Rotch, whose eyes were red and swollen, and whose nerves were already taut before the telephone set them jangling, answered hastily, "A drink of water." He lifted the pitcher which he held in his hand.

Coxon stood rigid, half crouching, half expecting an attack, staring at the other man for a long moment.

"What did you come down so quiet for?" he demanded.

"I just came down," Rotch replied.

"Trying to sneak up on me?"

The other exploded angrily.

"Put that gun down! You're going to make a fool of yourself before you're through, you old ape! Point that thing away from me. It makes me nervous."

The telephone shrilled again, long and impatiently; and Coxon's eyes whipped toward it, uncertain what to do. He dared not take his eyes off Rotch, yet the phone was on the other side of the room from the stairs. His dilemma was solved, however, by the appearance first of Pring and then of Doctor Moal, the latter treading on the other's heels, coming swiftly down the stairs. They had been roused by the sound of the bell, had taken time to don dressing gowns before coming to discover what this reunion with the world over a slender thread of wire might mean.

Pring, discovering Rotch and Coxon thus face to face, the latter with his pistol still leveled, asked, "Was that the telephone, Coxon?"

"Yes," the guide replied.

"You have answered it?"

"No." Coxon looked toward Rotch. "When I got up I saw Mr. Rotch right behind me with that pitcher. I hadn't heard him come down. It surprised me to see him."

Rotch interrupted.

"So he stuck a gun in my face. I want a drink of water; that's why I came down. Coxon was so busy playing detective today that he forgot to fill my pitcher, and I'm thirsty—woke up thirsty. Nothing wrong with that, is there?"

For the third time the telephone bell broke in upon them; and Pring, without answering Rotch, now walked across the room to the instrument. Doctor Moal remained at the foot of the stairs behind Rotch, watching him and Coxon with a faint smile. Rotch, for all his defiance, seemed unwilling to move so long as the pistol covered his body; Coxon, on the other hand, seemed unwilling to lower the weapon. Thus standing, they all listened to Pring's end of the telephone conversation. They heard him say:

"Yes, this is Mr. Pring speaking. Bullard? Got through safely then? Ah, that was good work, and fortunate also. You've talked with him? He is coming at once, I assume. . . . In the morning. . . . No, we've found out nothing more here; nothing at all, I'm afraid. . . . Yes. Do you want to speak to him?"

He abandoned the instrument and turned to Coxon.

"He wants a word with you," he announced; and Coxon almost reluctantly relaxed his guard over Rotch to go to the instrument. His replies to what Bullard said were curt and monosyllabic, meaningless to the listeners.

When he had hung up the receiver, Pring said to the others, "Bullard tells me the sheriff happens to be almost in this neighborhood, at a lumber camp twelve to fifteen miles north of here on another matter. Bullard got him on the phone."

Doctor Moal asked thoughtfully, "Does that mean he will be here tomorrow?"

"Bullard says he undertook to start at once," Pring replied. "It seems there is not even a wood road, but he can follow a certain brook. I am not sufficiently familiar with the geography of the locality to understand the details; but he should be here, Bullard assured me, soon after daylight."

Rotch said angrily, "Good thing, too! Have someone here to take charge and shut off this old fool." His eyes swung resentfully toward Coxon.

Coxon approached him, said quietly, "I'll fill your water pitcher, Mr. Rotch." And took it from him. As he went toward the kitchen Carlotta called from the head of the stairs; and they heard the two other women whispering with her.

"What was that, Warren?" she asked.

"The telephone, Lotta," he replied. "The sheriff will be here in the morning."

"Oh."

"You'd better get back in bed," he advised. "You'll catch cold."

There was further whispering above stairs, then Mrs. Pring replied, "I think I'll come down for a minute."

They saw her descending, and Grace and Julie followed her, and the three gathered in a little group with Pring and Doctor Moal and Rotch, discussing this incident which had disrupted the silence of the night.

Coxon, returning from the kitchen with the filled pitcher and discovering them, was reminded that he had a new and vital question to ask Julie; he watched his opportunity and drew her aside.

She came, her eyes anxious; and he led her toward the hearth, away from the others, and said in a low tone, "I've been thinking, Mrs. Rotch. There's one thing I forgot to ask you, and it's kind of important." She nodded nervously.

"You asked me so many questions; it doesn't seem possible that you forgot any," she said with a faint smile.

"You heard the rabbit yell, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Where were you when you heard it?" he inquired. "You see, that kind of helps to fix the time when things happened. Were you downstairs, or in the library, or on the way up, or in your room?"

"Oh, in my room," she replied readily.

"Sure of that?"

"I certainly am. I was in bed, huddling in bed, scared and trembling; and when that terrible scream came it made me start and cry out. It frightened me dreadfully."

His eyes turned away from her to the others.

"Well, that's fine," he remarked. "Yes, I'm glad to know that."

Then Rotch came toward them and took his wife's arm.

"Come here, Julie," he commanded impatiently. "You and Carlotta and Grace go on upstairs. You haven't got enough on."

She glanced at Coxon, and he nodded as though to give his consent, and she turned away and linked her arm in Carlotta's. The three women went slowly upstairs together. Pring and Doctor Moal had seen Julie talking with Coxon, and he perceived their scrutiny; but as it had not previously occurred to the guide that she was in any danger, so it did not occur to him that he had put her in even greater peril now.

When the women were gone, Doctor Moal asked Coxon, "What sort of man is this sheriff, Coxon? Has he any particular wit?"

"He's a pretty shrewd man," Coxon replied. "Yes, sir, he's got good sense. I'll be glad to have him here."

"It will at least remove the responsibility of action from our shoulders," Doctor Moal commented. "That will be so much gain." Pring nodded.

"It's like calling in a doctor," he agreed. "You immediately feel that things are going to take a turn for the better."

"In the meanwhile," Doctor Moal remarked, "we might as well go back to bed. I'll confess I am sleepy."

"I too," Pring assented. "I'm beginning to feel the reaction, after the strain of the day just gone. You are quite all right, Coxon?"

"All right, Mr. Pring," Coxon assured him. "You go back to sleep and forget all about me."

They bade him good night and climbed the stairs, and the old guide watched them go without moving from his stand before the fire. He did not stir until his ears told him each had entered his bedroom and closed the door; then with a step or two he moved to one of the French windows that opened on the porch and found Bruton just outside.

Coxon said softly, "You used your head, all right. I'm glad you didn't come in, didn't let them know you were watching."

"I saw you had him," Bruton explained.

"Did you see him come downstairs?"

"Yes."

"Was he—sort of sneaking?"

Bruton shook his head.

"He didn't seem to be," he confessed. "He just came right down. I thought you'd heard him."

"I didn't," Coxon confessed. "I guess my ears are getting old. You'd better let me know if anybody else comes down."

"I guess that's right," Bruton agreed. "Then you can be ready."

"Just put a little piece of snow against the lower pane," Coxon suggested; "something white that I can see. I'll be watching."

"I'll do that," Bruton promised.

"And don't you miss anything," Coxon urged. "I guess I'm getting kind of nervous; but it's scary business, sitting there expecting a crack on the head."

"I'll see to't they don't get at you," Bruton assured him, and Coxon withdrew into the living room and closed the door. The fact that the sheriff would be here at daylight, he was quite sure, made the crisis more immediate. If the murderer wished to silence Coxon he must act at once. So the old man riveted his eyes on that lower pane of the window where Bruton's signal would appear; but while his eyes never left that spot, his thoughts resumed their activity.

Julie's answer to his question left him no better off. If she had heard the rabbit while she was still downstairs, then Pring must have been innocent, for Carlotta said he was in his room when the rabbit cried. But the rabbit's scream came after Julie was abed; therefore there would have been time for Pring, coming upstairs on her heels, to get into his own room before its cry awakened Mrs. Pring. He must have been, if this were the case, just inside the door; and he was, indeed, in that position when Carlotta first discovered him.

Rotch, in spite of the fact that he had crept downstairs so silently, Coxon again dismissed from consideration. The man had obviously been as thirsty as he pretended. When Pring brought the water from the kitchen he had poured and drunk glass after glass. He had reason to be thirsty, Coxon decided with a faint smile; but if he were innocent, as he appeared, then either Pring or Doctor Moal must have killed Wardle.

Coxon found it difficult to believe that Doctor Moal was the murderer. He cast back over the day just gone, weighing and considering. Doctor Moal had himself always well under control, Coxon remembered; he gave no evidences of that capacity for passion or rage which might have moved him to such a deed as this. His demeanor all day had been natural and without constraint. This might be, Coxon admitted to himself, because he had more need than the others to control himself; but, on the other hand, it might be an indication of an untroubled mind.

The guide remembered that Doctor Moal alone had adopted Pring's suggestion, setting down a written record of the incidents preceding and the events following the crime. Even Pring himself, though he had suggested this procedure, had failed to adopt it; nor had any of the others done so. This, like the doctor's manner, might be an evidence of guilt, or it might indicate his innocence and his scientific desire to diagnose the situation and find its remedy.

While Coxon's thoughts were thus engaged, the guide became conscious that something was amiss. He had been absorbed, his thoughts concentrated. He put these thoughts aside now and set his senses on the alert, listening, straining every nerve. He could hear nothing, but since Rotch had stolen down on him, the old man no longer trusted his ears. He was on the point of turning around to survey the room when he perceived, upon a lower pane of the tall French windows, a little patch of snow! Bruton's sign that someone had come downstairs.

His heart leaped, his pulse quickened, and he felt the blood throb and beat in the great vessels of his neck. But his posture did not change; he remained relaxed in his chair, only his right hand gripped the butt of the pistol, his left prepared to help him spring to his feet in case of need. In this emergency he must, after all, rely upon Bruton; and he forced himself to do so, forced himself to sit still, forced himself to trust in the wit and readiness of the watcher on the porch outside the window.

He was able to maintain this attitude for a space of time that seemed to him interminable; but at length this suspense became unbearable. In spite of himself, he got slowly to his feet, slowly and indolently, as though with no intent in mind. The fire was low and he put a stick upon it; then turned casually to return to his chair. As he did so, his eyes swept the room behind him.

There was no one in sight; but in that instant's glance he saw, at one side of the deerskin hangings on the gun-room door, black vacancy. He knew this meant that door was open. Someone then had come downstairs, opened the door, stepped inside, and now remained there, watching and waiting his time. Coxon felt a faint satisfaction in the knowledge that whoever this might be, he had no firearm. He sat down in the chair again, secure in his new understanding of the situation.

It occurred to him at once that whoever had entered the gun room might go out through one of the windows and down to the cabin, to return with a rifle; but after a moment he decided that if the gun-room windows were opened a gust of cold air would come from that direction and give him warning.

This conclusion provoked in Coxon a new line of thought, awakened new memories. The question of whether that door had been closed or open at certain periods during the preceding night had seemed to him important; he had asked two or three persons about it. He remembered now that Grace Taber was sure it was open when she went upstairs. The murderer must still have lurked within, as he must lurk there now. Pring had said that when he went to get the rifle, to make sure it had been used in doing that which had been done, the door was closed. But Doctor Moal—and this circumstance struck Coxon forcibly—had said that the door was open.

Each had been positive in his assertion. One or the other might have been mistaken; but Coxon thought it more likely that one or the other had lied. He could see no reason, even assuming Pring's guilt, why the latter should have said the door was closed if it were open. But Doctor Moal? Coxon immediately perceived a certain significance in the situation. If Doctor Moal did the murder, he had passed from his windows to the gun room along the veranda, had entered the gun room from the veranda. If the door had been open when he opened the windows, some blast of cold, the wind being in that quarter, must have warned Wardle and Grace of his coming. If it were closed, this would not have been the case. Therefore it might be to Doctor Moal's advantage to convince Coxon that

(Continued on Page 38

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Always Look for this Gold Seal

It identifies the one guaranteed, nationally advertised *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Don't be misled into buying some other material. The Gold Seal is pasted on the face of all genuine, guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. Insist upon seeing it when you buy!

On the floor is Pattern No. 323

"I'm so glad you like this rug— you've no idea how easy it is to clean."

When your friends admire your furnishings you know you've made the right choice. And *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are so rich and colorful in design—so sanitary in the way they are made—that they always win approval.

Waterproof—Easily Cleaned

Their firm, waterproof body renders them impervious to grease and spilled things. And so firm and smooth is their seamless surface that dirt cannot grind into them. Think how easy this makes cleaning them! No tiresome beating and sweeping! Instead, just a few easy strokes with a damp mop!

The elaborate Oriental pattern illustrated in this living-room is but one of many attractive designs—gay floral motifs, conventional tiles, mosaics and wood-blocks—effects suited to any room in your house!

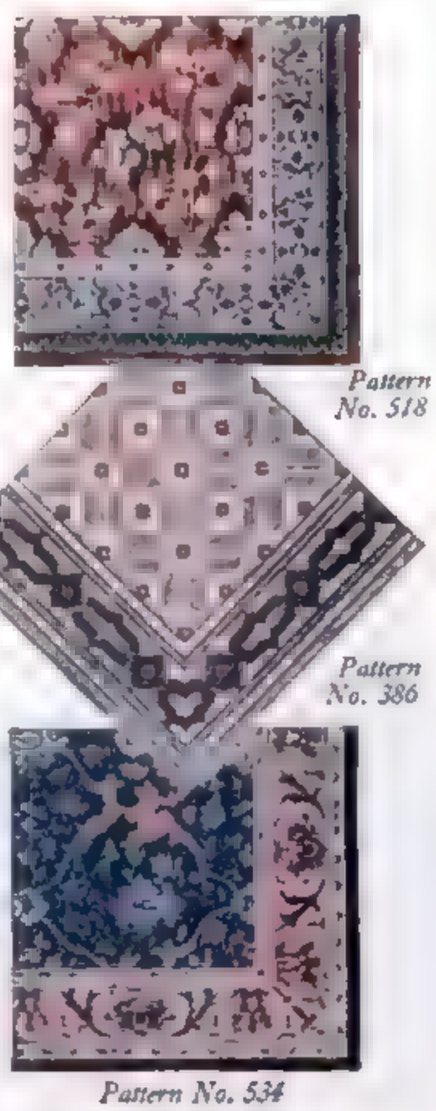
Another point: *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are no trouble at all to lay. They hug the floor without tacks or cement—never wrinkle at the edges to interfere with swinging doors.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386 shown at the right is made in	1½	x 3	ft. $ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	these sizes. The other	3	x 3	ft. 1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	patterns illustrated are	3	x 4½	ft. 1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	made in the five large	3	x 6	ft. 2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00	sizes only			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
CONGOLEUM COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd.....Montreal



Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 534

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Free Booklet

"Beautify Your Home with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs", a very interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful Congoleum patterns in their actual full colors. Drop a line to our nearest office today for your copy. It will gladly be sent to you free.

(Continued from Page 36)

the door was open, that therefore he could not have entered from the veranda without giving the alarm to the two people in the living room.

This was, Coxon perceived, a possibility. His eager thoughts, leaping along the way thus opened, encountered a momentary obstacle. If Doctor Moal came along the veranda then there should have been tracks in the snow there. But the guide now remembered that the veranda had been free from snow the day before; the stuff had drifted during the night. The doctor himself had said that it was but just beginning to drift when he got out of bed to join Pring in the living room. This was after the murder. Therefore the snow had not drifted across the veranda before Wardle was slain. Thus Doctor Moal might have passed that way.

Coxon's thoughts fastened, without relevance, upon another contradiction in the answers to the questions he had asked that day. Doctor Moal, he remembered now, had said very positively that he saw Julie take a book upstairs with her the night before. Yet this was untrue; she had taken no book upstairs. Here again Coxon assumed for a moment that Doctor Moal was guilty. It was necessary to make this assumption in order to arrive at an explanation of this misstatement. If Doctor Moal said this, and if he did it deliberately and with intent to protect himself, then he must have known that Julie had in fact come back downstairs to get the book. He must have wished to prevent Coxon's discovering this movement on her part. If he wished to prevent Coxon's making this discovery, then he must be guilty, must be fearful that Julie had seen him in the living room or seen him pass along the porch outside the library windows. Must have feared, in short, that she knew his guilt!

This conclusion acted upon Coxon like a sharp blow. It served to scatter the clouds which had obscured his mental processes, served to awaken him at last to the true danger in the present situation. If Doctor Moal thought Julie knew him guilty—and Coxon himself had made this suggestion to the doctor—then the physician would be much more likely to attempt to silence Julie than to make a similar attempt on Coxon himself.

With the thought, full of swift confusion and terror, Coxon leaped to his feet. He whipped the pistol from his belt and he took a swift step toward the foot of the stair.

At the same moment, from somewhere overhead there came a long and strangling scream, appalling in its message of fear and pain.

Upon this scream, as though upon a signal, the curtains of the gun-room door were thrown aside and a man leaped into the living room, coming face to face with Coxon. The apparition startled the old guide, he halted and recoiled and it was a moment before recognition came to him.

Then he saw that the man who thus appeared, and who must for minutes past have been hiding in the gun room, was Pring, who held the useless target pistol in his hand.

At the same time, and before he could move or speak, Coxon heard Bruton burst in from the other veranda, ready to do whatever might be required of him.

XVIII

COXON'S nerves were at such tension that his reactions were no longer conscious or reasoned. When he recovered from the shock and surprise of Pring's appearance, he did not stop to wonder what the other's business in the gun room had been, did not stop to inquire into the reason for this sudden apparition. His own pistol was in his hand, the fact that he knew the weapon which Pring held to be useless did not affect his instinctive action.

He jammed the muzzle into Pring's body and cried harshly "Drop that gun!"

Pring's pistol instantly clattered on the floor; and Bruton, at Coxon's side, stooped and picked it up and broke it to eject the shell. It was empty.

"Tain't loaded," Bruton exclaimed, and Pring, as though the word had released him, turned quickly away and sprang toward the stair.

"Make haste!" he exclaimed in an urgent tone. "Quickly, Coxon!"

Coxon and Bruton bounded on his heels. The old woodsman realized now that above their heads a struggle was in progress. That first staggering scream had not been repeated; but it had been followed by low cries and ejaculations and hoarse exclamations; and there was a thumping, scuffling sound; and then a voice unrecognizable screamed an oath, shrill and high.

The three men at the head of the stairs came face to face with Grace Taber and Carlotta. These two, roused perhaps from sleep by the first cry, without stopping to draw any covering over their night garments, had rushed into the hall and toward the stair, seeking what protection they might find.

Carlotta threw herself upon her husband's breast, crying out "Warren! Warren!"

Grace was as eager as Carlotta to find some protector, and Pring's arms were wide. He encircled her as well, uttering low and impatient reassurances.

"There, there," he exclaimed. "Let me go, Carlotta! Let me go! It's Julie! Don't you hear her?"

Coxon and Bruton had already reached the door of the room occupied by Rotch and Julie, from which now issued the sounds of tumult. But Carlotta held her husband, clinging to him hungrily.

"Don't go, Warren! Please don't go!" she begged.

Coxon shouted to Pring, "The door's barred—bolted—locked!"

"Break it down," Pring directed over his wife's head; and Bruton began to batter at the door with the butt of his rifle, while Carlotta still held her husband.

"I was afraid it was you, Warren," she confessed, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I was afraid it was you."

He pressed her close for a moment, forgetting that he pressed Grace Taber with an equal ardor. Then released them both, his eyes meeting Carlotta's for an instant, full of tenderness and understanding, before he moved to where Bruton still beat in a futile fashion upon the heavy door. From within issued the sounds of desperate combat. Then abruptly these sounds were hushed; and those outside heard silence fall within the barred and bolted room.

This silence was more ominous and alarming than the tumult of the struggle had been. Pring uttered an ejaculation, snatched the rifle from Bruton's hands.

"Here!" he exclaimed; and with all the weight and strength contained in his vigorous body, he drove shatteringly at one of the panels of the door. It splintered; a second and a third stroke burst it clear out. He thrust his arm within, fumbled for a minute and the door swung open.

The three men plunged into the room almost together, Carlotta and Grace in the open doorway behind them. There was no light in the upper hall or in this room; but from the windows came that pale illumination characteristic of winter nights when snow lies across the face of the world. In this vague and uncertain light they saw Julie, sitting up in her bed, huddled back against the headboard with blankets hugged across her breast; and beyond her, twisting at his arm, the figure of a man. By its bulk, this figure was Rotch. There was no one else in the room.

Coxon cried the first question—"What's happened?"

Rotch said slowly, in a jerky tone, the words issuing from between clenched teeth and full of venomous anger, "Moal! Tried to get at Julie! Damn him, he's cut me!"

Pring struck a match and lighted the lamp. The sudden glare half blinded them.

"Where has he gone?" Pring demanded.

Rotch was twisting the torn sleeve of his pajamas about his arm above the elbow, fumbling with it awkwardly. From a slashing wound on the forearm blood flowed. He was all stained with blood and down one of his legs a dark line was rapidly extending. Without looking around he jerked his head toward the open window.

"He got away from me. Jumped," he replied.

Bruton ran to this window, Coxon at his side, and they peered out into the night, Bruton holding the rifle steady. On the ground below the snow had drifted; they could perceive a wallowing track which showed the direction in which Doctor Moal had gone. Coxon turned back toward the door, but Pring checked him.

"Here, Coxon!" he cried. "Mr. Rotch is badly hurt. You'll have to help me fix him up. Carlotta!"

Julie slipped out of bed, a blanket about her shoulders.

"Bert, Bert, bless your heart," she said softly to her husband. Rotch grinned at her through set teeth.

"Too slippery for me," he said in a tone curiously apologetic. Then his strength failed and he slumped backward across the bed and lay there. Julie bent above him hoveringly, while Coxon and Pring stripped away his torn and blood-stained garments. They found deep cuts in arm and leg, and half a dozen minor wounds; but the knife had nowhere touched his body; and after a moment Pring said reassuringly to Julie, "He'll be all right. You'd better go in with Carlotta. Coxon and I will fix him up."

Julie, recovering her courage, strove to assume her familiar air of careless assurance.

"Bert did himself proud," she said softly. "He was asleep when—he came in through the window. I saw him and screamed, and Bert came out of his bed like a lion. I could see the knife, and Bert must have seen it, but he jumped right at him."

Pring nodded, touching her shoulder.

"Good for Bert," he said approvingly. "Bert's all right. But—you'd better go along. Leave us to take care of him."

"I think I'll stay," she replied firmly. "He took care of me, you see."

Coxon had gone to get water, hot and cold; he returned with it now.

"I never thought of his trying to kill you, Mrs. Rotch," he said apologetically. "He must have figured you saw him downstairs."

She shuddered faintly.

"I was afraid," she confessed. "That's why I made sure the door was bolted. He must have come along the porch roof to get in the window. Where has he gone?"

"He can't get far, ma'am," Coxon assured her. "First thing is to take care of Mr. Rotch."

Pring said sorrowfully, "I feared he was the one from the beginning. I should have warned you, Coxon. I knew his nature. A fine fellow, but with a strange, ruthless rage in him at times."

"How did you happen to come downstairs?" Coxon asked.

"I thought he might try to get at you. I expected to take him from behind, when he reached the foot of the stairs—if he came down at all."

Somewhere outside a rifle shot sounded sharply in the cold, still night. They became rigid with attention, listening; and Coxon slipped away and went to find Bruton.

The cook was in the kitchen, and when Coxon appeared he said quickly, "He's got into our cabin, got a gun."

"Did he shoot from there?" Coxon asked.

"I started down the path and he cracked at me," Bruton replied. "You bet I ducked back out of sight quick."

"Let him be," Coxon directed. "But keep a watch that he don't come toward the house. Time enough to go after him in the morning. He may try to get away, but there's no chance for him now."

Bruton nodded, settling himself at a kitchen window whence he could overlook all the ground between the main camp and the guides' cabin. Coxon went back upstairs, to find that Grace and Carlotta, now more warmly attired, had joined Pring and Julie by Rotch's side. The hurt man had regained consciousness when Pring forced whisky between his slack lips. He lay on the bed now, smiling, with a faintly sardonic grimace, while Julie again recounted what had happened in their room—how she saw Doctor Moal creep through the window, saw the knife in his hand, and screamed; how Rotch had flung himself upon the other.

"They rolled over and over, in against the wall," she explained. Her lips were white, they trembled as she strove to make her tone careless. "It was rather thrilling."

"I couldn't seem to hold his knife hand," Rotch remarked. "The beggar kept it working. Little chap, but he's wiry."

"But I can't believe it even now," Julie remarked. "He was a decent sort, it seemed to me."

"I half guessed, I think," Pring told them steadily.

Rotch looked at him curiously.

"Why?"

Pring glanced at Carlotta and Carlotta looked at Grace, but no one answered Rotch's question.

"I don't suppose we're likely to know," Pring replied.

"Have you got him yet?" Rotch asked.

Coxon said, "He's in the guides' cabin, with the guns. It's going to be a mean business. He's a good shot too."

Pring said slowly, "I shall try to talk to him. Perhaps he will listen to me."

But Carlotta slipped her arm through his, holding him fiercely.

"You won't go near," she protested. "You mustn't go near, Warren."

He smiled at her fears, touched her hand with his, and Coxon saw that the ordeal of the twenty-four hours just past had brought these two together again. This much good at least had come from the evil affair.

"That's the sheriff's job, ma'am," he told Carlotta reassuringly, and she nodded with satisfaction.

"He'll be here soon, won't he?" she asked.

"Pretty soon after daylight, I guess," Coxon replied.

Rotch was comfortable, and Julie said they ought to leave him to rest for a little while. Coxon suggested that he go down and make coffee. None of them was minded to sleep again that night, so Pring and Carlotta and Grace settled themselves before the fire in the living room, Julie staying with her husband, while Coxon and Bruton busied themselves in the kitchen. When coffee and toast were ready and had been served, Pring drew Coxon aside and the two men talked together, apart from the others, in low tones.

Pring said gravely, "Coxon, Doctor Moal was a friend of mine. I knew him rather well—and I don't believe he will try to get away."

The old woodsman asked, with a quick glance, "You think he'll kill himself?"

Pring nodded.

"After all," he said, "this was not a cold-blooded thing he did. It was done in hot rage, and I can guess the torment he's in now. I'm sorry for him, Coxon. He was worth a dozen of Wardle."

Coxon murmured, with thoughtful eyes, "I don't see even now what could've made him do it."

Pring glanced toward the fire.

"Grace has told us," he replied. "When she left Wardle, she stopped on the stair to look back, and he stood up and said he was coming to her room. He even took a step to follow her, and then she saw the faint flash from the gun-room door and saw him fall, and ran upstairs."

Coxon nodded understandingly.

"Doctor Moal liked her pretty well."

"It must have been torture for him to listen to her conversation with Wardle."

"I kind of hope he does fix himself," Coxon said. "It would save a lot of trouble."

"He will," Pring declared.

"Just the same," the old guide remarked, "we can't afford to let him get away. I'm figuring on making a circle around behind the cabin to see to't he don't slip off through the woods before the sheriff gets here, now that you're all fixed comfortable. Bruton will stay here and watch that he don't try to get at you all."

"I have no fear of that," Pring said.

"I thought I'd go out and make a kind of circle," Coxon explained again; "keep out of his sight, but where I can see if he makes a move."

"We must do that much," Pring agreed.

It was with this intent that Coxon presently left the main camp. A pair of Pring's snowshoes served him; Bruton's rifle lay in the crook of his arm. He went out across the veranda on the side away from the cabin, and made a circuit through the still woods, in which lay that shadowy gloom which precedes by an hour or two the first illumination in the east. His snowshoes, save when by chance they clicked together, made no sound in the deep soft snow. He went first directly away from the camp, along the shore, then cut back into the forest and followed the bed of a little trickle of water which was now blanketed with ice and snow, until he came to the flank of a low ridge in the thick growth behind the guides' cabin. He climbed this and moved along its length and struck down into the run beyond, intending to come to the lake shore at a point beyond the cabin and find there a vantage from which he could keep watch.

But in the run he stumbled upon a fresh snowshoe track, headed away from the cabin, and instantly understood that Doctor Moal had committed himself to the desperate adventure of escape, had set out to make his way to civilization.

Coxon's first thought was instantly to pursue; but a moment's consideration bettered this. Doctor Moal must already have a start of better than an hour; if he had acted resolutely, he might have started out immediately after firing the shot which

(Continued on Page 41)

Be Prepared!
Carry 2 or 3 of the new quart cans of Mobiloil under the seat of your car at all times

New! Now you can get genuine Mobiloil in Sealed One Quart Cans

A LONG night ride. Your oil runs dangerously low. All garages are closed. *What can you do?*

Country driving. Long unexpected detours. Bad roads necessitate much driving in low gear. Oil runs low. *What can you do?*

Motor camping. Sparsely settled country. Long miles separate you from the nearest garage. Oil runs low. *What can you do?*

Carry the Sealed Quart Can!

A quart or two of Mobiloil at the right moment may save your engine from serious damage. You can now carry two or three of the new quart cans of Mobiloil under the car seat at all times. This assures:

1 *Constant readiness for the emergency shortage.*
2 *New convenience while touring.*
3 *Confidence that your oil is genuine Mobiloil.*
4 *Continuous use of the correct grade of Mobiloil.*

Simply tuck the cans under the seat. Then they will always be there when you need them.

These cans are strongly made and tightly sealed, but extremely easy to open. The spout enables you to pour the oil easily into the reservoir without waste or muss. Then throw away the can and drive on.

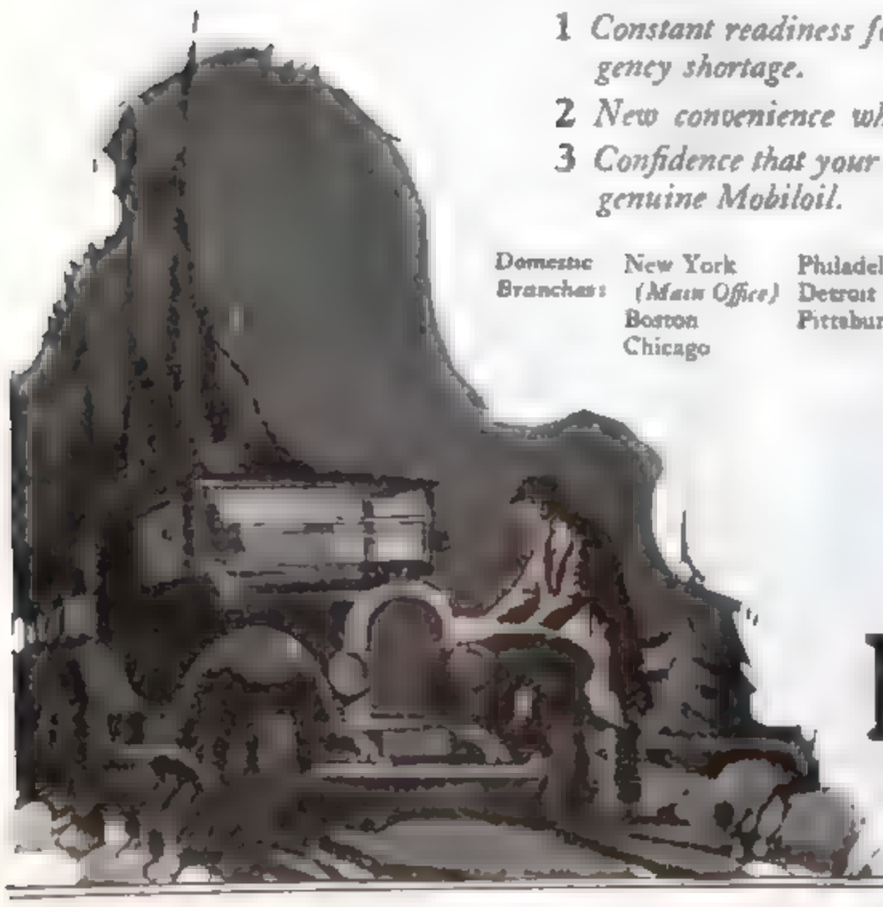
The quart can is now on sale in practically all parts of the country. Price 35c or 3 for $1.00. *Be prepared!* Carry two or three of these new quart cans under the seat of your car.

for your HOME GARAGE:

The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drum of Mobiloil provides an ideal supply of lubricating oil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

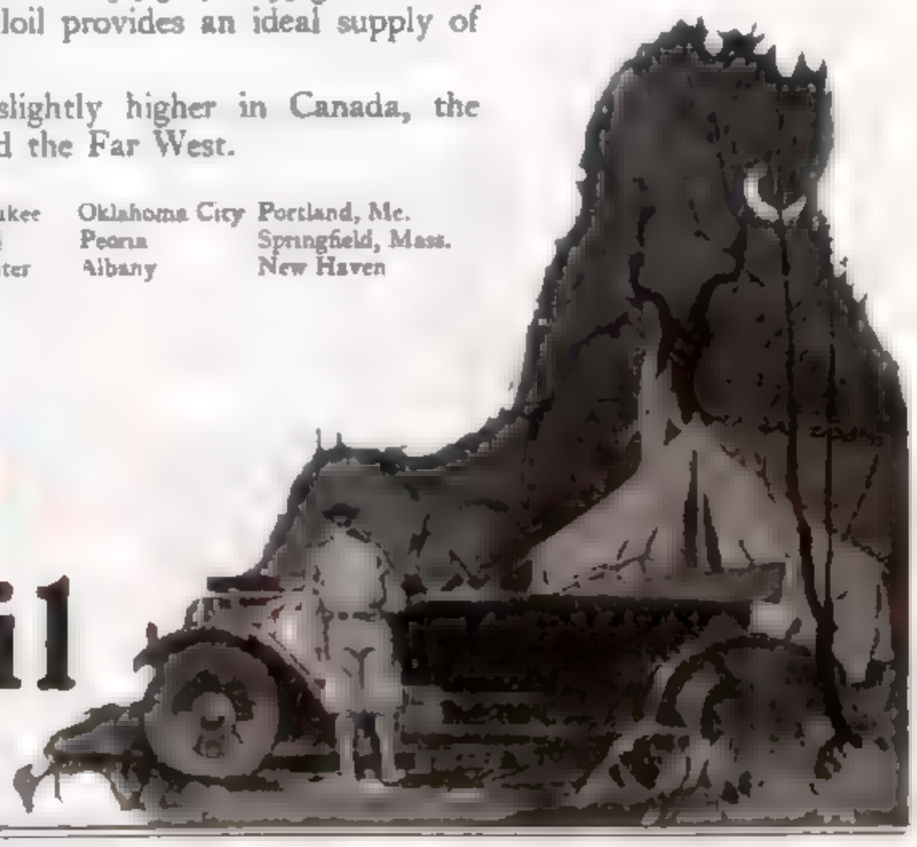
Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)*, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Des Moines, Dallas, Kansas City, Mo., Milwaukee, Buffalo, Rochester, Oklahoma City, Peoria, Albany, Portland, Me., Springfield, Mass., New Haven



GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Why Postum is the favorite drink in 2,000,000 American homes

A wonderful story of the flavor, wholesomeness, convenience and economy which have made it such a remarkable world-wide success

WHOLE wheat—the rich, sustaining food on which the human race has grown up. Picture it in the field, under the summer sun, rustling as it sways. Plump, ripe, golden, filled with the vigor of the soil and the warmth of sun-drenched days!

Bran—a part of wheat—the regulator of the system and an important food element. Bran, recognized everywhere for its contribution toward right living.

Whole wheat and bran—these two make Postum. *All wheat*, skillfully roasted, and sweetened a trifle. It is the appetizing goodness of wheat—best-liked of foods!—which has made Postum the favorite drink in 2,000,000 American homes.

Test It in the Cup!

Deep brown, steaming hot! Watch the rich cream toning the brown to a warm gold. Taste it! Mellow, smooth, fragrant, filled with flavor—the flavor possessed by Postum alone!

From the first, Postum appealed to the wholesomeness which is the basis of American character. A drink which *gives* much, and which robs you of nothing. A drink without a trace of a drug in it.

Its widespread use in America has contributed to the longer lives and greater freedom from disease which the people of this generation enjoy. It has had a part in creating the more thoughtful attitude toward health, and the wider understanding of the simple laws of health. For twenty-five years Postum has championed saner living—has fought the battle for physical fitness—and these causes have gained ground.

In Postum is every quality a mealtime drink should have! Warmth to encourage the blood and digestive juices in their work! Flavor which appeals, and makes the meal taste better! And the supreme quality of perfect healthfulness—abundant good cheer without drug stimulation—for every member of the family, every meal of the day!

This is one drink of which mother does not have to say, "No, children, you can't have it. Wait until you grow up."

Considering what health means to everyone, isn't the recognized rule for the child a good rule for grown-ups, too?

Millions of people think so. They have decided to free themselves from the taut nerves, sleepless hours, upset digestions and sallow complexions so often associated with the taking of caffein. They have decided that good health is worth having, and are willing to take this one easy step toward its possession!

Suppose you take the same easy step. You have many years yet to live, we hope, and they should be filled with the usefulness and happiness which spring from good health.

Change to Postum for thirty days. If you are not well pleased with the results of this thirty-day test, you can easily change back again. But thirty days seem a small time to invest in the interest of health, considering the years which are yet ahead of you.

A Week's Supply—Free

Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator, has made more Postum than anyone else in the world—and made it better. She wants to start you on your thirty-day test with her own directions. If you don't like Postum made in the Carrie Blanchard way, you will be different than most of the people who try it.

In addition, Carrie Blanchard wants to give you a week's supply of Postum, to start you on your thirty-day test. Enough Postum for every meal for a week, *without cost to you*.

Read what Carrie Blanchard says—and send your name to her for your first week's supply of Postum!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply of Postum, and my own directions for making it.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Now that it's so warm, you'll undoubtedly be interested in iced Postum—a wonderful drink—and I'll see that you get my directions for making this too.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

TEAR THIS OUT—MAIL IT NOW

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum ☐
Postum Cereal ..... ☐ *which you prefer*

Name

Street

City

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

S. E. P. 8-24

Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum is made in the cup by the addition of hot water. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is made in the pot. Both kinds are equally delicious. Both are equally economical. Either form costs less than a penny per cup. Neither form costs more than other hot drinks.

Healthy children love Postum made this way!—You know how much youngsters like to have the same drink as the grown-ups! You know, too, that many of them do not get the milk they need, because they do not like its flavor. Make Instant Postum for them, with hot (not boiled) milk, instead of water. It has the wholesomeness of a warm drink, all the nourishment of milk and Postum, and the real goodness of Postum flavor. We think *you'll* like it too!

(Continued from Page 38)

drove Bruton back to the main camp. An hour and a half, perhaps two hours. The pursuit might well be long, and less speed now meant more speed later. So, instead of following the track, Coxon turned back to the guides' cabin. He kicked off his snowshoes there and made a swift investigation. The cabin was in disorder. From one of the bunks a blanket was gone; Doctor Moal's own rifle had disappeared; the shelves above the stove where some provisions were kept had been disturbed. Coxon's own snowshoes were missing from the sheltered stoop, and on a pad of cheap scratch paper which lay upon the center table a few lines had been scrawled. Coxon glanced at them, puzzled over the hurried and almost undecipherable characters. Doctor Moal had written:

Sorry, Warren, old man. I'm afraid I've spoiled your pleasure in this lovely spot forever. We got into an argument, he and I; and he was more obnoxious than usual. I lost my temper and shot him. Nobody else concerned at all. Since then, I suppose I've been insane.

I'm going to make a try at getting away. Probably the decent thing would be to put my toe on the trigger; but I hate giving up. You might advise Coxon not to come after me. As he so subtly said, there's no reason now why I shouldn't kill as often as I choose.

Tell Julie I don't think I could have harmed her in the end.

Warren, my friend, forgive me. And good-by.

There was no signature. Coxon took the scrawl with a gentleness that was surprising, and folded it and held it in his hand when presently he went toward the house.

"But all the same," he told Pring when the latter had read, "I guess I'll trail along after him." Pring nodded.

"I'll go with you." There were tears in his eyes.

"Better not," Coxon urged. "One man's as good as two. You stay and take care of the folks here. You'll want to explain things to the sheriff, anyway."

His arguments and Carlotta's pleadings were successful; Pring agreed to stay. Bruton would have accompanied the older man; but Coxon forbade this.

"They may need you here," he reminded the other.

He was preparing a small packet of food, corn bread and bacon and raw chocolate; and half an hour after discovering Doctor Moal's escape he set out in pursuit.

The snowshoe trail which Doctor Moal had left, and which made easier going for Coxon, led at first directly away from the cabin, in such wise that the cabin itself had prevented anyone in the main camp from getting a glimpse of the fugitive. Within five minutes Coxon had left the shores of the lake behind; he found himself in the thick forest, in a gloom so profound beneath the spruces that, although the snow radiated some faint light, it was still difficult to see for any distance. He followed the trail as much by feeling as by sight. The tumbled and disordered snow bore no stains visible to his eyes; the uneven surface upon which in this light no shadows lay was apparently all smooth and white, but after a time his vision became accustomed to the gloom and he made better time.

Doctor Moal had taken the line of a great arc; and Coxon, familiar with the locality, before very long thought he guessed the other's plan. The fugitive quite evidently intended to skirt the higher ground along the shore of the pond and so work downward toward the river; would no doubt seek to cross and plunge into the wilderness beyond, so making a difficult way to the railroad which ran some sixty miles to the southward. His safer way, Coxon thought, would have been to go north. To the south all the countryside would be warned to expect him. The guide had a momentary impulse to turn back and himself send out this warning; but he reminded himself that this would be the sheriff's first action upon learning of the murderer's escape. There was time and to spare.

But a few minutes later he found reason to change this opinion, for the trail he was following swung at right angles toward the east, and at once turned north again. Coxon was puzzled by this apparently aimless maneuver; he drove ahead as swiftly as was possible. Doctor Moal by this circle had rounded the head of the pond, doubling on his tracks, and now approached the old wood road along which Bullard and Newry had gone the day before on their way out for assistance. By and by the tracks of the fugitive joined these other prints, and a few moments later Coxon understood. The telephone wire was looped from tree to tree along the ancient road. Where it hung low the doctor had drawn it down, cut away a considerable section and apparently carried the wire away with him when he pursued his course.

Coxon immediately quickened his pace. The affair had become a duel between him and the murderer. If Doctor Moal could reach the railroad he might yet escape; it would be difficult if not impossible to repair the telephone in time to send out a warning. Half a mile farther on Coxon found that the line had been cut again. The loose ends hung dangling, and again a considerable section had been removed. A mile beyond, the operation had been repeated; and Coxon smiled grimly. Doctor Moal was thorough, he told himself. He had taken all pains to make assurance sure. The guide glanced now and then to right or left, trying to discover where the fugitive had thrown away the lengths of wire he carried. If they could be found, to repair the breaks would be easy; but Doctor Moal apparently appreciated this fact, for his snowshoe prints went steadily on; he never turned aside to seek a hiding place for the burden which must be, Coxon knew, a considerable one and difficult to handle.

As the first faint light appeared in the east, filling the forest with a gray illumination, Coxon passed another break in the wire. But a little way beyond Doctor Moal had turned aside, toward the lake which now lay to his west; and Coxon settled down to the drudgery and grinding torment of pursuit. He was already beginning to grow weary; knew the man ahead of him must be more weary than he. Yet the other had shown no sign of faltering. Coxon remembered that Doctor Moal was alert and active, no doubt in good condition. Furthermore, the odds of youth on his side balanced, perhaps equaled those of custom and long habit on the part of the old guide.

He was glad at last to come out upon the surface of the lake. Doctor Moal had turned here, skirting the shore, finding easier going upon the surface of the snow-covered ice, where no underbrush impeded him. Coxon drove himself to a half trot, his long shoes swinging. His head was bent, his effort was all concentrated upon speed, and it was only at intervals that his eyes cast ahead along the bare white surface of the lake, now visible throughout its breadth in the increasing light of day.

In one of these glances he at last perceived a small black figure near the shore and perhaps a mile ahead of him, and his pulse leaped at the thought that already he was overhauling the man whom he pursued. His eyes held this figure, while unconsciously he quickened his pace. The other man was silhouetted against the snow, outside a wooded point which extended into the lake.

Coxon saw him swing in toward this point, expected him to disappear behind it; but instead the man came between the point and Coxon's eye, and the guide checked himself, startled into understanding. The other man was not seeking to escape; he was coming toward Coxon.

Convinced of this, the guide went forward more slowly and his eyes never left the other's figure. When they were half a mile apart he could see the rifle in the other man's hands, and he held himself ready to leap to one side or to drop in the snow if the rifle were lifted to be fired. The other came steadily on, his pace a swift one; and Coxon became more and more alert. When scarce a quarter of a mile separated them, he chose discretion, moved in toward the shore, and at last frankly stepped into the shelter of a bowlder, only his head visible to the other man, his weapon ready for defense if need arose.

The light was waxing; it became possible to see more clearly, and Coxon began to perceive details of the other's figure. He had not realized that Doctor Moal was so large; also the other's gait was unfamiliar, and the red plaid blanket coat which the approaching man wore was strange to the woodsman's eyes. He tried to remember whether Doctor Moal had possessed such a garment.

The truth burst upon him when the other was perhaps two hundred yards away. The man who approached was not Doctor Moal. Upon the heels of this discovery came recognition. The newcomer, following the fugitive's back trail, was the sheriff.

Coxon at once shouted a greeting and came out upon the lake to meet the officer. When they drew nearer, Coxon saw that the other's face was grave.

He said steadily "Morning, sheriff."

The other replied, "Hello, Bob." And at once asked, "Whose snowshoe tracks are these?"

"A sport named Moal—a doctor. He's the one that killed this Wardle. We found it out this morning."

The sheriff spit upon the snow.

"Yeah, I guessed that."

"You meet him?" Bob asked. The other shook his head.

"No, not to say meet him."

"Where'd you hit his track?"

"He fell in a spring hole, through the ice," the sheriff told Coxon; and the old guide received this information with a slow nod.

"Fell in, did he? I guess he decided that was the easiest way."

"It didn't look that way to me," the other protested. "I come on his tracks down near the mouth. You know there's always two-three spring holes in that little cove there. He'd seen them, and he turned that way, right angles to the way he'd been going. He headed straight for one of the big ones; but there was one that had crusted over and the snow on top didn't show where it was. It let him in."

Coxon looked far down the lake.

"Didn't get him out?" he asked in a low tone.

"He was gone out of sight, time I got there," the sheriff replied. "No sign of him left; only off to one side there was a coil of telephone wire, like it had flew out of his hand when he felt himself going."

"Telephone wire?" Coxon asked, suddenly alert; and when the sheriff nodded, the old guide said thoughtfully, "I guess I can figure what happened. He'd cut the line three-four times between here and camp, and he knew if he left the wire around it would be easy fixed. So he lugged it off with him. Prob'ly it got heavy, and when he saw the holes in the ice it looked like a good chance to get rid of the stuff. I guess he figured on throwing it in one of the holes."

The sheriff considered this theory.

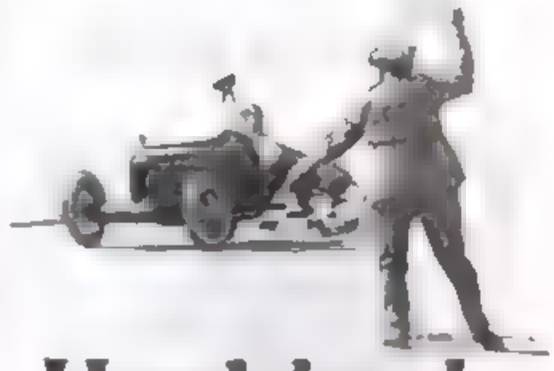
"Prob'ly that was it," he decided at last. For a moment neither man spoke, and the great silence of the North brooded all around them.

Then Coxon said, a little wearily, "Well, we might as well get back to camp. They'll want to know."

"Guess so," the other agreed.

They turned up the lake once more, moving in single file, two small dark figures upon the wide expanse of white. A mile or two behind them, far down the pond, the open water which showed like a black spot upon the white blanket of snow was already stiffening in the grip of the still and relentless cold. Ice began to form like a seal upon a door forever closed.

(THE END)



Used *by the* winners at Indianapolis Races *for* 5 years—

Now you can put Delco *on* YOUR FORD

Every one of the first ten winning cars at this year's 500-mile Indianapolis Race was equipped with Delco Ignition. For five consecutive years the winners of this famous race have used Delco Ignition. And this same dependable ignition is available for your Ford.

The Delco distributor takes the place of the present Ford timer. Delco Ignition for Fords provides fine smooth performance both at low and high speeds—more rapid acceleration—a hot, accurately timed spark—an automatic spark advance that makes it necessary to use the hand advance lever only for emergency driving.

The price of the distributor, including all new overhead wiring and parts necessary for making complete installation, is $13. The price of the coil is $5.50. Both prices include tax. Delco Ignition for Fords is sold almost everywhere. If your dealer is unable to supply you, order direct from the United Motors Service Incorporated, Detroit, national service representatives for

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO.
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

Delco Ignition for FORDS

Watch This Column

MARY PHILBIN

"Her face is like the milky way in the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name"
—SIR JOHN SUCKLING

Please take my word for it that ***"The Gaiety Girl,"*** with MARY PHILBIN, is a delightful and unusual romance well worth seeing. The story, which was adapted from "The Inheritors," is that of the beautiful and accomplished daughter of an old English aristocrat who is compelled to earn her own living, and enters the chorus of the Gaiety Theatre in London. The ending is not proverbial. It is a pleasant surprise. This is a King Baggot production and the cast is excellent.

Here's an interesting bit of news for those of you who like real red-blooded action in your pictures—out on the West Coast Universal has recruited a group of daredevil horsemen from every corner of the plains. They are a great bunch of rugged men, brought up in the saddle. They are never more at home than when thundering along, up hill and down, on the backs of their fiery broncos. To me they are very like the knights of old—always ready to ride and fight. I am sure you will be thoroughly thrilled when you see these happy go-lucky fellows gallop into action. Watch for them—particularly in support of Jack Hoxie in ***"Fighting Fury"*** and in other epics of the old West which I will mention later.

I believe the JACK DEMPSEY ***"Fight and Win"*** pictures are going to make a big hit, not alone because the leading man is champion of the world, but also because of the clever plots, the excellent cast and the all-round effect. The stories were written by Gerald Beaumont.

Thousands of letters have reached me approving my decision to make only the cleanest of pictures, the kind the whole family can see and enjoy. By clean pictures I do not mean weak pictures. They will be full of punch, romance and thrills. Some are already on the way. Watch for ***"The Signal Tower"*** and ***"The Reckless Age,"*** and write me your opinion of them.

Carl Laemmle

President

To be continued next week.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

A SPEAKING LIKENESS

(Continued from Page 5)

room, she reproached herself bitterly for having failed to tell her mother that Clem had proposed to her. But would it have made any difference? Would anything have saved that poor foolish woman?

One thing, however, stood forth clearly in her mind. So far as she was concerned, the situation was intolerable. Her father's house was Clem's house now. She had no home.

She and Basil were not to have been married for a year, but he was impatient, and seized eagerly upon the situation as a reason for immediate marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Bryson agreed with him, so did Hilda, and so did May's own inclinations, for her mother's action made her feel more alone than if she had been an actual orphan.

"Basil always gets his own way," Hilda said to May with a smile, as she held aside her bridal veil and kissed her after the quiet wedding at Uplands.

"His way was my way too," May answered; and when Basil, who had overheard, pressed her hand the world seemed to be full of golden light.

Their wedding journey took them round the world—from polo field to polo field, it sometimes seemed to her. She had never been abroad before, but Basil gave her little time for sight-seeing.

"We can do all that later," he said. "Let's just have a good time."

She did have a good time, though often she felt dazed by the kaleidoscopic travel picture that he painted for her. He knew gay people, brilliant people, everywhere; there was much entertaining and the stakes for which he played at bridge and his bets on polo games and races were of a size to startle her.

"But this is our one big spree," he explained; and when, in India, he told her that his letter of credit was running low and that he must cable home for funds, it made her very happy to be able to spare him the necessity, making the spree thenceforward a perfect partnership affair by financing the remainder of the trip.

The cablegram announcing Mr. Bryson's death reached them in Hong-Kong, and when, two months later, they arrived at home there was another blow for them to face. Mr. Bryson, it appeared, had made unfortunate investments; his estate was much smaller than had been expected; Mrs. Bryson had already sold her town house and moved with Hilda to an apartment in Madison Avenue.

After a family conference, from which May thought it tactful to absent herself, Basil explained the situation to her.

"Mother feels she can't afford Uplands any more," he said. "She told me to tell you we'd be welcome to live there if you felt you'd care to. In the end, of course, the place is supposed to come to me anyway, unless it's sold first. It's the upkeep that worries her, and until I get something to do, of course I can't swing it. Mother waited on the off chance that you'd be—that you might feel ——"

Sell Uplands? May wouldn't hear of such a thing. She loved the place as much as any of them did. They must always have it. Their children must be born there and grow up there as he had.

"That's fine!" he said. "The family will be so glad." And May was struck, as she had been before, by an impressive quality in the way that all the Brysons pronounced the words "the family"; it was like hearing an Episcopal bishop say "the Church."

When a little later Basil mentioned that his mother was thinking of giving up her stable in the city, May interposed again. No, no! The thought of Mrs. Bryson without her brougham was like that of a queen without her royal robes and crown.

"You must let me take care of all that," she insisted.

"What a generous dear you are!" Basil answered, and nothing more was said upon the subject.

May found his delicacy in this situation—a situation which must, she thought, be very trying to him—extremely graceful and endearing. Now, as when he had run short of funds in India, he asked for nothing. The initiative throughout had been altogether hers. He accepted her aid with just the proper show of gratitude, it seemed to her, yet without making too much of it. There was no embarrassment between them about money, no awkwardness for her.

"He wants to spare me the consciousness of playing Lady Bountiful," she told herself, and she loved him the more for what seemed to her his perfect tact.

And what a privilege was hers! What a joy to be able to help Basil and his family when all of them had been so kind to her! As if it mattered where the money came from! Basil must learn to feel that the money was no more hers than it was his. It belonged to them jointly. Wouldn't he have wanted her to feel that way if the situation were reversed—if instead of his father, it had been her father who made unfortunate investments?

But there, like a hunter refusing a high jump, her thoughts brought up. Though she had always shrunk from comparisons between Mr. Bryson and her father, the comparison had thrust itself upon her in her school days, making her sensitive for her father, afraid the Brysons might not understand him, hesitant to have them meet. And since that was so, wasn't it now mere justice to her father's memory that she should face the new comparison? Not that she criticized Mr. Bryson. She had no thought of that. Of course he had not intended to make bad investments or leave his affairs all tangled up. The fact was, however, that he had done so; whereas her own father, even if he did lack advantages, had made a large fortune and left it—the phrase he had used in their talk that evening by the lake came back to her—"in good shape."

The thought comforted her and made her proud. But she must never let Basil know. She must keep this feeling locked up always in her secret heart for fear of hurting him.

III

TWILIGHT was shadowing the room when the grind of hoofs and wheels on the bluestone of the drive broke in upon May's reverie. Basil was back from polo, and as the carriage stopped the sound of voices told her that, as usual, he was bringing people home with him. Who would they be this evening, she wondered, as she rose and turned the chair in which she had sat looking at the likeness of her father.

A burst of high-pitched talk and laughter came to her ears as the front door opened, then the click of buttons upon wood as wraps were thrown upon the table and the settle. What an endless array of friends Basil had! All over the world she had met them, yet always there were more to meet.

"Hello, May. Why the darkness?" He pressed the button near the door as he came in.

Of those accompanying him, Phil Meynell, Hilda's fiancé, with whom he was now in business, was the only one May knew. A suave, plump gentleman proved to be Mr. Fortescue, the architect who was building the house Phil and Hilda were to live in; a dark, angular woman with irregular features and keen eyes was introduced as Mrs. Railey; and the impish-looking man with thinning gray hair, who ran immediately to the piano and began to pound and shout, was Mr. Todd.

They had all been at the polo match, the home team had won and Basil had driven the decisive goal. She wished she could have been there, but she had felt a little tired, and it was so important that she take good care of herself now.

"We're just stopping in for a cocktail before taking the train back to New York," Fortescue informed her as he took a place beside her on the couch; but by the time Quayle had made three circuits of the room with his entering tray the plans of the guests changed and they decided to remain for dinner.

Diverted from the piano by the cocktails, Mr. Todd perceived in a stuck lamp shade a likeness to a Chinese hat, and placing it upon his head, engaged in an impersonation which involved loud beating on the fire shovel with the poker and the uttering of supposedly Oriental cries. May was glad when he desisted, and removing the lamp shade from his head became a circus announcer introducing Signorina Blondini, champion lady tight-rope artist of the world. The signorina was Mrs. Railey, who kicked off her slippers and, while Todd at the piano played incidental music, promenaded back and forth upon the rug as if upon a rope stretched high in air, balancing herself with outspread arms, placing each foot carefully before the other, swaying, turning, leaping, kneeling; and finally, for a climax, pantomiming the actions of one disrobing on the tight rope, removing imaginary articles of clothing and tossing them one after the other as if to a stage far below.

Next she and Todd became trapeze performers, rushing back and forth with hands aloft as if swinging through the air; then they were jugglers; then animal trainers; and at the end of each imitation they postured in the characteristic attitudes of vaudeville and circus, advancing with sprightly skips, posing self-consciously, smirking, bowing low and throwing kisses as if in response to thunderous applause. And, indeed, though the audience was small, the applause was deafening, for Basil, Phil and Mr. Fortescue clapped, stamped and whistled like so many gallery gods. Basil loved horseplay.

"Aren't they wonders, May?" he cried.

"Yes. Who are they?"

"Friends of Fortie's." He leaned across her and repeated her question to Mr. Fortescue.

"Todd sells coöperative apartments and she's an interior decorator," he replied. "They go around like this, playing into each other's hands. Very amusing. Invited everywhere. Professional amateurs, I call them. Always at top pitch."

"Don't they get tired?" May asked.

"Apparently not. If they do they conceal it. They like to keep on the go and know everybody, and being clever they're in great demand socially. It's cheaper than having opera singers, and more diverting."

"You don't mean people pay them?"

"No; that's the point. They're social Tommy Tuckers."

Through dinner the hilarity continued. The roving eye of Mr. Todd, alighting upon various objects incessantly, suggested new pranks to his nimble mind. Now he would play upon a stalk of celery as if it were a flute; now he would leap from his chair, snatch a champagne bottle from the astonished Quayle, and announcing himself as Jawkins, the old earl's butler, would move around the table filling the wine glasses and lamenting in cockney dialect the changes that had come over the old place since the young master inherited the title three years ago come Michaelmas; or again he would turn into a German tourist on a Rhine steamer, and with napkin tucked in collar and elbows extended would eat greedily, never looking up from his plate, but letting Gretchen, his meek wife, impersonated by Mrs. Railey, tell him about the castles and the scenery they were passing.

To May, the pace they set was stupefying. Coffee and liqueurs had hardly been served when Todd rushed off on a roaring foray on the kitchen from which he returned laden with cooking utensils, and a moment later, with aluminum saucepans for helmets, wash-boiler covers for shields and pokers for swords, he and Mrs. Railey had become grand-opera singers, shrieking guttural Germanic phrases at each other as if in a duet, to the accompaniment of pseudo-Wagnerian chords struck by Mr. Fortescue on the piano.

Basil himself presently became inspired by their histrionism. May saw him put down his highball and leave the room, and when he reappeared she was astonished to see him in his underwear, with the leopard-skin rug from the library wrapped around him and a wreath upon his head. Upon sight of him, Mrs. Railey discarded the armor and heroic postures of Brunhilde, and calling to Fortescue for Mendelssohn's Spring Song, snatched up a scarf and became a nymph fleeing on her toes, rhythmically, while Basil pursued.

Mr. Todd, finding himself temporarily excluded from the cast, now briefly absented himself; but he soon marched in majestically with a toque of May's upon his head and her best white velvet opera wrap trailing upon the floor behind him. Evidently his search for costume had led him upstairs to the closet in her dressing room.

"Why don't you all stay out here for the night?" she heard Basil suggest with unmistakable cordiality, when Quayle came in to announce the depot wagon at the door.

"Yes, why not?" she supplemented, but she was relieved when they declined, for she was very tired and she knew that if

(Continued on Page 44)

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD

Thousands of Men-

are denying their wives Packard Six cars.

Why?

They think the price is higher than it is;

that Packard cars can be bought only for cash.

They have never stopped to figure the low cost of the long-life Packard and the high cost of the short-life ordinary car.

They do not know that the Packard Six combines low operating and maintenance costs with

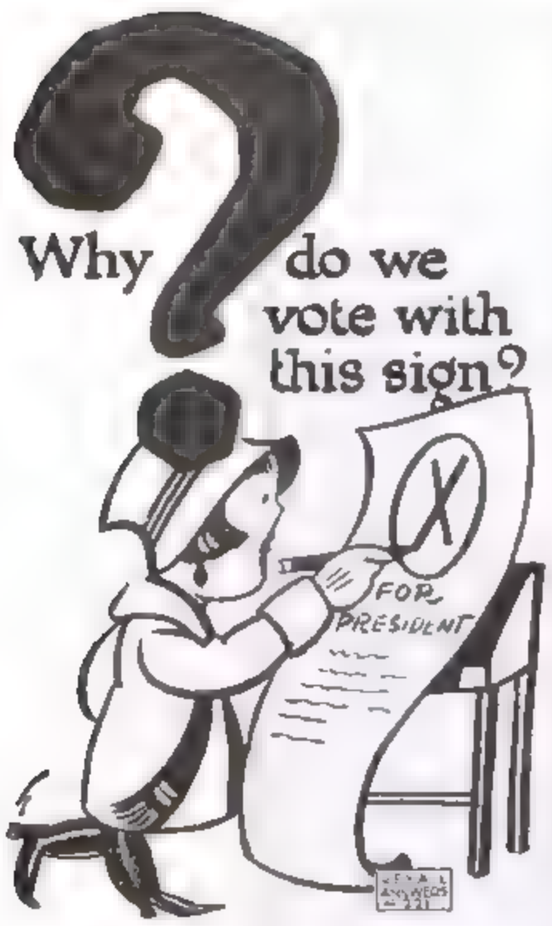
comfort-without-bulk,

great strength with lighter weight and

the beauty and distinction which belong to Packard alone.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



—because formerly men made a cross to pledge themselves by their Christian faith to the truth of the matter which they "signed". For similar reasons we mark a cross on our ballots. The Puretest mark on

Puretest
Rubbing Alcohol

is a pledge that this is the most refreshing rubdown that science can produce.

After strenuous exercise, Puretest Rubbing Alcohol takes the soreness out of stiff joints and tired, aching muscles. For infants and invalids—a cooling, soothing bath. In the dressing room—a splendid deodorant, and a rose-fragrant balm after shaving.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol is safe for external use in any quantity. It belongs in every athlete's locker, every nursery and sick room, among the toilet requisites of every man and woman.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000

Rexall

Drug Stores

There is one in your town

© 1924 U. D. CO.

(Continued from Page 42)

they stayed the din would continue into the early morning.

She saw Mr. Todd divesting himself of her opera wrap and toque, while Mrs. Railey rearranged her hair and Basil got from the hall closet an overcoat long enough to cover him. It seemed to her incredible that it was not yet ten o'clock. Why hadn't she enjoyed the evening more, she wondered. Certainly they were very clever people. Everyone else had enjoyed it. What was the matter with her? Why had she felt so dull? Her condition, of course, had something to do with it; she never felt very lively these days and she had found the incessant noise wearing. And not drinking—that made a difference too. Basil had told her that a person who didn't drink was a wet blanket and never had a good time at parties. He jokingly referred to her abstinence as her Newbernism. Doubtless it was provincial. All this drinking had shocked her a little bit at first; but it didn't seem to do them any harm, and she didn't mind it any more unless they began urging her to drink. Drinking people had a way of doing that sometimes, she noticed. How glad she was that these guests, who had so completely taken possession of the house, were going. At dinner they had made her feel like a stranger at her own table—a rather stupid stranger to whom but slight attention need be paid. For that matter, she was stupid. All evening she had felt depressed without knowing why.

She and Basil followed them to the door. A groom with a cart was waiting for Phil, and while the others were getting into the depot wagon he drove off.

"Good night, Basil! Good night, May!" howled the ebullient Mr. Todd.

She laughed and waved her hand.

The living room, littered with kitchen utensils, odds and ends of clothing and empty glasses, had with its disorder lost its dignity. The furniture was out of place, the fire screen, behind which Mr. Todd had for a moment been a wild animal, stood out on the rug, and as she moved it back to its place she stepped upon the poker dropped by Brunhilde when she turned into a nymph. Having picked it up and put it with the other fire irons and straightened the lamp shade Mr. Todd had worn upon his head, she began to collect the glasses scattered about the room. Two of them had made white rings on the varnished top of the piano.

"Oh, don't be such a good housekeeper, dear," said Basil, who was walking slowly up and down the room. "Let the servants attend to all that."

"I hate to have them see the room like this in the morning," she told him, putting the glasses on the silver tray with the bottles.

"They're used to it."

"I suppose they are." She was gathering up the cooking utensils.

"Anyway," he added, "Quayle was in here a few minutes ago. Probably he's still up."

"I don't want to bother him now."

She was sorry Quayle had seen Basil prancing around in his underwear.

"Well," he said expansively, "it was a nice lively evening, wasn't it?"

"So lively that I'm exhausted," she answered. "I felt all tumbled about, as if the sea had come roaring into the house and I didn't know how to swim. I'm going to bed."

Basil was pouring himself a highball.

"I'll have a nightcap before I turn in," he said, "and I want to read the market." He looked about the room. "Where did I put the evening papers, I wonder."

"I think they're on the table in the corner." She had moved to the door, but now looked back. "Oh, there's my wrap on the floor. Would you mind picking it up, dear?"

Basil did so; but instead of bringing it to her, he stood there holding the velvet garment in one hand and his highball in the other, his body slightly bent, his eyes gazing down as if he had been suddenly transfixed.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "where in the world did this thing come from?"

May realized instantly what it was. She had meant to carry the crayon portrait upstairs, but the sudden arrival of Basil and the others had caused her to forget.

"It's my father," she said somberly.

He turned with quick apologies, and immediately she made excuses for him. Really it was her own fault. She should have shown it to him instead of letting him stumble on it this way.

"That's all right, dear," she answered. "It came today. Naturally, mother and—and her husband don't want it any more. I'm surprised they didn't send it to me last year as soon as we got home."

"Yes," he replied politely, as if making conversation, "you'd think they'd have done that."

She had crossed the room and now stood beside him.

"Isn't the frame terrible?" she said. "Yet I remember how we all admired it when it came."

Basil nodded

"I suppose it's the kind of thing people did admire then."

"Yes, and we thought the portrait was grand too."

"Of course. That was the crayon-portrait era. It's just luck that my family happened to have a tradition about portraits in oil."

How graceful of him, she thought, to put it in that way.

"The strange thing about it is," she said, "that though this poor old crayon thing isn't a work of art—of course I realize that—and though it was made by a man who never saw my dad, it looks just like him. It's what Newbern people call a speaking likeness."

"And on the other hand," said Basil, "a lot of people say the Zorn isn't a good likeness."

He glanced at the portrait of his father, which even in this subdued light made a patch of rich color against the dark woodwork of the overmantel.

"Yes, but it's beautiful."

"That's exactly the point."

"You mean," she said, "that a likeness is one thing and ——"

"—— and a handsome canvas on one's wall," he finished for her, "is quite another. You've hit it precisely. And beyond that, of course, there's the question of how things harmonize; whether a new thing you put into a room pulls with the things already there."

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, catching the drift of his thoughts. "Are you afraid I want to hang it down here?"

"I was wondering."

She felt his relief.

"Certainly I wasn't. I wouldn't dream of such a thing. It wouldn't fit in at all."

"Well, I must say I agree with you," he declared almost as if making a concession, "and I don't deny that I'm glad you feel as you do about it."

He gulped down the last of his highball and set the empty glass upon the table, whence she picked it up and put it with the other glasses on the tray.

"See that the sun-room doors are locked, dear," she said, taking the opera wrap from his arm, "and please bring the portrait with you when you come upstairs."

She was taking down her hair when a little later he came into her dressing room.

"Where shall I put it?" he asked.

"Over there, please."

Watching him carry the portrait across the room and put it down, she was reminded of the way Quayle had handled it. But Quayle had turned it the other way about. The sight of the brown-paper backing, faded and stained with dust, and the snarl of picture wire made her sad and she turned quickly away.

"Thanks, dear."

Then, with a desire to speak of something else before he left the room, she mentioned her regret at having missed the polo match that afternoon. Basil paused at the door.

"Oh, you didn't miss much," he said. "Lately I've been thinking about chucking polo altogether."

"Why, Basil!" She turned and gazed at him, astonished. Then as she began to think she understood, she continued, "Well, now that you're in business, I suppose you find it does take up a lot of time."

"Oh," he said, "as far as that goes it's all right. I'm more useful to the firm playing polo than I would be in the office."

"You are?"

"Phil and his father both say so, and of course they know the brokerage game backwards."

"Still," she said, "it seems strange to think that the way to be a successful stock-broker is to —— to be good at some game."

"Well, Phil's father should know, shouldn't he? He's one of the biggest operators in the Street and he says it's great advertising for a young firm. The people that follow polo and hunting have money to invest, you see, and if they're your friends ——"

He left the sentence unfinished.

"But I should think people with money to invest would want to invest it through brokers that knew about investments."

"That's Phil's end. And though his father isn't in our firm, everybody knows that we have access to him. He's far and away our biggest customer, you know." He lit a cigarette and threw the match into the fireplace. "No, polo's good for business. That's not the trouble. The trouble is that it's becoming more and more a game of matching ponies, and the high roll wins."

Again she was surprised.

"I thought Nip and Rocket and the Kitten were three of the best in this part of the country."

"They are—and that's three good chuckers. Bellhop's still pretty good, too; that's four. But Lotta has a bad shoulder and the others simply won't do in a fast game. I had to use Rocket twice today."

"How many more do you need?"

"Two or three. Two would do."

"What about the ponies Lacy has for sale?"

"None better, but he wants real money for them."

"But if polo's so good for business, can't the firm do something?"

"The firm's doing about all it can," he answered, "to pay office expenses while things are dull. No money for ponies."

"Phil's building a big house."

"He's started and he has to go on. And he and Hilda have to live decently after they're married. That's another drain on the firm just now."

"But if Phil can get money for his house ——"

"He brings in most of the business so far," Basil put in. "He's entitled to a good drawing account. That was all understood in the first place. What's the use of your bothering your head about it, May? You don't understand business."

"Well," she said, "I understand one thing, and that is that you're to have the ponies you need. You ought to have told me before. Why didn't you tell me?"

He looked ruminatively at the end of his cigarette and flicked the ash into the fireplace.

"I know how generous you are, dear, but I was hoping business would pick up; and anyway, you've done enough for me this year, putting up the money for my seat on the exchange. It wouldn't be right to let you do any more."

In that moment when he looked so boyish, so diffident, she felt as if she were his mother rather than his wife.

"Well, you just see Lacy tomorrow," she said, assuming a mock dictatorial tone, "and get those ponies. That's orders."

"Thanks, dear. I oughtn't to let you do it." He came and kissed her.

"Oh, my dear, I love to."

"I know it; but there's something you ought to understand about me. When I want anything I seem to want it harder than other people want things. And I do want those ponies. You'd better look out for me when I want things or I may impose on you."

He was smiling and frowning simultaneously, and May felt that his effort at self-revelation was whimsical and touching.

"I'll risk it," she answered with a little laugh; then as her eye chanced to fall upon the faded paper backing of the portrait leaning against the wall, she became grave, and after a moment's pause continued thoughtfully: "I don't think I ever realized before how much I owe my father. I'm not sure I realize it fully even now, but it comes to me more and more that he made possible all the happiness I've had. After all, it's really father who's giving you the ponies, isn't it?"

She looked into Basil's face, eager to read agreement there.

"Yes," he said, "your father must have been a fine man. I certainly wish I'd known him." He threw the end of his cigarette into the fireplace, thrust his hands into the pockets of the overcoat and took a turn up and down the small room. "I think I'll phone Lacy about the ponies right now. I don't want to risk losing them."

"All right, dear."

He left the room and she turned back to the mirror and began to comb her hair. She was musing. Basil said he wished he had known her father. In a way she wished so too, and yet ——

The image in the mirror sadly shook its head.

(Continued on Page 46)

The biggest new thing in balloon tire manufacture today is

SUPERTWIST

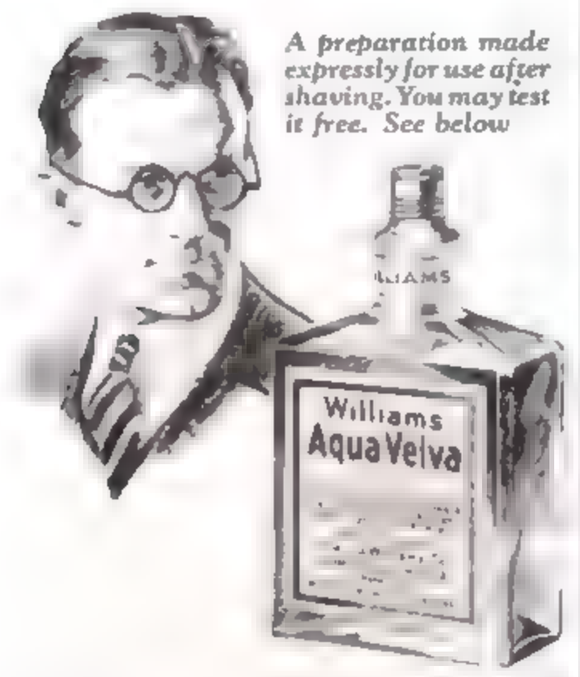
the sensational cord fabric developed by Goodyear. Tests show that tires made with this elastic and enduring new material *delivered as much as 100% greater* carcass *service* than tires made with an equal number of plies of standard cord fabric. Ply for ply, in other words, SUPERTWIST in these tests literally *doubled* the *carcass* life of the tire. SUPERTWIST is used only by Goodyear, and is built into Goodyear balloon tires of *both* kinds—to fit new wheels, or the wheels now on your car.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1924, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc

The Newest Triumph of Shaving Specialists



A preparation made expressly for use after shaving. You may test it free. See below

CAREFUL study of the newly-shaved skin preceded Aqua Velva. We knew men were not getting the benefit—nor the pleasure—they might from the things they were putting on their faces after shaving.

For instance, thousands dust on preparations after shaving which absorb moisture and dry the skin. Yet the newly-shaved skin needs, not moisture *taken away*, but its natural moisture conserved!

As acknowledged authorities on shaving matters, we set out to create a really efficient after-shaving preparation. We visioned a formula which would do these things:

—conserve the skin's natural moisture
—cool, soothe, protect the face
feel good when you put it on
—give first aid to little nicks and cuts
—delight with a man's kind of fragrance

These qualities are in the clear amber liquid called Aqua Velva. We know of nothing else that can give your skin the same pleasant feeling of exhilaration. Absorbent preparations, of course, can't do it. Aqua Velva *conserves* the natural moisture of your skin. And it keeps your face feeling like velvet *all day long*—cool, comfortable and refreshed.

Large 5-ounce bottle 50c. (60c in Canada). Costs almost nothing a day—only a few drops needed. *By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, if your dealer is out of it.*

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

(By the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps)

Try it free!

We'll gladly send you a free "150 drop" test bottle of Aqua Velva. Fill in your name and address below and mail to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. L, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canada: St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Dept. L

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 44)

No, it was better that they hadn't met. Basil would have been polite, of course, as he was about the portrait, but he never would have understood her father.

IV

THE hall rug, wound in waves about the table legs, had evidently been intended at some stage in the play to resemble a rough sea, for Gerald's tin steamboat lay like a storm-tossed hulk among the folds; but now the scene of action was transferred to the living room, for as May, returning from a luncheon at the hunt club, crossed the hall, a multicolored rubber ball came bounding through the doorway pursued by shrill cries.

At first she was unable to account for the feeling that came over her at the sound of Basil's voice mingling with the squeals of the two children.

It wasn't only that Basil had this way of nullifying her efforts to teach the children that the play room was the place for romping; it wasn't only that he had this way of making himself magnificent in the eyes of seven-year-old Gerald and of baby Muriel, who was not yet four, by magnificently overriding rules; it wasn't merely that with panic threatening in the Street he was at home thus early in the afternoon—though that had something to do with it. No, her vaguely apprehensive feeling came from a sense of repetition. So often this violent breaking down of nursery regulations had been a prelude to unpleasantness having nothing whatever to do with the children. As she looked back it seemed as if he had deliberately tried, on some occasions, to disarm her by having the children with him when disagreeable things must be discussed. Just before he told her about his heavy betting losses when Roosevelt was elected two years ago, she had found him romping with them like this, and only last summer, while business was at a standstill, the same thing had happened before she learned that he had bought, as a present for her, a costly French automobile for which, in the end, she had to pay.

She was conscious as she appeared in the doorway of a cessation of gayety within. They had been playing baseball, using sofa cushions for bases, but now no one moved to retrieve the ball.

"Hello, dear," exclaimed Basil. "Come and get in the game. There's always room for one more, isn't there, Gerald?"

From his seat on the floor, Gerald nodded doubtfully, as if skeptical about the continuance of the fun; but Muriel, too young to understand the rules as Gerald and his father did, beamed up at May with the entreaty, "Mummy, bat."

The word "bat" immediately suggested certain kindred words to Gerald, who in soberer moments was struggling with his primer.

"Bat, cat, rat, mat, hot, hat, the," he rattled off, whereat the baby, as if fascinated by his erudition, brought her chubby hands together and burst into a peal of admiring laughter.

"No," said May, "mummy can't play now; and anyway, you all know this isn't the place for baseball."

"Daddy said we could," Gerald put in with a touch of defiance. He looked first at her and then at Basil. "Daddy said the lid's off, didn't you, daddy?"

"I didn't say it was going to stay off forever, though," his father replied, rising from his knees; and with a smile he added, "The class must come to order. Teacher's back."

His smile did not remove the sting from the little thrust, but May ignored it.

"You're home early," she said.

"Yes."

"Any news?"

"One of the big trust companies has gone under. It's a real panic now."

"Your firm's all right?"

He nodded.

"Of course everybody's in an awful jam, but we've done the best we could under the circumstances. I came home to tell you about it."

He glanced at the children as if to say they had better leave, and May hoped that he would take the initiative. It wasn't fair that he should maneuver her into the position of breaking up their play; but apparently he meant to do it, so she gave the necessary order, warning Gerald to hold tight to Muriel's hand and help her on the stairs.

"I never saw a panic before," Basil said as the children left the room. "You can't imagine the condition things are in. It's real terror; no one knows what's going to happen next. Runs on the banks, loans being called, interest sky-high even with fine collateral."

"But you're sure your firm's safe?" she asked again, still apprehensive.

"Well, yes. Of course conditions have been bad for some time; and unfortunately for us, Mr. Meynell's account was considerably extended and we'd had to borrow heavily to carry him. We couldn't afford to liquidate; that would mean bankruptcy. Mr. Meynell was borrowed up to the neck, so they put it up to me, and there was only one thing to do to save us. I put up those government bonds of yours. I hope you approve."

"All of them?" she asked.

"Yes, it was a case of doing that or going to the wall."

"I wish you'd taken something else. I wanted to keep those bonds."

"The banks wouldn't accept anything else. A government bond's the next thing to cash, even in a panic."

She remembered that more than once Basil had urged her to sell the government bonds her father had left her, arguing that the return was absurdly low and that equal safety could be had in securities paying a much higher rate of interest. Basil evidently remembered it too.

"It's great luck for us that you didn't sell those bonds," he admitted. "Phil and I were speaking of that."

"Did Phil raise money too?"

"He couldn't. And, you see, Phil brings in four-fifths of our business, so it's only fair that he should—should look to me in a situation like this."

"Why?"

"Well," replied Basil, thrusting his hands into his pockets and watching his feet as he walked the rug, "he knows you have plenty and that you've always been true blue; there was no other way out of it. We couldn't go to mother—you wouldn't want us to do that?"

"No."

"And she hasn't any government bonds anyway," he added. "She has some good bonds, but they're not good enough now; and she's holding a lot of the stocks Mr. Meynell was operating in, so on that side she's temporarily hit. Of course it'll all straighten out in a little while, but it's a mean situation all around while it lasts."

"Yes," answered May.

She wished she could say something more, something encouraging, but just then she couldn't manage it. What was it, she wondered, that made her feel so shaken. Mechanically she began to gather up the cushions from the floor and put them on the couch. Basil was watching her absently.

"It's been a rather trying day for me," he said. "I think I'll feel a whole lot better if I go and take a good stiff ride."

"I would then, dear."

She was glad to have him go. She wanted to collect her thoughts. She didn't mean to be unfair to him—that was the last thing she would ever wish to be—but from the moment he had told her what the trouble was she had been haunted by the thought that somehow he ought not to be here. Perhaps she was wrong. Perhaps there was nothing he could do at the office now. But when there was a panic, when his firm had come so near to failing, she couldn't feel that it was right for him to be at home early in the afternoon, romping with the children or riding cross country. Of course she didn't understand business, but that didn't seem businesslike. It was as if he had no sense of his responsibilities.

When she had sat for a time turning matters over in her mind she heard him come downstairs, and as he passed the door, dressed for riding, she managed a smile.

"Good luck!" she called.

"Thanks, dear." And he was gone, leaving her conscious that he, no less than she, felt the new strain between them; a strain such as there had never been before. He was impatient with her; she knew it, though he had tried to conceal it. Clearly he hadn't liked her questions. He felt she hadn't been so gracious as she ought to be. Perhaps she hadn't. But couldn't he understand her point of view? Evidently not. And there was no way to make him understand it, for she had learned early in her married life that under the Bryson code, strains of this kind were tacitly ignored under a pretense that they did not exist. It was a code of manners and she had accepted it, but now she found herself wondering whether in all situations it could be made to serve. That would bear thinking over.

She would go up to her room and lie down for a while. She rose from the couch, ascended the stairs and passed along the hall toward her room; but as she was about to put her hand upon the doorknob, there came the sound of something falling on the floor overhead accompanied by a clatter of breaking glass.

"Nurse!" she called.

The nurse came to the play-room door.

"Yes, Mrs. Bryson."

"Is Gerald with you?"

"Why, no, ma'am! I thought he was with you and Mr. Bryson."

May moved swiftly to the bottom of the stairway leading to the third floor.

"Gerald!" she called. "Gerald!"

"Yes"—reluctantly.

"What are you doing up here?" she demanded as she reached the upper hall.

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, you know you're not allowed up these steep stairs."

"Well, daddy said ——"

"You've fallen down them once."

"Well, daddy said the lid's off."

Clearly the permission to violate one commandment had inspired Gerald to experiment with others.

"What did you break?" she asked.

"Who? Me?"

"Yes."

"I didn't break it. It pulled over by itself. The wire catched on me."

"What was it?" she repeated.

"Over there—see?" He pointed toward a shadowy corner of the storeroom where old furniture was piled, and May moved forward. Then suddenly she stopped and gave a little gasp, for though the picture was lying face downward on the floor, she recognized the faded paper backing and the scalloped edges of the white and gold frame.

"The wire catched on me," Gerald repeated.

"Yes, dear." Quickly she bent over, and taking the frame in both hands carried it to the window and stood it on the marble top of a discarded table. "Don't step on the glass."

Some pieces of the broken glass clung to the corners of the frame, and in her eagerness to get them out she cut her fingers. Automatically she bound her handkerchief about the cut, gazing at the crayon portrait, stabbed by her self-reproach. It had been put away, she remembered, almost as soon as it came—so long ago that she had forgotten where it was. Gerald wasn't born then. He had never seen it.

"It's a picture of your grandfather," she told him.

"No, mummy. Grandpa's picture's downstairs—the bright picture."

"That's your Grandfather Bryson—daddy's father," she explained. "This is mother's father."

"I like daddy's father best," Gerald announced.

"You mean you like the portrait of daddy's father best," she said. "It's a fine painting and this is just black and white. But see what nice kind eyes mother's father has, and see how strong he looks. Oh, he was such a good man, Gerald! Everybody respected him so. How he'd have loved you and sister if he could have seen you!" She knelt and drew him to her. "He didn't have the nice things you have when he was a little boy. He was poor. He had to work. But he made a great success, and mother's proud of him."

"He has a big watch chain."

"Yes, and he had a big heart and a wise head."

"Not as wise as daddy."

"Yes."

Gerald stood for a moment looking at the portrait. Then he wriggled out of her embrace.

"I like the grandpa downstairs," he declared. "I like his pink coat. I like daddy's pink coat."

"Yes, they look very nice."

"Gerald!" came nurse's voice from the hall. "Gerald!"

"Answer, dear," said May.

"Yes," shouted Gerald as the advance of nurse was proclaimed by her squeaky shoes.

"You can go downstairs with her," May told him. "Mother's going to take the picture out of the frame. It's this hideous frame that makes it look so queer. Look out for the broken glass."

Gerald scampered off, and May with a hairpin slit the brown paper backing and tore it away; then she bent the light nails

(Continued on Page 49)

Aristocrats of the Fireplace

In the complete line of Humphrey Radiantfires there are period models and portables for every requirement of auxiliary heating. Many of these strikingly handsome designs are genuine replicas of old English Fire Baskets—authoritative creations of Artist and Antiquary.

To the American fireplace they bring a touch of old world craftsmanship and the most efficient form of instantaneous heat that has ever been developed. For these reasons, Radiantfire is now recognized as standard fireplace equipment by the foremost interior decorators.

As an essential home comfort, the fame of Radiantfire has traveled from Coast to Coast. It burns natural or manufactured gas as it has never been burned before—cleanly, economically and without a suggestion of odor. As a coal saver it stands without an equal.

These, surely, are advantages that you cannot afford to overlook. There is a place in your home for at least one Radiantfire and no investment could offer greater returns in comfort, health and independence of weather conditions. By all means, see the complete line of models today.

The Humphrey Radiantfire is Sold by Your Gas Company or Dealer. Ask for it by name. Models Range in Price from $18.00 up. We Shall be Glad to Send an Illustrated Booklet Upon Request

Sixth Annual Convention and Exhibition of the American Gas Association, Steel Pier, Atlantic City, October 13-17th

GENERAL GAS LIGHT COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

NEW YORK, 44 WEST BROADWAY — SAN FRANCISCO, 768 MISSION STREET

PITTSBURGH — BUFFALO — CINCINNATI — ATLANTIC CITY

"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

To make night safe—*use your flashlight!*

No. 2644 – Eveready Focusing Spot Flashlight with the 500-ft. range

Eveready Unit Cells are the standard of excellence for all makes of flashlights. They deliver brighter light and longer battery life

WHEREVER vacation takes you this summer, take a flashlight along. Take one for every member of the family. You will find Eveready Flashlights the most useful vacation accessories in your baggage. They make night safe everywhere—in the woods, on the lake, in the mountains, at the shore.

In the summer cottage, keep them instantly handy—one by the front door, one at the top of those dark stairs, one by your bedside.

Reload your flashlights and keep them on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. And if you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once.

The newly designed line of Eveready Flashlights is ready at your dealer's. Twenty-two improved models in four general types from which to choose. A type for every outdoor and indoor use. New designs. New features, including a safety-locking switch that cannot be turned on by accident.

Buy them from any electrical, hardware or marine supply dealer, drug, sporting goods or general store, garage or auto accessory shop. 65c to $4.50, complete with battery, anywhere in the U. S. A.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

831

(Continued from Page 46)

that held the stretcher in the frame and took the portrait out. Without the frame and mat it looked much smaller and more dignified. In a plain black frame it wouldn't be bad at all.

How it brought things back!

Lately she had seldom thought of Newbern, and when she did the picture was tiny and remote like a scene viewed through the wrong end of an opera glass; but now, with her father's face before her, there came to her sharply the picture of the house on Hillcrest Avenue with the trotters standing before the gate, the cottage by the lake, the farm where she used to run and play beside him when she was Gerald's age. Recollections of him flooded her mind. She remembered the time when, coming downstairs, she had overheard Clem's appeal and her father's refusal to throw good money after bad. Curious how that homely phrase had clung to her memory through all these years.

The portrait seemed to look at her, and she was reminded of the wistful expression of his eyes looking up at her from his bed, seeming to reach out for her like hands. "May's going to miss me," he had murmured as she left the room, and she had thought that he was talking in his sleep.

Yes, she had missed him when he died; but not as she missed him now, for then she was hardly more than a child and hadn't the experience to enable her to value him. Oh, if she could only talk with him again! What would he say? Would he feel that she was living up to what he had expected of her? Would he say she had horse sense?

That night when they walked beside the lake he had told her that people learned only by experience and that lots of people didn't seem to learn that way, but her mind was full of Basil then and she had only half listened to the things he said.

Had she learned from experience? Had she horse sense? She hadn't learned to take care of her property, but instead had taken the easiest course, paying no attention to her affairs and letting Basil handle everything.

Of course Basil did his best for her, but he was extravagant. When times were good he went ahead as if they would always be good. When he had money he was generous—so generous that he was always giving her things he couldn't pay for. Not enough of the profits of the firm went back into the business, so when this slump came he had to turn to her again. But he hadn't even asked her this time. He had simply helped himself and told her afterwards. That didn't seem quite the way to do. She knew her father wouldn't approve of it.

But she must be just to Basil. It was largely her own fault. She had taught him to do that sort of thing. All through their married life she had encouraged him to feel that what was hers was his. And he was such a dear! He was so handsome, so gay, so popular!

Gazing at the portrait, she tried to imagine her father and Basil together. She seemed to see them standing looking at each other, her father in one of those dark serge suits he always wore, Basil in polo clothes.

Then sadly she shook her head.

No, it was better that they hadn't met. Her father would have been kind, of course, as he always was; but he never would have understood Basil—never.

V

A BUMBLEBEE, blundering noisily about beneath a baking awning outside a window of May's sitting room upstairs, struck twice against the screen—pung-pung—and May, lying on a chaise longue, envied the bee, which had only to find the bottom of a piece of green-and-white striped canvas to escape into the July sunlight.

How she wished that she, too, could sail away like that, out of this room, out of this house, off to some place where none of them could find her. But her problem was not so simple.

Basil had come home early with news that war had been declared by Austria and that the market had gone all to pieces. Mr. Meynell had for some time past been buying heavily on declines, counting on a strong reaction when the war scare passed; and so the firm was in trouble again.

Though Basil hadn't asked her outright May knew what was expected of her. She was expected to rise gracefully to the emergency, as she so often had before in their fifteen years of married life, to offer aid without putting him to the embarrassment of asking it. She was expected to play the game.

She didn't want to play the game. She had played it too often and was tired of it. Tired, tired, tired. It was a one-sided game that always came out the same way. With all the money she had given Basil, the firm ought by now to be able to stand alone. She had tried and tried to make him independent of her, but the result of her efforts was precisely the reverse of what she had intended; instead of strengthening him, making him financially independent, she had encouraged his extravagance and taught him to keep coming back for more. And the sum required now was staggering.

Doubtless it was her own fault. It had been such a joy to do things for Basil. Time and again she had leaped at opportunities as they arose.

This time she hadn't offered. Basil had fidgeted about, waiting for her to offer, but she screwed up her courage and refrained, and now he had gone riding, and Phil and Hilda were coming in at teatime to give her another chance.

The thing couldn't go on. With the years, her principal had shrunk and shrunk. She would have been infinitely better off today if Basil had never been in business. Everything cost so much more than it used to. The house was well built, but it was old and repairs became continually more expensive. Even Basil, usually indifferent to such matters, had been shocked when she mentioned the cost of the new roof. With wages so high, the mere upkeep of the grounds and gardens was a heavy drain, aside from the large deficit shown by the dairy and the farm each year since she had started keeping books.

Basil didn't realize the way things were going. He hated to discuss unpleasant things, and when she tried to talk to him about her finances he would change the subject or put her off with rosy prophecies. With Basil, things were always going to be all right soon.

Hilda and Phil didn't realize either. She hadn't discussed her affairs with them, but now she must try to make them understand. That was the task she dreaded. Hilda, with her cool gray eyes and her quick, intolerant mind, was so inflexible. May admired her, but had always been a little bit afraid of her; and though Hilda had never said anything to justify the idea, May suspected that her sister-in-law's feeling for caste caused her secretly to look down on her a trifle.

After all, though, she thought, trying to bolster up her courage, the shrinkage of her principal was not a matter of opinion, but a fact which she could demonstrate in black and white. She would show them her books; they could go over the accounts themselves and see what it had cost her to keep the firm of Meynell and Bryson going. Basil would hate to have it all brought out and figured up. He had resented her taking over her securities after the panic of 1907, but she was more certain now than ever that she had acted wisely. If in the present crisis Basil had charge of her investments he would undoubtedly have helped himself again as he did seven years ago.

The hiss of rubber tires on the drive was like the sound of something frying. She heard the motor stop, and her awnings caught and magnified the sound of the slamming door and of the voices. Phil and Hilda had come. Rising from the chaise longue, she wondered whether the heat this afternoon was as suffocating as it seemed, or whether she felt it more than usual because she was so nervous.

Basil was already with them; from the stairs she heard them talking, but as she approached the doorway of the living room there fell a sudden silence.

"What a pretty dress, dear," Hilda exclaimed as May entered. "Turn around and let me see it." Obediently May turned before sitting down, and there was some talk of dressmakers and of the heat; then Quayle appeared bearing tall glasses of iced tea, flavored with mint and benedictine, and it was not until he had gone that the subject uppermost in the minds of all of them was broached. It was Hilda who began. "Basil's told you about the mess they're in?"

"Yes."

To May's chagrin her voice failed her and she whispered the word. Her throat was dry. She took a sip of her iced tea.

"Isn't it beastly luck," Hilda pursued, "that there should be a panic just when things looked so promising?"

"Yes," said May; "but panics seem to come every so often."

"No one could foresee a war, though." Phil spoke a little bit defensively. "Of course it can't last. Austria and Serbia can't afford it, and it's simply nonsense to suppose that civilized nations like England, France and Germany will mix up in it. It will all be over in no time and fortunes will be made when the market reacts. The problem is, how to hang on."

"But if you can't hang on?"

"They've got to!" interjected Hilda.

"It's your father's account, as I understand it," said May; and as Phil nodded, she continued, "Couldn't he liquidate?"

"Not as things stand now. It would wipe him out."

"And us along with him," Basil supplemented.

"The same as in 1907?"

There was the briefest pause; then Hilda spoke abruptly.

"The point is," she declared, "the banks are shutting down on them and they have nobody but you to turn to."

It was out at last. May felt their eyes centered upon her.

"What you want of me," she began slowly, "is that I should give you this big sum you need to ——"

"Lend us," Phil corrected.

"—— to carry your father's speculative account. Isn't that really it?"

"We aren't asking it on account of my father," Phil answered, flushing. "It's for ——"

"It's to save your own husband," Hilda finished for him.

"But I've helped Basil so often."

"Yes, you've been generous," he conceded. He was bending over, tightening the strap at the top of his riding boot.

"And that's precisely why we count on you now," added Hilda. "We know you remember that the family stood by you when your mother remarried, so now ——"

"By next spring at the latest," Phil put in, "we ought to be able to make you some substantial payments."

"Regardless of what I do now?"

He stared at her blankly, then slowly shook his head.

"Why, no; not if you shouldn't help us. In that case we'd be wiped out and you wouldn't get back anything."

Hilda made an impatient gesture.

"Of course she's going to help you."

"But, Hilda, I'm sure you don't realize how ——"

"I realize that you can't let them fail. You simply can't, May."

"But I—you don't understand, Hilda. I have the children to think of, and this place costs so much. I might have to."

"Have to? Why, you've got plenty!"

"You don't realize how my capital has shrunk. Probably none of you realize it. I've let them have ——"

"You've got some of it back," asserted Hilda.

"No, I haven't—not a cent."

"Why, yes, you have! Basil gave you the pearls. He bought them out of the firm's earnings, didn't he?"

"Oh, the pearls. If the pearls will help he can have them and welcome."

"They wouldn't get us anywhere," said Basil gloomily. "Anyhow, I haven't yet got to the point where I'm willing to sell my wife's jewelry."

Hilda, striking a match to light another cigarette, made the match stand jingle on the table.

"The practical scheme," said Phil, "is for you to let us sell some gilt-edged bonds."

"But those are just what I've been trying to hang onto."

"Well, sell what you like then," Hilda said.

"I've got it all in black and white upstairs," May told her, rising. "I've been keeping books and I can show you exactly ——"

"Books!" echoed Hilda. "Oh, sit down, May. What do we want to look at books for now? What difference do figures make? This isn't a thing we can hash over indefinitely. It's a case of what's going to happen tomorrow morning."

"I know, but ——"

"Books or no books," snapped Hilda, "you can't let them fail—that's all. It would be too contemptible."

Contemptible! The word dazed May. Helpless, she looked at Basil, but he was not looking at her. Rising, he walked over and rang, and there was silence in the room until Quayle came.

"Highballs," Basil ordered.

THE Hanover Shoe

FIVE DOLLARS

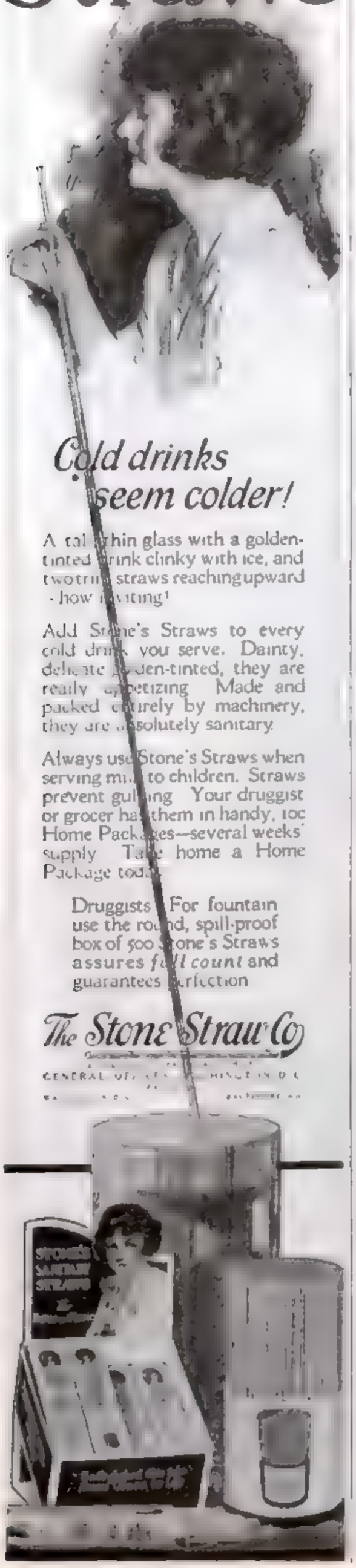
Exceptional value in style, quality and comfort. Look for the nearest Hanover Store or write for style catalog.

AKRON, OHIO	59 S. Main Street
ALBANY, N. Y.	463 Broadway
ALLENTOWN, PA.	724 Hamilton Street
ALTOONA, PA.	1228 11th Avenue
ATLANTA, GA.	4 Whitehall Street
ATLANTA, GA.	32 Marietta Street
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.	1106 Atlantic Avenue
AUGUSTA, GA.	826 Broad Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	125 E. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	16 E. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	122 W. Baltimore Street
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	1918 Third Avenue
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.	1258 Main Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	431 Fulton Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	508 Fifth Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	1427 Broadway
CAMDEN, N. J.	1131 Broadway
CANTON, OHIO	214 N. Market Avenue
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.	103 S. Main Street
CHARLESTON, S. C.	349 King Street
CHESTER, PA.	524 Market Street
CHICAGO, ILL.	20 W. Van Buren Street
CHICAGO, ILL.	29 S. Dearborn Street
CINCINNATI, OHIO	641 Vine Street
CLEVELAND, OHIO	530 Superior Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Cor. Pub. Sq. & Ont. Street
DAYTON, OHIO	19 E. Fifth Street
DETROIT, MICH.	1141 Farmer Street
DETROIT, MICH.	49 Monroe Street
DETROIT, MICH.	612 Woodward Ave.
EASTON, PA.	245 Northampton Street
ELIZABETH, N. J.	136 Broad Street
ERIE, PA.	1029 State Street
HANOVER, PA.	16 Carlisle Street
HARRISBURG, PA.	333 Market Street
HARTFORD, CONN.	100 Asylum Street
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	34 S. Illinois Street
JACKSON, MICH.	109 E. Michigan Avenue
JOHNSTOWN, PA.	414 Main Street
LANCASTER, PA.	112 N. Queen Street
LEBANON, PA.	3 South Eighth Street
LORAIN, OHIO	636 Broadway
LOUISVILLE, KY.	405 S. Fourth Avenue
McKEESPORT, PA.	338 Fifth Avenue
MACON, GA.	362 Second Street
NASHVILLE, TENN.	214 Fifth Avenue
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.	377 George Street
NEW CASTLE, PA.	228 E. Washington Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	615 Canal Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	322 St. Charles Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	164 S. Rampart Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	1238 Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	1595 Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	76 W. 125th Street
NEWARK, N. J.	210 Market Street
NEWARK, N. J.	142 Market Street
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Washington Ave. at 29th Street
NORFOLK, VA.	126 Granby Street
PASSAIC, N. J.	58 Lexington Avenue
PATERSON, N. J.	204 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	1105 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	1016 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	139 N. Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	218 N. Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	2440 Kensington Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	40 4 Lancaster Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	2732 Germantown Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.	407 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	531 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	847 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	203 Sixth Street
PLAINFIELD, N. J.	109 E. Front Street
READING, PA.	523 Penn Street
RICHMOND, VA.	631 E. Broad Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.	304 N. Sixth Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.	715 Olive Street
SCRANTON, PA.	411 Spruce Street
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO	24 E. High Street
STAMFORD, CONN.	284 Atlantic Street
TOLEDO, OHIO	335 St. Clair Street
TRENTON, N. J.	17 E. State Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.	939 Pa. Ave. N. W.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.	46 E. Market Street
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.	125 W. Fourth Street
WILMINGTON, DEL.	602 Market Street
YORK, PA.	5 E. Market Street

THE HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.

Exclusively for Men and Boys

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws



Cold drinks seem colder!

A tall thin glass with a golden-tinted drink clinky with ice, and two trim straws reaching upward - how inviting!

Add Stone's Straws to every cold drink you serve. Dainty, delicate golden-tinted, they are really appetizing. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk to children. Straws prevent gulping. Your druggist or grocer has them in handy, 10c Home Packages—several weeks' supply. Take home a Home Package today.

Druggists: For fountain use the round, spill-proof box of 500 Stone's Straws assures *full count* and guarantees perfection

The Stone Straw Co

GENERAL OFFICES: [illegible]

May felt her hands trembling. She must get out of the room.

"I'll go and get the list of my securities," she said, moving toward the hall. "And I want to bring down my books too. It won't take you long to look at them, and then if you all think ——"

Her voice was giving way again; she did not finish.

Not a sound came from the living room as she crossed the hall and ascended to the landing. Then, indistinctly, she heard Hilda's voice. What Hilda said she did not know, but two words seemed to emerge. At first the words did not force themselves upon her consciousness, but at the head of the stairs she found herself murmuring, as if in repetition, "Small town."

Small town!

Yes, that was what was the matter with her. She was still a small-town girl, and she was more conscious of it at this moment than she had ever been when she lived in Newbern.

She passed down the hall to her sitting room.

Was it because she was a small-town girl that she didn't see this situation the way Basil and the others did? They were in agreement, all of them, as to what she ought to do. Even Basil was against her; he avoided her eye as if he were ashamed of her. That was the hardest part to bear. In the years she had lived at Uplands she had come to think of herself as one of them; but now she realized that she was not, that she never had been, and that they had always known it.

If only she had someone to turn to—someone kind, understanding, wise; someone like her father.

She opened the flat drawer of her desk, took out her account books and started with them toward the door. But at the door she turned, put the books upon a table, crossed quickly to the closet and reaching up, felt about on the top shelf.

Yes, there it was. She seized the edge of the black frame, drew it down and laid it on the table.

The likeness of her father seemed to her as extraordinary now as when she first saw the crayon portrait. The eyes were kindly, the bearded face revealed the strength that had made him Newbern's leading citizen, and the powerful shoulders and deep chest were those of a man who when young had labored in the fields.

How it brought things back!

Again she saw the house on Hillcrest Avenue, the summer cottage by the lake, the farm where there were apple trees to climb and a big haymow to play in and a farmer's wife to give you doughnuts and sweet cider in the fall, and everybody glad to do things for you because you were Mr. Gates' little girl. She thought of things he had told her on their drives together and on that night when they walked beside the lake—about his Sister Sarah who was imposed upon by her husband, Clem Matlack's father, about taking care of money to avoid loss in time of panic, and learning from experience, and his faith in the old-fashioned virtues and belief in her horse sense. She remembered the silent support he had given her in her struggle to get away to school, and the time she had overheard him talking to Clem. "Do you realize that if you don't help me now I'll bust?" Clem had said, and her father had answered, "Maybe that's the experience you need. I can't keep on throwing good money after bad."

She had been wishing passionately that her father might speak and tell her what to do, but didn't that tell her?

How he had loved her! Now that she had children of her own, she understood the look she had seen in his eyes when, from his sick bed, they seemed to reach out for her like hands. "May's going to miss me"—the last words he had spoken. Yes, she had missed him, but not as she did now, for now she was weeping.

And yet not all her tears were for her father. Some of them were for Basil. She still loved Basil, although for the first time she saw him as he actually was. He was a child, and because he was a grown-up child he was just so much the more difficult to manage. She had come upstairs filled with a fear that if she seemed to fail him now she might lose his love. But was his love worth keeping if she had to buy it—was it love at all? Regardless of the consequences to herself, she must do what was best for Basil and the children.

Courage! That was it! That was what her father admired—courage!

Leaving the account books on the table, she seized the portrait, clasped it firmly in her arms and with her head up moved swiftly toward the stairs.

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 17)

Northwest for his personal account. The price was around 42, for the pool had pegged the stock at that figure for quite a little time. Harvey bought the stock as ordered. He might have thought the order unusual or he might not, for Tracy was a plunger from Plungerville when he got going.

"Well, that same night poor Tracy went out of his head entirely and there was no doubting his condition. They telegraphed to W. L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, who was Tracy's brother-in-law. Scott came after Tracy and took him to Philadelphia in a coach. I don't remember the reason for the coach. I only remember that he did. Nobody that I ever spoke to about him ever saw John F. Tracy again. He died months afterward, of paresis.

"But Scott came back to Kennedy's office a day or two after Tracy's breakdown, to settle his brother-in-law's affairs. He had his power of attorney, but when or how it was obtained I never heard, and it didn't matter much. I know that Harvey and W. L. Scott had a dickens of a row. Kennedy wanted Scott to take up the forty thousand shares of Northwest, but Scott refused point-blank, on the ground that the brokers had no written order from Tracy to show.

"I needn't tell you that Northwest started to go down. While the dispute was on about the ownership and disposition of the forty thousand shares, you can bet Kennedy did not increase the pool's holdings, and without his active support the price began to sag. It had turned into a bear market, anyhow, and the miscalculations of the bulls were pretty clearly defined by that time."

The Kennedy Failure

"The price touched 32 one day, and August Belmont called a one-hundred-thousand-dollar loan on Harvey Kennedy. The whole Street was talking about the break in Northwest, which was all the more sensational because of its long record of Gibraltarlike firmness. That is one trouble with pegging a stock too long. The Street couldn't get used to not seeing it sell at 42. I was looking for Harvey to get the news from him, when I ran across him on Broad Street just outside of the Stock Exchange. Before I could ask him anything Jay Gould came along, saw Kennedy and stopped.

"I was kind of surprised, for I knew they were not friends, but Jay Gould looked very friendly now and he spoke in a kindly way.

"'Harvey,' he said, 'you have never liked to associate with me, but sometimes circumstances force a man to forgo his prejudices and change his position. I have changed my position in reference to you, and I now come to you as a friend. I hear you are in trouble of some kind. If you need help I am ready to advance you one half of what you need, provided your friends will advance the other half.' And he looked at Kennedy with his quick bright eyes.

"Harvey was flabbergasted. As I said, there hadn't been any love lost between him and Gould.

"'Well? Well?' said Jay Gould.

"'Gould,' said Harvey, 'I am so surprised at your offer that I don't know what to say.'

"'You needn't be. Now, tell me the trouble, exactly.'

"'August Belmont has called a loan of one hundred thousand dollars on my Northwest stock,' answered Kennedy.

"'If your friends put up fifty thousand dollars I'll put up the other fifty thousand,' said Jay Gould, and walked away.

"Kennedy went off to hustle around and try to raise the money, and I went away on my rounds. The stock in the meanwhile developed fresh weakness. The price was down to 28 when I ran across Harvey again, about an hour after Gould made his offer to help.

"'What's the news?' I asked Kennedy. But he grabbed a hurrying broker by the arm and said to him: 'Run over to the board and find out who is selling Northwest, that it's so weak.'

"Pretty soon the broker came dashing out of the exchange and reported to Kennedy: 'Jay Gould is giving out all the selling orders!'

"That same day Harvey Kennedy failed. Of course, as it was an important house, the failure made a big sensation in the Street. The newspapers and agencies wanted all they could get about it. I ran over to the Kennedy office to get what news there was.

"Harvey was in the rear office. He looked very blue, as well he might, for it was a bad failure at a bad time. When he saw me he began to lament his mistakes. His chief complaint seemed to be about the big expenses he had gone to, for nothing. He had done many foolish things; things he wouldn't do again under any circumstances, he said.

"I wasn't getting anywhere, so I asked him point-blank which particular act or error he regretted the most. He stopped wailing and did a little thinking. Then he said, 'That Windsor Hotel! Every potato I've eaten since I first went to live there has cost me about one dollar apiece!'

"He looked angry as the dickens. I learned then that he had been paying the hotel one hundred dollars a week board for himself and family, and that was considered an appalling extravagance in those days.

"'Yes, sir,' repeated the bankrupt broker, 'one dollar apiece for every potato I've eaten there!'

"That was the thing that stuck in his craw the day of his failure. You see, he was rather close. I was in his office one day when Bill Travers came in. Harvey was telling us about the first money he ever earned in his life, which was fifty cents that he got on an Erie Canal boat.

"And Travers piped up, 'I b-b-bet you've g-got it yet, H-harvey!'

"Travers' wit was always caustic like that. A fellow broker once said in Travers' hearing, 'I think I'll get married and settle down.'

"'B-b-better stay s-s-single and s-s-settle up!' retorted Bill. It seems the broker owed him a few hundred dollars."

After the Slump

"Harvey Kennedy failed in the forenoon and in the afternoon of the same day he made use of a court injunction for a purpose that had never before been tried in Wall Street, or so the lawyers said at the time. I can't give you the legal points involved or the lawyers' arguments, but I know the injunction was really used to protect Kennedy's stock-market commitments. He enjoined the Bank of North America from disposing of the Chicago and North Western stock carried by the bank as collateral on loans. The suit was brought against Dowd, who was president of the bank.

"Almost all the Northwest stock that had been bought for Tracy's account and other members of the clique in Kennedy's office was thus tied up as tight as a drum. Also a lot of Rock Island and other stocks.

"I have forgotten the details of the legal fight that followed. All I know is that prices broke badly—Cammack and the panic pushers were working overtime—and that the enjoined stocks did not come on the market. The delay in selling out those loans gave Harvey Kennedy valuable time in which to stir himself, and he got a lot of help and in some way managed to induce the bank to accept notes as additional security so that the stock was not sold out at all.

"After the big slump we had a big recovery and prices went kiting up on the resumption of specie payments. It was a fine thing for Kennedy's crowd.

"I remember that when Tracy disappeared from the Street there were some ugly rumors about the treasury of the Rock Island having been looted, and Wall Street was blamed, as usual, for corrupting the morals of railroad presidents by making stock gamblers of them. Well, one day the

(Continued on Page 52)

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TYPE-A SEDAN

Dodge Brothers craftsmanship is evident in every detail.

They have achieved an effect of pleasing smartness, while conforming strictly to the dictates of conservative good taste.

Every item of special equipment is obviously an integral part of the basic design—not an afterthought.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

(Continued from Page 50)

treasurer of the Rock Island company went over to the New York Stock Exchange, carrying with him a lot of huge sealed envelopes. These were opened, and inside were found the time-yellowed certificates of the unissued treasury stock. Tracy was an honest man and his accounts were in good shape, the only muddle being in Kennedy's office, and that was because the brokers did not and could not know that Tracy had lost his mind.

"Paresis works insidiously. I could tell you a story about another president who, while still unsuspected of paresis, signed a contract obligating his company to a certain course that would have resulted in a total loss of twelve million dollars or more. A clerk braved dismissal by holding up the document until physicians had passed on his superior's sanity—and the clerk was right. He became the president of the company exactly eight years later.

"W. L. Scott, of Erie, Pennsylvania, who had Tracy's power of attorney, was well aware of Harvey Kennedy's negotiations with the bank. When prices of stocks recovered and the trend was unmistakably bullish Scott came back at Harvey and demanded the forty thousand shares of Northwest that Tracy bought through Kennedy the day Tracy went crazy. As I recall it now, Scott asserted that the broker had made him agree to make good Tracy's order. Harvey stoutly maintained that Scott had refused positively to accept the stock. Forty thousand shares on which there was now a profit was a stake worth fighting for, and they certainly did.

"I would have you bear in mind that I have been telling a fact story, and now I'll give you one of those incidents you read about in fairy tales but mighty seldom get in Wall Street. One of the customers of Kennedy's came from up the state. He was some sort of judge in Albany, and I used to see him occasionally in Harvey's office. He always went there when he came to town. His name was not Van Cott, but that's what I'll call him.

"While Northwest was pegged at 42 Judge Van Cott bought five hundred shares. He had put up a margin of five thousand dollars, which I heard at the time was about all he had left in the world. Well, when Kennedy's firm failed the price of the stock dropped to below 20, and Judge Van Cott knew he had been sold out when his margin was exhausted.

"When Harvey Kennedy resumed business Judge Van Cott, loyal to his old broker, scraped up some money and began once more to trade in the office in a modest way. He had learned conservatism in the great school of disaster."

A Pleasant Surprise

"Some years passed—two or three—and Judge Van Cott traded with varying but never very great success. One day on one of his visits to the metropolis I found him in Kennedy's office, and we talked about various matters. Harvey came in, saw us, and walked up to the judge.

"'Say, Van,' he said, 'what about that Northwest of yours?'

"'What Northwest of mine?' countered the judge.

"'Why, you know,' said Harvey, surprised. 'The five hundred shares we bought for you at 42. It's 92 now. Don't you want to do something about it?'

"'I haven't got any Northwest,' said Judge Van Cott

"'You have so,' insisted Harvey

"'No,' denied the judge. 'Don't you remember? I had it margined down to 32, and it went down to about 15. I never bought it back.'

"'You didn't have to. That stock was never sold. It was part of that block that the Bank of North America was enjoined from selling out on me.'

"'And I am still long of it?' gasped the judge.

"'Yes.'

"'Five hundred shares at 42?'

"'Yes.'

"'And it's 92 now?'

"'Yes. What are you going to do about it?' asked Kennedy.

Judge Van Cott thought—quite a long time. Then he turned to the broker and said slowly, 'Harvey, if through a miracle that stock was saved for me, another miracle will make it pay for my son's education.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'I mean I'll hold on to it.'

"'Don't tempt Providence, Van,' urged Kennedy.

"'Don't doubt Providence, you mean, don't you, Harvey?'

"But Harvey began to carry on about obstinate customers and criminal hoggishness and the like, and Judge Van Cott just smiled tolerantly.

"Well, sir, the judge held on to that Northwest stock that he had not known he owned. He kept it until it sold above 200 on that boom. When he did get out of it he had a profit of seventy-five thousand dollars. That money was invested in safe bonds and the income from that investment was used to pay for the education of his only son—who, by the way, is now also Judge Van Cott, of Albany, New York. What I have told you is the cold truth. Could such things happen today? The picture I have given you of one brokerage house and of its star customers is as true as my memory can paint it. The times were different. Whether they are better or worse is another matter, but I have learned that the chief objection to progress comes not because it means improvement but because it involves change. The routine of existence is interfered with; friction is introduced; easy pickings are made less easy and less certain."

The Calico Pool

"The old-timers had their ways and when the Stock Exchange began to change rules you heard wails of distress. They have often reminded me of the British statesman's famous complaint after listening to a sermon, that 'things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the domain of private life.' The old traders in a measure fought each other without compunction, gang against gang. The gambling side of market operations was more frankly dealt with. There is considerable difference in the methods used, for example, by S. V. White in the early '80's and by Mr. Jesse Livermore today.

"Deacon S. V. White was an able man, a picturesque character, an exceptionally good stock trader, bold, resourceful, quick, and at times brilliantly successful. He was a versatile man. I always heard that he began life as a trapper and hunter, and the early tradition was that he learned to read and write at a relatively late age. But he was an amateur astronomer of note, could quote Horace, had been admitted to practice law before the New York Supreme Court, was a pillar of Plymouth Church, and altogether he was an unusual man. He failed for over a million dollars once, and within a year he had paid off his creditors in full and was back on the New York Stock Exchange. He was one of the last of the big traders who were also active members of the exchange—I mean bigger than room traders.

"Manners were more primitive in those days, perhaps because methods were cruder. One day as I walked through one of the corridors of the Stock Exchange I came across Harvey Durant and George Bateman confabulating earnestly. It seems they had a joint account in New England with Deacon White. The stock was selling around 65. They were comparing notes and wondering what the trouble was. Every time they tried to put it up somebody would let them have a lot, and they'd be stuck with it. They wanted to get out, and they agreed they couldn't so long as the deacon had his way on the floor. Just about that time S. V. White came along He was jotting down some figures on a small pad. Harvey and George saw, in that, confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ. They were standing by the door of the old coatroom. There was a closet where some of the brokers hung their overcoats. There was a key in the door Well, as the great little man came by, Harvey Durant and George Bateman jumped for him, shoved him into the closet, closed the door, locked it, and hurrying to the floor, began to dump their New England stock unhampered by the absent member of the triumvirate I never knew if there was any justification for their suspicions, but I know I helped to let the deacon out of the closet. Oh, but he was angry! His former associates kept out of his way for some days, but I don't think there was a complaint lodged with the exchange authorities.

"The deacon once ran what they called the Calico Pool, in Lackawanna The reason for the name was that the deacon's chief financial backer or angel was the late John Claflin, the dry-goods man. The deacon accumulated a lot of the stock and with the reduced floating supply it wasn't such a difficult matter to mark up the price.

"Of course the professional traders fought the advance all the way up, and there was plenty of profit taking as well, but the deacon did some very brilliant work and to all appearances his control was not to be shaken.

"There used to be a lot of small newspapers published in Wall Street in those days. Some of them were of value to the Street because they were what you might call the personal organs of one or another of the great operators or of some powerful clique. One of them—I'll call it the Daily Shareholder—was run by a man I'll call Greene.

"While the deacon's Calico Pool in Lackawanna was at work, Greene, who was in Deacon White's confidence, used to publish pithy paragraphs about the stock every day. They ran something like this: 'Today Lackawanna will cross 70.' Or else it might be: 'Today Lackawanna will make a new high record for the year.'

"Well, sir, these daily predictions made good in each and every case. There was not one single slip up. White's manipulation was, as I said, very skillful, and the effect on the Street of Greene's uniformly successful daily predictions about the course of the stock can be imagined. Whoever followed Greene's tip made money. It was not long before Greene's daily prophecy was all the guide certain traders wanted. Greene was conscientious in his writing. He had complete confidence in the deacon, and he printed what the stock would do each day only after White had told him.

"Every day he printed the price which Lackawanna would touch on that day, and it always happened as he said. Then one day the infallible Daily Shareholder printed this item: 'Today Lackawanna will cross par!'

"Well, that was the day the deacon picked to do his unloading on.

"It is unnecessary to say that for days and days, keen-eyed alert traders had been on the watch for signs of unloading by the pool. It is not difficult to put up the price of a stock that you accumulate, but to sell a large block at a profit is not always easy. The public is not always in a buying mood, and the test of a manipulator's skill lies in the distribution rather than in the accumulation. If the floor traders, who feared to be squeezed while the deacon was buying, thought they saw inside selling, they would jump on the stock in the hope of forcing liquidation or of uncovering stops. This watching for telltale signs became more attentive the higher the price went."

Deacon White's Shrewd Move

"When the Street read Greene's item that Lackawanna would cross par that day, nobody doubted it. Why should they? It wasn't any more difficult to achieve than any other of the daily advances had been after the stock sold above 75 or 80. It was plain to the watchful professionals that the deacon was not yet thinking of liquidating. The longer he put it off the harder it would be for him and the fatter the picking for the alert bears.

"Naturally, the deacon had fully considered the crucial point. He had made up his mind when and how to act. He knew what the professionals were waiting for. Of all the traders at that time the plunger par excellence was Charley Woerishoffer. He operated on a tremendous scale at times. He really was too reckless. He was after action rather than profits. He lost huge sums by his plunging, for it seemed he was constitutionally unable to trade in small amounts. This overtrading was apt to be dangerous to his followers, particularly on the bear side, if the opposing bull clique was strong enough to withstand Woerishoffer's furious attacks without breaking. Some of Charley's retreats were known to have cost him millions, but he never grew cautious. He was a dangerous man to follow blindly, but he had made some killings, for he certainly swung a big line.

"On the day the Daily Shareholder confidently predicted that Lackawanna would cross par, Deacon White sought Charley Woerishoffer

"'Mr. Woerishoffer,' said the deacon, 'have you any orders in Lackawanna?'

"Before Charley could imagine what made the deacon ask him such a question he answered, 'No.'

"'Then,' said S. V. White, 'as a member of the Stock Exchange I give you an order to sell forty thousand shares of Lackawanna at the market.'

"According to the ethics of the business and the rules of the Stock Exchange a member who has no orders in a stock is obliged to accept orders from another member either to buy or to sell that stock, without disclosing the identity of his principal.

"There was Charley Woerishoffer, the great plunger, known to be bearish, known not to be friendly to Deacon White, known to have a penchant for knocking the wind out of inflated stocks—and known also to think nothing of losing hundreds of thousands of dollars in an unsuccessful bear drive—there he was with a big selling order in a stock which had had a sensational advance; just the thing to go short of. He had no option but to go into the Lackawanna crowd and begin to sell, as ordered."

Striking Back

"Of course the hawk-eyed traders could construe it in one way only: Charley was trying to break the price. They could see it plainly because Charley just stood there and sold it and sold it until he had put out forty thousand shares. It was short stock and it was going to be some exploit to buy back that same stock without giving Deacon White a chance to do some wonderful squeezing. Charley would find out that the deacon was no slouch of a squeezer. Moreover, Greene, the editor of the Daily Shareholder had predicted that the stock would cross par that day, and he had not made one mistake in the thirty-five or forty daily prophecies to his credit. Therefore the wise professionals and the Street generally refused to follow Woerishoffer's lead. They rather bet against his success. As a result, Woerishoffer sold forty thousand shares without breaking the price much. But he kept the stock from crossing par. It made Greene's readers and followers bombard him with questions. They forgot the Daily Shareholder's forty successes, and harped on the one failure. Why had Greene stated so positively that Lackawanna would cross par that day, when it didn't?

"Of course it soon became known that S. V. White had employed Charley Woerishoffer to unload. Greene saw in the deacon's act not the clever ruse of an expert stock manipulator but rank treachery what today would be called double-crossing. He resented having been used as a tool by the Calico Pool's manager.

"On the day after the deacon's successful sale of his big block of Lackawanna, Greene came out with a vitriolic attack on S. V. White. He did not strive for subtlety. He called the deacon a man absolutely without honor, whose word was worse than worthless. It was one of the severest roasts ever printed about a Wall Street operator, and that is saying something.

"We—I mean the reporters for the other papers—naturally went to see S. V. White about it, and he gave out a statement for publication. It was to the effect that Mr. S. V. White did not see why anybody should take seriously the utterances of a man who was an escaped convict and still had time to serve in a Michigan penitentiary.

"Well, we printed that; and the next morning Greene came out in the Shareholder with his reply. As near as I can remember, it was as follows:

"'No one, not even my own brother, knew about that incident in my life to which S. V. White has referred no one except S. V. White. It is true that I was guilty. I was starving and I stole some carpenter's tools to exchange for food. I was tried and convicted and sentenced to a term in jail, and I escaped. I can only say that S. V. White yesterday violated a confidence he had solemnly pledged himself never to reveal.'

"A long time after that episode I was talking with the deacon, and the conversation drifted to the old Calico Pool. He told me, earnestly:

"'A man cannot live without doing things that he afterward is sorry for, but I can tell you that the one action that I regret most of all in my life is the giving out of that statement to you reporters

(Continued on Page 57)

for WALLS

WHEN cracks, blisters, lath-marks or any other ugly defects show up in walls and ceilings, it's too late to avoid them—the repairs must be made—the bills must be paid. Stop wall and ceiling troubles at the start. Investigate the materials that go into them. Know what's under the paint and paper in your home.

Beaver American Plaster, Plaster Board, Building Block and other gypsum products, during the past 25 years, have stood the test of time in thousands of buildings such as Railway Exchange Bldg., St. Louis; Wrigley Bldg., Chicago; Statler Hotel, Buffalo—where quality was demanded.

Beaver Plaster Wall Board—approved by the National Fire Underwriters' Laboratories—has also proved its superior construction. Get a sample. Compare it.

Beaver Fibre Wall Board—the original and only all-spruce wall board. Has six definite advantages. They are reasons why you should look for the Red Beaver Border on every panel.

Beaver Tile Board provides durable, glistening tile walls at a tenth of the cost.

You can *know* what goes into *your* walls and ceilings. Let us supply you with samples of Beaver Wall materials—prove for yourself their absolute dependability—their lasting economy.

for ROOFS

ROOF troubles, too, can be avoided. There is good roofing and poor roofing. There is a right and wrong type for every building—a proper design and color for each. Get a sample of Beaver Vulcanite Roofing. Then, twist it. Bend it. Throw it on the floor. Jump on it. Kick it. Scuff it. Soak it in water. Lay it on ice. Then pour hot water on it. Put burning embers on it. Convince yourself that Beaver Vulcanite will more than stand the tests of actual use.

Slate-Surfaced Shingles and Slabs meet every requirement of color, design, durability and economical application.

Special Re-Roofing Shingles—big, thick, tough, fire-safe slabs to be used over old roofs. Write for description and sample.

Slate and Smooth-Surfaced Roll Roofings in weights and finishes for every use—each of Beaver Vulcanite's lasting quality.

Our free book "Style in Roofs" helps you select the roof that will give you the most in protection, attractiveness and service. Write for it today.

Built-to-Order Roofs—the most modern and successful specifications for building up roofs on business and industrial buildings. Vulcanite-quality materials add assurance of dependability. Write for file-size booklet of approved architect's specifications.

BEAVER PRODUCTS

Avoid Building Mistakes!

—write for these free books

Let these free books guide you in the proper selection of Wall and Roofing materials. They may save you many dollars. Check and mail the coupon for any or all of them.

CLIP COUPON

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Dept. A-8A
Buffalo, New York (or)
Thorold, Ontario (Canada for)
London, England.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following books

- ☐ "Helpful Hints on Use of Gypsum Plaster"
- ☐ "Gypsum Block for Partitions"
- ☐ "Plaster Board—the Modern Lathing"
- ☐ "Plaster Board—the Modern Sheathing"
- ☐ "Beaver Plaster Wall Board"
- ☐ "Beautifying With Beaver Wall Board"
- ☐ "Style in Roofs"
- ☐ "The Re-Roofing Shingle"
- ☐ "The Autumn Blend Shingle"
- ☐ "Roll Roofings of Quality"
- ☐ "Built-to-Order Specifications"

Name

Address

City

State

VITAL RESOURCES

that can -not fail

NO market fluctuations affect the Ford Motor Company's materials, resources, men or machines. They are free from outside manipulation.

The sovereign essentials of industry cannot fail the Company, as it has control over the five basic elements of man's produc-

Hydro-Electric Power Plant at the Twin Cities Plant of the Ford Motor Company, St. Paul, Minnesota

tivity: iron, coal, timber, transportation, and power.

All these basic elements are made available just when needed, because from the mining of the ore to the buyer's first ride behind the wheel, one management determines the policy and directs every effort.

In providing for its gigantic power requirements the company has seen the fundamental wisdom of harnessing the economical energy of waterpowers.

Only in recent years has waterpower been extensively used in manufacture, but leading the way in this development already ten Ford factories are Hydro-Electrically operated. The largest and most recent of these is at the Twin Cities Plant, where four turbines normally supply 18,000 horsepower.

Like its waterpowers, the many other basic Ford resources are the vital factors in the motorizing of civilization. They are the tools of usefulness held in faithful trust for the betterment, the greater prosperity and progress of the masses of mankind.

Ford Motor Company

Owning and operating coal and iron mines, timber lands, saw mills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, blast furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garnet mines, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds

Red Star has lifted the OIL STOVE to the front rank of modern cooking devices. In beauty; in sanitary cleanliness; in ease of operation; in economy; in fast cooking, it equals the most modern gas range.

The RED STAR is an OIL STOVE, but DIFFERENT. It has NO WICKS or wick substitutes. It cooks and bakes with GAS heat produced by the patented RED STAR burners.

There is a size of RED STAR for every need, and a price for every purse. If you do not know the RED STAR dealer, write us for his name and the RED STAR booklet.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY · DETROIT, MICHIGAN

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

(Continued from Page 52)

about Greene. I always have regretted it and I always shall.' He shook his head dismally; then he said more to himself than to me, 'But it's too late! Too late! That was an awful thing to do!'

"Some years afterward the deacon started a deal, in July corn, I think. He cornered it and ran the price up from thirty-two cents to seventy-five cents. There was a great deal printed about that deal in the papers. Afterward there was a lot of talk about Chicago grain brokers' having played the deacon false, but the deal was foredoomed to failure. I recall that on August first Greene wrote just one line in big type across the first page of the Daily Shareholder. It was:

"'GOOD MORNING, MR. WHITE.'

"At eleven o'clock that morning Deacon S. V. White failed. The July corn pool was busted, and Greene had his revenge.

"How does that strike you for a true story of Wall Street in the old days?"

In the old days, resumed John K. Wing, as you will have gathered, the great stock plungers—the so-called Napoleons of Wall Street whose reigns were apt to be tragically short—ran to railroad stocks because that was then our main development. The railroad was the symbol of progress, of the national greatness. It represented our principal need. There were subdivisions among the traders, as, for example, the men who controlled the anthracite roads, the so-called coal barons. They made fabulous fortunes because they bet on the United States—bet all they had. The money wasn't visible to ordinary sight then, and I've often thought a great story of vision and of faith in that vision could be told of men like Moses Taylor, Sam Sloan, Henry Chittenden and their associates. I have heard wonderful tales about some of the men who afterward became execrated millionaires because they held on to their stocks through long periods of starvation. One family lived in a single furnished room and subsisted on crackers and cheese for weeks at a time, all the while believing in the kindness of Providence and in the future profits of the anthracite companies. They used to hold conferences that were more like family councils than meetings of soulless corporations. They would talk about what the companies were bound to do some day—not the officials or the promoters, but the stockholders, the paupers of the moment. At one of these gatherings ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, said, "Take an ordinary map of the United States and with the end of your thumb you can cover the entire anthracite-producing territories of the world. Gentlemen, you will live to see the day when this stock"—Central Railroad of New Jersey—"will sell at one hundred dollars a share."

The Rise of the Industrials

Outsiders thought it the prediction of an overenthusiastic boomer, but his fellow fans thought he was too conservative—which he was. They needed to encourage each other during the foodless period of their coal baronies and starving families did by spending ghost money—the anthracite dividend that had not yet materialized. The coal barons did a lot of starving before they were really ready for lynching.

The historical period, speaking in a stock-market sense, that began when I first went to work for a stockbroker, marked a great change from old times. The market began to broaden, the number of issues traded in increased, and the classes of securities included new industries as well as old. It was an era of industrial consolidations. The captain of industry was discovered and, for a time, exalted. Big business became less of a phrase and more of a commercial attitude. We had flourished through our agricultural exports. We now began to dream of competition in manufactures with the rest of the world. We recapitalized our vast resources, and the captain of industry cashed in.

In those days industrial stocks were not first-class collateral. The more venturesome banks allowed the brokers to put in 10 per cent or at the most 20 per cent of industrial securities in the loans. As collateral they did not move in the same social circles with the rails. Today this is all changed; but that is another story.

Wall Street previous to '96 differed less from the Wall Street of two or even three decades earlier than the Wall Street of 1915 differed from the Wall Street of 1905. There was still the institution of leading commission houses. One brokerage firm after another became leader; and always these houses were leaders because their customers were a few supertraders. They did not cater to the public. They did not realize the change that must come. They preferred ten customers who traded in ten thousand shares apiece than a hundred customers of a thousand shares' capacity each. It was the same old clique business, though the public began to play an increasingly important part in the distributing processes.

The rebound after the Bryan depression of '96 brought the new era. Prosperity overflowed the banks and covered the land with new dollars. Infant industries became industrial Titans overnight and the big men came into Wall Street in hordes. They were not unlike the crowd of self-made millionaires that had gathered in Harvey Kennedy's rear office. Elementally they were brothers—Americans all.

The Flower Boom

When I went to work for Mr. Devlin the big house in Wall Street was Flower & Co., and the leader of the Street was Roswell P. Flower. He was the brother-in-law of Henry Keep, the great operator of the '60's, whose successful coups in old Southern and other stocks became at the same time the Waterloos of the Napoleons of the period. Keep was a taciturn man who was nicknamed William the Silent. The older he grew and the wiser, the less he spoke and the richer he became. He got so that he used to stand near his chief broker and every time he wished to buy one thousand shares he simply would give his broker's coat tail a yank. He often gave out tenjerk orders. He not only made millions in the stock market but died rich.

Roswell P. Flower became the most popular leader the stock market ever had. He really had trained for the job all his life. He was born poor and made a great deal of money; but by also going into politics he kept up his valuable contacts with the public. He looked like what he was—a countryman—every farmer not only liked him but saw himself in Roswell P. Flower's place. As a Democrat he was elected governor of the state of New York and as a broker he was the trusted friend of the greatest aggregation of capitalists in the country. He was a shrewd man with vision and nerve, and, moreover, was blessed with the face and figure of a bucolic philosopher. He was more than typically American; he was picturesquely ours; the prototype of David Harum. He could tell stories and had the knack of listening to anyone who had information to give. He had a way of uttering aphorisms that anybody could understand and repeat. After the Bryan scare of '96 there was needed a robust optimism, for aggressive patriotism, as it were, and Roswell P. Flower had the qualities necessary to assume the rôle of leader. It was not only in the stock market but in business that there was a demand for common sense and for the sturdy Americanism of our earlier empire builders. So, after the free-silver heresy and the demagoguery of certain Democrats, it was Governor Flower's privilege, himself a Democrat, to call the attention of ninety millions of his countrymen to the fact that money-making was once more in order. He was the publicity director of one of our greatest booms.

"Stop stepping on the shirt tail of progress, hollering whoa!" he said, and bankers and promoters everywhere began to perk up.

"Don't fight the trusts. Go into them. It pays better," he advised; and stocks went up like released balloons. To the public the speech and the rise were cause and effect, and they followed R. P. Flower blindly after that, in the stock market. Money could be made there. Hadn't he made millions? And his customers, the Rockefellers?

His manipulation was simple not because he was not skillful but because it was what the time and the public called for. You must remember that he was identified with the management of the companies whose stocks he bulled at the top of his voice. He was a business man, a banker, an expert in corporations as well as a market manipulator. Keene, on the other hand, was only interested in the market course of stocks in which he might be trading at the moment.

A favorite remark of Governor Flower was, "If you wish a stock to go up, buy it." To the public this was a way of saying, "I'm buying this stock because it is going higher," and the Flower buying was never disguised. The selling was not published. His market position was always bullish—just as politically he was a Democrat. He was a professional optimist. To lead Americans one must be constructive—that is, bullish.

He had a wonderful following. His intimates were the Rockefellers, H. H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, D. O. Mills, H. H. Porter, Anthony N. Brady, R. R. Cable, C. K. G. Billings and others—rulers of millions who were identified with the control of the properties the governor bulled.

The great exploit of Roswell P. Flower was to bring the public to Wall Street. After so many dull years the American public had forgotten how to speculate in stocks. The path to the market had grown weeds from disuse. The Flower boom cleaned it. It brought back buyers—a new generation of speculators, who began to take on stocks; old stocks at first; then new stocks; then any stocks. The development of this buying power led to the manufacture of new securities. The easiest way to do this was by consolidating old companies. The Flower party formed the Federal Steel Company. It was so successfully sold to the public, with the aid of the greatest advertising engine in the world—the ticker—that other and greater consolidations followed until the United States Steel Corporation was formed.

That I really think was Governor Flower's achievement—to show the public the way back to the stock market. The commission houses, which up to that time had been unchanged in character for a decade or two, now became brokers who catered to the general public instead of to small cliques of rich men. Of course the change did not come all at once but it began with McKinley's election in 1896.

The Steel Industry Reorganized

After the Flower boom we had a resting spell following the death of the great leader and then we had the biggest boom of all. In lieu of the railroad builders such as gathered in Harvey Kennedy's office, we had the steel millionaires—much the same type of men. They were aggressive, resourceful, imaginative, and so rich that money literally ceased to mean anything to them. They not only made millions overnight but they kept up night after night. John W. Gates, seeing the success of Federal Steel, formed the American Steel and Wire, greatly overcapitalizing that industry, as he thought. It was not long before he formed a new and greater American Steel and Wire, with a capitalization that dazed even the promoters—and it paid from the start.

Another crowd formed a company, paid twice too much for the constituent companies in cash and in 7 per cent preferred stock and gave an ocean of common stock as a bonus. But there was a clause that permitted the company to retire the preferred stock at 105. It was worth, according to the promoters, anything over 50 that you could get for it. But the company made so much money that the inside clique began its classic campaign. They gave out bull tips on the preferred stocks and bought all the way up from 70, knowing they had a sure buyer for it at 105. They also bought all the common they could get. It had been given as a bonus. It was all water—and it was earning between 10 and 20 per cent. So the clique first made money through their purchases of preferred which they retired at 105; and then they put up the common that had cost them nothing to begin with and was now a great income producer. A little later they sold it to the United States Steel Corporation for many millions. They say Mr. Morgan balked at paying the price asked, until his attention was called to the amount of actual cash on hand the company had that could be used to fight the new corporation. Mr. Morgan paid for peace.

These men, made rich by the boom, made stock-market history. They were the last of the invading barbarians. Methods began to change. It was time.

They took quickly to the game. They were scornful of precedent, impatient of traditions. They no more feared to lose money than they hated to lose a bad cold. To these men as to all great operators of all periods money meant so many markers. Millions were made to be risked. The bigger the stakes the bigger the winnings; the greater the sport. Afraid to lose? To lose

See what you buy—
know that it is clean

IT IS only natural for you to want to see the tooth brush you buy. Usually this means handling an unprotected brush—or opening a carton and exposing one. Other people do the same thing. This continually exposes most tooth brushes to dangerous, unsanitary handling.

The Owens Staple-tied Tooth Brush can be seen without such exposure! It is protected for you in a clear, transparent glass container.

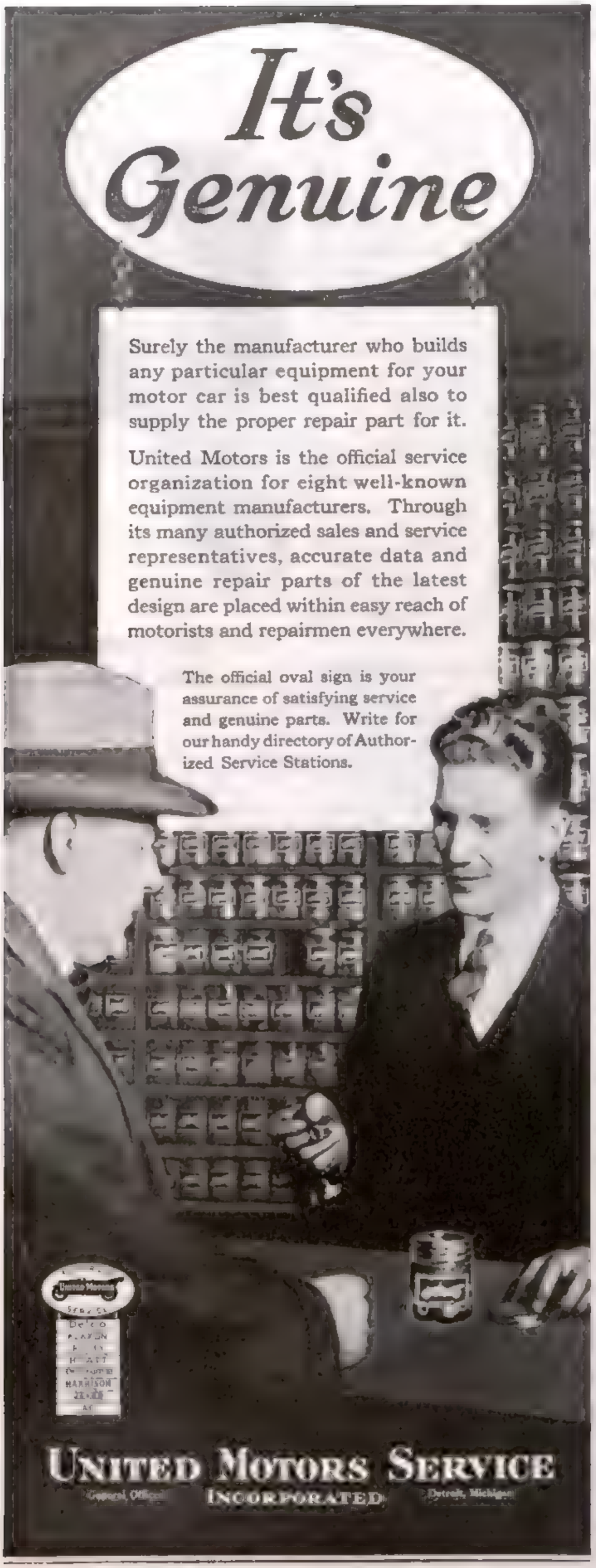
Clean, beautifully made and correctly designed by dental authorities, the Owens Tooth Brush offers you unprecedented value! Bristles and handles are the finest used in any tooth brush. The Staple-tied method of manufacture produces a brush unequaled for long service!

With all these advantages—*plus the glass container*, the Owens Staple-tied Tooth Brush costs you no more than ordinary tooth brushes. 30, 40 and 50 cents each, in child's, youth's and adult's sizes. *See* it at your druggist's.

Important

Every Owens Tooth Brush is delivered to the customer in a sanitary glass container. This method of packing is the most sanitary ever devised for tooth brushes, and the glass container is meant to be thrown away when the tooth brush has been removed.

OWENS
Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH
THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO


It's Genuine
Surely the manufacturer who builds any particular equipment for your motor car is best qualified also to supply the proper repair part for it.
United Motors is the official service organization for eight well-known equipment manufacturers. Through its many authorized sales and service representatives, accurate data and genuine repair parts of the latest design are placed within easy reach of motorists and repairmen everywhere.
The official oval sign is your assurance of satisfying service and genuine parts. Write for our handy directory of Authorized Service Stations.
UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED

what, a day's wages? If they couldn't beat the stock market they could make all the money they wanted by going back to their old business, couldn't they?

Of course, to such men the Stock Exchange became a Monte Carlo. The public was less informed then and the exchange was more tolerant. The chief plungers were still the big gamblers, and their business, being enormous, was too profitable for the firms whose star customers they were, to give up.

There were too many healthy reactions because these plungers were there to win and that was the way they played. Manipulative devices today forbidden were used without let or hindrance. Brokers washed and matched and marked prices up or down. That was, say, in 1900.

I was talking to a retired broker the other day in Atlantic City—a clean honest man who would no more have broken a rule of the exchange than he would have murdered a man for money. He was the board member of one of the most active commission houses in the Street in his day and was himself probably the most popular broker of his generation.

Talking about the changes in customers and in brokers, he said:

"It is very difficult to say who was the greatest plunger of all. I've heard old brokers speak about some of the Civil War plungers men whose names meant absolutely nothing to me; and I've known personally the big traders of my day, men like Keene, and Cammack, and Osborn and Woerishoffer and others. Personally I think that John W. Gates was as big as any of them.

"He was a customer of ours. That is, we were one of several houses through whom he dealt. He was a most unusual man. I heard Governor Flower say once that he thought John Gates was the most interesting man he had ever listened to. He grew up in the steel and wire business in St. Louis and Chicago at a time when everything went, from bribing aldermen to smashing competitors. There wasn't any trick of the trade in either the manufacturing or the selling end that John Gates did not know. Competitors got so that they stopped fighting him. It was cheaper to let him help himself to whatever they had that he wanted.

"He knew the stock-market game pretty well, but always as an outsider. I mean, he didn't make it a tool to work with to the degree that other men have—like Keene in my day or Livermore today. You see, he could never quite forget that he was a business man, a manufacturer, a buyer and seller, and as such concerned with the company's business as well as with the stock's behavior.

"At the time John decided to form the second American Steel and Wire Company he was our biggest customer—and we had some mighty big plungers in the office, at that. The story I am about to tell you will illustrate how much methods have changed in twenty years.

"John was in our office one day and sent word he wanted to see me. They telephoned me and I left the floor and went over to the office. He explained to me that certain plans of his made it necessary for him to have a certain amount of the outstanding stock in his possession, not contracts, you understand, but the actual stock. He knew exactly where every share of the stock was.

"I listened to him. When he had explained the situation he proceeded to give me his orders direct, as though he were running my office. He said, 'Look here, Eddie. Cochrane, Moyle & Co. have a block of this stock that I absolutely need, and the sooner I get it the better. You go in there'—he meant the Steel and Wire crowd—'and offer it down. Make it close as low as you can. But, for the love of Mike, don't lose any stock!'

"Well, I went back to the board and did as ordered by my customer. There wasn't any law against a practice that custom had sanctioned. You know how it was done. I made a lot of noise in the last minute or two of the trading, and the last price was the lowest of the day. That was the job that had been given me to do and I did it. To the uninitiated, it looked as if the stock was offered freely at the lowest figure of the week.

The weak closing would make talk of the kind that John Gates wanted.

"It didn't work. That is, it didn't bring out the stock I wanted. Cochrane, Moyle & Co.'s men never came near the A. S. & W. post.

"The next day I hung around, seeing to it that the appearance of ominous weakness did not leave the patient. I recall that Billy Thatcher, one of the active room traders, hearing me yelling my head off, came in. He wanted to sell a thousand shares short, and he'd have done it, too, if I hadn't been a friend of his. But I said to him, 'Get away from here!'

"'Huh?' says Bill.

"'Don't butt in. Get out and stay out,' I told him.

"Bill understood at once. He said, 'That's all right, Eddie, but I'm short six hundred shares.'

"'Then cover,' I told him, and left the market to him. He knew I must have some kind of an order in the stock that made me talk with authority, so he covered as low as he could.

"All the depressing I was able to do, such as closing it low and weak every night, had absolutely no effect on Cochrane, Moyle & Co. We didn't get their stock.

"One night at the office John Gates said to me, 'Eddie, try the other way and see what that does. Close it up strong. I simply have to have that stock. Run up the price. Maybe the profit will tempt them.'

"At the opening the next morning I did as John said. I hurrahed until I was black in the face and foamed at the mouth like a real bull, but I got no stock. The floor traders hung around, but their unsolicited help was equally ineffective. I made that stock look as strong as any white man would wish, but it didn't do me any good.

"One day, when I was resting my larynx, Bob Cochrane came in and asked the specialist, 'Say, George, what's going on here?'

"'Nothing much,' said George Buel; the specialist. 'Just a lot of traders letting off an accumulation of hot air.'

"'Is that so?' said Cochrane.

"'No, sir,' I cut in with dignity, 'I've been buying it. I am bullish on it.'

"I looked so challengingly at him that he must have thought I had a lot of stock to sell.

"'You are?' he asked, and smiled.

"'Yes, I am,' I answered. 'I'll give 35 for any part of five thousand.'

"'Sold the lot!' yelled Bob Cochrane.

"I looked staggered for a moment. Then I yelled, 'Thirty-five for any part of five thousand!'

"'A thousand at a quarter!' said Bob. But I shook my head and stopped bidding.

"So Bob said, 'A thousand at 35!' and I took it. That was the six thousand shares Gates needed. Bob went away as pleased as anything, and so did I. That wasn't manipulation, strictly speaking, but you will admit that such an order today would not be either given or accepted. The public is better protected, and the relations between broker and customer are on a different plane."

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

the Baggage Room and rent the Room to the Next 1 on the Waiting List and let them Look At Their Room and then Start Them off Around the Golf Course and keep on Doing It, until I get Tired of Taking the Money.

It's a Good Plan to Always keep a Few Waiting, for Bait. Most Folks always Like Best some thing that's Hard to Get & Costs Money, the More the Better.

There's only 8 or 10 Rooms in the Blue Rock Inne, counting the Office—the Littlest and Highest Priced Hotel in Arizona and some times I've got them All Rented 8 or 10 times to Different People all at Once and all of them out Playing some where Around the 23 Mile Greasewood Golf Course, Camping Out at Night and Thinking they are Having a Hell of a Time. I guess maybe they are. I know I am Taking in $25 a Day from 75 to 100 Different People All at Once with a 8 Room Hotel.

—*Dick Wick Hall,*
Imitator Inne Keeper

629

Specify **Edison MAZDA Auto Lamps**

EDISON MAZDA Auto Lamps are dependable. Buy them by the kit. The kit contains five spare lamps—two for headlights and one each for side, dash and tail lights. It can be kept in the pocket or tool box of a car. Any garage, service station or store which handles Edison MAZDA Auto Lamps will quickly supply you with a kit containing the *right* type and size of lamp for each socket of your car.

Edison MAZDA Auto Lamps are

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Rickenbacker

A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME

Announce in addition to the famous "6" a Vertical 8 Super-fine

Incorporating the same skill and experience that have made Rickenbacker a world leader in an amazingly short space of time, this new Rickenbacker Vertical "8-Superfine" sets a still higher standard in cars for those who desire more and can pay more.

Following features are unique in this Eight:—

Dual Carburetion; Dual Ignition; Dual Air Intake, Dual Exhaust; Dual Muffler; Dual Oil Cooling System; Dual Gasoline Feed; Dual Car-Lock.

In quality, it upholds every tradition of this house and is destined to add new lustre to the world-famous insignia.

A limited number of these Vertical "8-Superfine" models will be available. If you would be one of the Elect —place your order at once. Better see your Rickenbacker dealer today.

RICKENBACKER MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BALISAND

(Continued from Page 23)

thumping tails on the floor, and, with the pancake in his fingers, the foxhounds were riotously shouldering his knees. Richard Bale broke the cake into equal parts; but, in the lurchings that followed, a fight began between a hound named Bombo and another, Fife. He watched their vicious struggle for a little. With no intention of having either injured for fox-hunting, he soon beat them apart. Suddenly impatient Richard drove the hounds into the hall; there the doors stood open to the lawn, and, from a window, he watched them stream across the grass. They set his horse, Diggery, into a fresh stamping and pulling at the halter. Diggery, the best race horse he had ever owned! His last race had been against Ancaster Stirling, owned by Bradlock Wiatt. Diggery had won—after setting a tremendous pace in the final, a four-mile, heat—but, Richard judged, at too great a charge upon his courage and endurance. However, in the three years before that, he had made close to five thousand pounds for the Bale stable.

Time went that way, in an ebb like the North River returning to the sea. Why, Charles Todd had been dead for more than a year! The fox-hunt that, in effect, had killed him was in January, 1792, and it was now '93. Charles had been thrown, and, wandering half dazed in a frozen swamp, was discovered too late ever to be brought back to warmth again. A year and three months already; and it was nine years but a few weeks since Lavinia had—had died at Todd Hundred. He shrank from that fatal moment in a physical and mental pain which time, it began to appear, was powerless to dull. He ought to recover from that, he told himself—this had become a familiar admonition with him—and resolutely he put from his mind all thought of the past.

Instead, he began again to reflect on the curious and unpredictable situation then, especially connected with the foreign world, occupied by the United States. This wasn't, with Richard Bale, an abstract or political question; for, precisely to the degree that it affected the country, it formed and influenced him. Nothing more difficult, where he was concerned, could have been imagined: in effect, he had to choose an alliance either with French ideas or English principles. The problem of the United States was presented to him in that sole alternative. Gloucester County was remote from the great world of Philadelphia and Boston and New York; news reached it but slowly; yet, in the present excitement and unrest, there were wide, swift currents of rumours, of passions and fears, that bore with them an unparalleled circulation of facts.

He had heard, for example, almost immediately, of the landing of Genêt, the new Envoy from the States-General of republican France; and, though in that respect the Tidewater had been more conservative than the reports showed the rest of the country to be, there had been a flare, like that of a great fat-pine fire, of enthusiasm for the triumph of the principle of freedom. The whole progress of the French Revolution, Richard remembered, had been followed in America with a natural intentness and approval. He had been, at first, one with this; but, at the execution of Louis XVI, the frenzied brutal murder which followed, doubts entered his complacent acceptance of the admirable similitude between the cases of France and the United States.

He was sure of this, however, that the Proclamation of Neutrality issued by Washington on the day Genêt had appeared was a necessary and heroic act. No one, he thought, had any conception of a separate and honourable unity for the States except the General. The neutrality, with the training of his military years and Federal convictions, he embraced; and he regarded with amazement and detestation the almost universal and wholly hysterical cry raised against the President; but the problems connected with that and the nation—if one could be said to exist, with himself, were far more involved:

He was, by tradition of family and old ties of blood, sympathetic with England. Nevertheless, he had, throughout the Revolution, fought the British with all the burning energy he could command. That had shown him, if it were further required, that he was, fundamentally, American; or rather, as he would have put it at the time, a Virginian. Richard had struggled for an independence from England; life had become unthinkable under all other terms; and such a liberty he had helped to win. That, too, was clear. He remembered, now, the indispensable services of France in the struggle of the American States for a sovereignty in common or divided; the memory of French officers of the highest courage and unselfishness filled him with admiration and gratitude. Without them, without their devotion and the money they had brought, it was conceivable that England would have been victorious.

And that gave him what was, undoubtedly, an ungrateful thought: to what extent had just such a possible English defeat moved Louis XVI? Had he sent assistance to a cause of justice, or was it no more than a part of his policy in Europe? However, his forces had come, his best soldiers had fought shoulder to shoulder with Richard Bale; and the king himself had paid the last price of human fallibility. He was gone, his court and civilization were swept away in blood, and the States-General, the people, ruled in his place.

All that, of course, had been reflected—no, eagerly swallowed—by the United States. Mr. Jefferson, after his five years in France, had returned with an enormous enthusiasm for the French Republic, and this he had insistently spread. He was the head of the French spirit, the French party, really, in America; and that in itself, for Richard, served as a warning. It was Hamilton who had urged neutrality on the President, and, as usual, Jefferson opposed him with his customary obstructionist doctrines. Jefferson had declared that such a proclamation lay outside the powers of the executive but belonged to Congress, and he advised delay.

That was no more, everyone knew, than an attack on the President; and a deep pleasure, an increased affection and confidence, had possessed Richard Bale at the firm superiority of Washington. Genêt, certainly, had made a fool of himself; his conduct was small recommendation for the purpose he served. He had, for instance, been guilty of absolute impropriety, of insolence to the Government, in making the French consuls at Charleston into prize courts, and fitting out there, with South Carolina men and supplies, two privateers. He had justified this, inevitably, by loud references to the 1778 Treaty with France; he had wept over the common cause of the people of France and the United States. But that treaty had been with the Monarchy and not with a set of savages in ridiculous caps with a new and bastard cockade

Genêt was now on his way North, to present, at such a late hour, his credentials to Washington; but meanwhile he acted with every circumstance of an accredited ambassador. Yet this, Richard was forced to admit, had been thrust on him; the public, it appeared, had gone stark mad in their acceptance of everything that was French. And that alone had held Richard Bale away—he had little respect or liking for public opinion or the mass of the people. He avoided them and clung to the Federalism of General Washington. And, with that established, his position, his opinion, would have been secure if only the English were reasonably decent. But they weren't. Their conduct was again—as though they had learned nothing from the late war—actually unbearable. The British, with their peculiar insular blindness, were as objectionable, in their arbitrary interference with American trade, as was Genêt.

Still Richard had to choose between one set of sympathies or the other, between the principles of Jefferson and his extreme republicanism or Washington's. There was, certainly, no question of Richard's individual preference; he didn't waver in his Federal allegiance; but there were aspects of the American situation unhappily transcending a personal or inherited view. It was no longer simply a question of Washington or Jefferson—a need had risen for him to make a decision from which all the old powerful supports had been cut. His independence had been created in 1783; but now, for the first time, he was experiencing the difficulties of a sudden and unprecedented isolation. His mind, and not his instincts, had been called into action, and he was far more familiar with the latter than with the first. The truth was that the French and English were equally impossible. If he denied the Republic of France—which in the end, he began to see, he must do he would be cursed as an enemy to the race that had sustained him in the most desperate of hours.

But, contrarily, to renounce what was so widely condemned now as a British sympathy would throw him into the company of all the ideas and men that by nature he distrusted. He had fought the English; he would be very willing to fight them again, Richard assured himself; with them the issue was clear—a struggle against tyranny and unlawful privilege; but God knew where any bond with the present French might lead. He was more at home, it seemed, fighting with England than he could ever be fraternizing with the republic in France.

Such a debate was as uncommon as it was difficult, and he was very much relieved when he began to see that, for him, really there was no question, no possibility or need of changing his fundamental convictions with a changed America. The superficial appearance of an English bias was, at bottom, an authentic allegiance to the United States.

He had moved out to the portico, where he was seated, squarely facing the North River, and at a stir behind him, he half turned, and saw Morryson Bale. His uncle, not a tall man, was moderately fat, with a large round head which seemed soft, indefinite in outline; and his face bore blotches of deep brown; a condition that, together with a constant irritability, came from a disturbance of the liver. His head, in reality, had the look of a slightly rotted apple, but his hands were small and finely made, though they shook in an extreme palsy.

"Diggery is tied too short," he immediately proclaimed, showing his age in an insecure step and by the cautious way he lowered himself to a chair. "You're not fit to have a horse as good as that was. Why can't you mend your niggers?"

Richard, in reply, told him something of what, in regard to the affairs of France and England and America, he had been considering.

"Citizen Jefferson," the older Bale commented with a snigger. This, it was plain, gave him an extended satisfaction, for he repeated the phrase with another name, "Citizen Madison. What have the men in Gloucester been saying about this damned foreign ragout?"

"They are Federalist, in the main," Richard replied; "I mean around here. But if you go only a few miles it's different. You might suppose that Richmond was Paris and the Legislature a States-General. This fever will have to die before we can see what's happened. The country's safe while we have Washington, but afterwards ——"

He made a gesture of uncertainty at what then might develop.

"Liberty, equality, brotherhood." Morryson Bale persisted in extracting a satirical entertainment from the current celebrated phrases of men's freedom. "There is this to be said about the Colony—that men like Berkeley; yes, and Culpepper and Lord Howard of Effingham—had a government that could deal with such foolery. There was no Freneau or Bache with his filthy sheets while they were in power."

"That may be true," Richard answered abruptly; "but we can never get back to it."

His uncle wasn't so positive that it couldn't be managed.

"Hamilton would like nothing better," he declared. "And John Adams could endure a crown on his coach."

"You sound like a republican!" Richard complained. The other objected to such a French term, but Richard Bale moodily explained that it was becoming American. "The Democrat-Republicans," he continued. "They are being organized as an opposition to the Federalists."

Morryson Bale's opinion was that they would do as well to continue the former terms, Whig and Tory.

"Everybody knows what they mean—Marshall's a Tory, and Madison, damn him, turned Whig. Edmund Randolph is a Whig at heart, and Monroe . . . and you're a Tory."

A Serious Question-Making You Laugh

"The question of short comedies is a serious one," writes one of America's foremost newspaper motion picture critics. "Comedies are hard to make. Harder, it would seem to me, than dramatic features."

Right. Absolutely. There are few pictures harder to make than a good comedy, even if it does take but fifteen minutes to half an hour to see it. But few pictures are half so good a treat as a good comedy.

Educational is beginning its fifth year as a national distributor of comedies and other Short Subjects exclusively. Experience counts for as much in motion pictures as in any other field of endeavor. You can count on the Educational Pictures trade-mark more than ever during the next season as your best guarantee of diversified amusement—of Real Entertainment.

As for the fun pictures, you can again laugh at the Lloyd Hamilton Comedies, at Christie, Mermaid, Tuxedo, Juvenile and Cameo Comedies. And there will be a new group of Walter Hiers Comedies and a series of Bobby Vernon Comedies, as well as Lyman H. Howe's Hodge-Podge and Earl Hurd Cartoon Comedies. Kinograms will bring you the news of the world in pictures twice a week.

Look for the Educational Pictures trade-mark in the theatre lobby.

DOING BUSINESS with a tire merchant displaying this Federal Authorized Sales Agency Sign guarantees you the fullest measure of tire quality backed by a lasting and practical dealer service.
The Federal Dealer has been appointed for his business standing and for his ability and desire to serve you. He has chosen Federals because he knows Federal quality gives the kind of satisfaction that will bring him your continued patronage.
AUTHORIZED SALES AGENCY
FEDERAL
EXTRA SERVICE
TIRES

"I am not," Richard flatly contradicted him; "I'm a Federalist. You seem to have forgotten what has happened in the last twenty years."

"Washington is a Tory," Morryson asserted.

"General Washington is as free from England as—as Edmond Charles Genêt." Anger invaded him. "You talk like the old king's men you belong to."

"You are young," the elder Bale proceeded, "and things go to your head. You can't look back and so you don't see forward. How could you be a judge of conditions with a horse tied as short as that? You can't run your plantation rightly. No, and neither can that Quaker you've got for overseer. Is there a servant here who can polish a boot? There isn't. In my time you'd have been a disgrace to a fox hunt. Even in Gloucester, then, a gentleman wore bags until he was on his horse. You have to get a woman to mix your toddy, and when you get it you're hardly fit to drink with no more than a bowl you're as dull as a fish."

That, at any rate, Richard remarked, hadn't been a difficulty of his.

"I could drink," Morryson Bale admitted complacently. "I remember sitting down at dinner in the afternoon and getting up the next morning. Getting up! Yes, and then following the hounds! I could ride better drunk than you sober. And dance - I'd have danced with a wooden leg. If you lived in a society worth the name, never dancing a decent step, you couldn't get into the houses. I'm not surprised women don't seem to like you—I'm not!"

An expression of pain narrowed Richard Bale's eyes and hardened his mouth.

"Very well," he said, after a long silence, "we might as well let this go. I did . . . a number of years back."

But Morryson Bale was indefatigable.

"They let you go," he corrected his nephew. "We are an unpleasant family of men," he further observed; "I don't see any lack of that in you, I must say. But there's your mother in you as well as Bale. And Celia, Celia Tucker, had a character of her own. Quieter than us. We all thought your father would never marry, with waiting so long. But the day he saw her—I was with him at Williamsburg—I knew he was finished. There was a ball and almost all the boys from the college, and they sat together in a corner. A little girl with big dark eyes; small and fine, but too sensitive. Not strong—not in body. With character. And it turned out she wrote verses. I had some for a long while. They were about love."

A packet sloop was sailing out into Mockjack Bay; there were, already, silver-white buds over the Cherokee roses massed on a rockery at the left; the voice of a servant, a minor key, sounded from the hall.

"Less than a year," Morryson went on reflectively; "but Francis never had a mind to it again. A devilish silly thing with Balisand to look after. It wasn't that he kept away from women, if they would have let him; no, he was only polite. He might seem to be interested in one, but when she left it was like taking a light from the reflector—there wasn't a glimmer left. But he never mentioned her. . . . I couldn't understand it.

"I happened to be with them when she died, a week after you were born. She just shut her eyes, only that; but Francis—he wasn't even near her—knew. He walked to a window and stood with his back to the room; early in summer it was, and redbirds were singing. Yes, you ought to have them, but I put them away; where, I can't think."

"Maybe I have," Richard replied; "perhaps I have had them since then."

"How could you?" Morryson Bale demanded, exasperated beyond measure. "Didn't I tell you I had 'em? I ought to know. They were about love and eternity. Fancy ideas."

It had never occurred to him, he said, that Richard himself would do no better.

"But it seems you won't, though I can't swear it's not for trying. If I were a girl I wouldn't look at you." He made a vain effort to still the tremor of his hands. "That's from shaking the dice so often at hazard." Morryson was obviously chagrined when Richard Bale ignored his wit, and he repeated his phrase about a dull fish. "I'm told Gawin is at Todd Hundred. He'll go back to Congress, of course. Always a dangerous man and he is getting worse. You would have done the State a service if you had shot him that time—when was it? But the girl he was engaged to from Henrico County killed herself instead—a crazy sort of accident—and I suppose it put politics out of his mind."

"It was in 1784," Richard told him—"June. He comes down to Todd Hundred, I suppose, to look after its affairs."

"Now Charles is dead, I can't see why you stay away. With all you used to think of Ava. She didn't insult Washington, did she?"

"Charles made it impossible for me to go there. His death doesn't affect that; and then, as you've just shown, I might run into Gawin Todd, and that would be unfortunate."

"Then meet him in Richmond, anywhere, and have the business done with. Nine years! I wouldn't have let a man I was mad at get away for nine days."

"Gawin never, practically, accepts a duel; and holding an office, he wouldn't think of it; he'd be ineligible for everything at once."

"Then post him, post him."

Richard Bale descended the steps to the drive and untied his horse; he gathered the reins and mounted. "Don't fall off," Morryson called maliciously after him.

Diggery went into a trot and carried him around the end of the house. There he turned to the left, leaving the brick wall and low painted fence of the garden for the narrow lane that led from Balisand to the public road. It was cut, a sandy way, through brush and trees, willow oaks and elms and maples, flights of beech trees, with banks of rhododendron almost at flower, the white clouds of the dogwood and the beginning pink of Maytime shrubs. There was an occasional break, through which he saw his fields: once planted in cotton, with large expanses of barley, they were now sowed in corn and wheat. The negro quarters were scattered, negroes were plowing; and, in sight of his entrance gate, he was brought to a stop by Thomas Ekkes. The overseer rode toward him, the horse's hoofs muffled in sand, slapping a bright bay flank with his broad hat.

"If you are going to the courthouse," he said, "and see Mr. Wiatt or any of the gentlemen, would you ask if we could hire a few likely hands—four or even six? And it had better be for a month, until after the planting. Two dollars ought to be enough for that. I was just going, but I'm busy, and if you don't object ——"

Richard Bale admitted that he might reach the courthouse.

"I'll look around," he promised Ekkes. "But I don't like hired hands at Balisand. They have been treated differently, and make trouble."

"Not Mr. Wiatt's or any from Welfield," the overseer explained; "and now that Dutchman's gone from Todd Hundred I expect they are all right there. But, I take it, you won't want them."

Richard moved on without answer. The highway, he told himself, was hardly wider or harder than his lane, and there were deep slick holes, pools of water. On either side the woods were dense and sweet with wild honeysuckle. He met no one until he had passed the ordinary with its steep-pitched roof and had come opposite the tavern, and there he encountered a small farmer, James Luke, whose place lay at the beginnings of Guinea. No one, certainly, would admit that he actually lived in Guinea, a locality with, for obvious reasons, a bad name; but Luke's acres were, practically, on Jinkin's Neck. However, it wasn't that which stopped Richard Bale.

"What have you got on your hat?" he demanded shortly.

"You would know more than me," Luke answered; "one wouldn't hurt you, either. I'll willingly tell you, though—it's the new French colours and a good sign of liberty."

"You have been fooled with a lot of cursed lies," Richard informed him. "That is the badge of the enemies of America, the men who are attacking General Washington. What did they tell you—that if they were in power you wouldn't have to pay any debts? If you're owed a dollar you know what to think of that. I suppose they said the Federal Government was afraid of England, or that we were going to have one of the English princes here for a king. Lies! They are the men who tried to keep Virginia out of the United States, and who were abroad or in the Assembly talking through the war. Do you think General Washington was afraid of the British? Do you say I am!"

(Continued on Page 64)

Making Champion Cores of Sillimanite

It Is Sillimanite That Makes Champion The Better Spark Plug

In motor car and speed boat races, in millions of automobiles in daily service; in trucks, fire engines and stationary plants; in every kind of internal combustion engine, Champion has definitely proved that it is the better spark plug.

This betterment is due directly to the double-ribbed semi-petticoat sillimanite core, which is exclusively Champion's, because Champion owns the only commercial supply of sillimanite ever discovered.

Sillimanite is mined out in California and shipped to the great Champion plant where it is carefully processed into Champion cores.

This Champion core is practically immune to breakage. It is absolutely impervious to the passage of electric current. Yet it has very high heat conductivity.

Champion spark plugs always deliver a hot, intense spark to the firing points and make combustion much more complete.

More power and speed result. Acceleration is better. The engine runs more economically.

Because motorists are realizing as never before that a dependable Champion in each cylinder means better all around performance, thousands of motorists are installing new Champions by the full set.

They actually save their cost in oil and gas many times over.

You, too, will know new motoring satisfaction, and you will save money, if you install a full set of Champion spark plugs.

More than 90,000 dealers sell Champions Champion X is 60 cents. Blue Box 75 cents. Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents. You will know genuine Champions by the Double-Ribbed core.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

(Continued from Page 62)

"No, Mr. Bale," the man on horse beside him was quick to answer. "Nobody in Gloucester would doubt that. But this is different, and perhaps a gentleman like you wouldn't have patience for it; he would be the last to." James Luke grew more assertive. "It is going to mean that all free men will be alike. That's the kind of a country we're bound to have. We won't throw away our independence, now we won it. The people of France showed us where we were heading."

"All alike," Richard repeated, "you and any oyster thief in Gloucester Point. And the independence we won! Who the devil are we—editors and the farmers who fought nothing but the excise? I tell you this, I don't want to ride down a road so near Balisand and see the tricolour; for that reason I'll ask you to take it off."

"That's it!" Luke cried. "A man can't even wear a piece of ribbon if he wants. Soon none of us will be free. Things have changed already; and you can make what you like out of that."

"Take it off," Richard Bale repeated in a level voice. What if he didn't, the other demanded. Richard drew his horse closer and reversed his whip, the lash caught in his hand. "Do you want me to take it off with a piece of your head?" he asked. He gazed directly, with an unmoved face, into James Luke's eyes.

"You believe you're still in the army, beating your soldiers around," Luke went on heatedly; "but the people will show you different."

"No," Richard corrected him, "In the army I'd have you shot."

The cold sensation of his unpredictable temper invaded him: he swung his whipstick across Luke's face, leaving it torn and springing with blood. The hat with the bright cockade fell to the road. He waited, easily seated on Diggery, restraining him with a light firm hand and a word. James Luke pressed a sleeve against his face.

"Wait a little," he cried in a tone and fury blurred by his arm; "I'll have one of those ribbons over your heart and nail it there with a slug."

"If you got it anywhere it would be on my back," Richard Bale told him; "for that's where your slug would go."

Suddenly the other kicked his horse into a gallop; blood was on his shoulder, Richard saw; then he was gone. Disagreeable, but not serious. For periods of months on end embittered individuals had waited for opportunity, for the courage, to shoot him from cover. But not a trigger, to that end, had been pressed. The hickory of his whip was broken, and he pitched it into the bushes along the road. He had brought it from habit and not because it was necessary for Diggery. As he moved toward the courthouse he wondered, with a trace of a smile, if Morryson Bale would, for the moment, have approved him.

The road, dividing at the courthouse to form the small green island of grass that held the brick buildings of the County administration, led him to an unusually large gathering of men for that season; the clerk's office, the door and windows open, looked almost as though court was in session. The preliminaries of a suit were being put in motion, and that and the warmth of the day had filled the narrow porticoes and immediate paths with interested or idle groups. On the bench reserved for that purpose a number of negroes, relaxed and sleeping in a lassitude of sunlight, waited to be hired; but Richard didn't like their appearance: they were gaunt and wretchedly clad; the man who had them in charge was scarcely better. Beyond, he saw, was Bradlock Wiatt, and he went forward with Thomas Ekkes' inquiry.

Bradlock thought that he could come to an agreement with Richard's overseer.

"Tell him to ride over, anyhow. What's going on here? I just came"

Richard Bale equally didn't know.

"Bradlock," he proceeded, "I passed James Luke by the tavern and he had on one of the new French cockades. How could that get to Luke, back of Jinkin's Neck in Gloucester?"

Wiatt delayed answering; and then, in a tone detached, it seemed, from whatever had gone, he said, "I saw Gawin Todd yesterday."

Richard replied, "Then that's it. Yes, of course"

"But," Bradlock Wiatt continued, "what I want to know is how you did when you saw it"

"I'm afraid I knocked it off," Richard admitted; "and with a piece of skin." Wiatt was severe:

"I was afraid of something like that. I'll tell you again, Richard, that you'll have to do differently. You will, for a fact. The first thing you know we'll have a Terror led by Gawin Todd. Damned if you appreciate the new feeling of the public. I'm afraid the old days—and you were splendid in them -are over. You're too young to be so stubborn. Why, you might as well be Morryson! And there's this, too, as far as I'm concerned—things are better. Freedom is going to be more than a word. Say what you please about the French, we are in the same situation. It may be we'll have to support them."

"I ought to have brought the cockade along for you," Richard asserted. "This isn't France, or England either; it's the United States. My servant, David, tells me you have a fast horse in Grey Medley." He shifted the conversation to a less contentious subject.

"By the best sire ever imported into Virginia," Wiatt declared; "out of Honeycomb. You know the blood—Medley and Jimcrack and Araminta. Jimcrack was by Cripple out of Miss Elliott by Griswood's Partner. There isn't another horse in the Tidewater that can stand in the stable with him, and nothing short of Maryland could hurry him."

"I've got a little mare, Careless," Richard replied; "we haven't, really, tried her yet, but we're not modest about her. She hasn't been worked enough; some time at the end of May or the beginning of June—what about it, Bradlock?"

"What about what?" Bradlock Wiatt retorted. "That wouldn't be a race. Listen to me, Richard—Grey Medley standing full is sixteen hands three inches, and his stride'll cover twenty-seven feet. By heaven, his barrel is so large that, when you are in front of him, you can see the ribs on either side. Don't back any little mare named Careless against him if you want to save her from being eternally outfooted and outlasted. No, no, Bale."

"A little mare," Richard repeated, "in her fourth year. She's been on oats and cracked corn, and last week we tried her at two miles. Well, Bradlock, three-mile heats on the tavern course. . . for three thousand dollars."

"You are foolish, Richard," Bradlock Wiatt insisted; "and that's a stiff sum. If you had said two-mile heats it would have been more reasonable. I might have listened then. No, it's possible I'll take Grey Medley as far as Newmarket in May, have some real racing."

"At two miles I will make the purse five thousand," Richard informed him. Bradlock Wiatt considered him.

"You would have it," he said finally. "I saw Diggery at the courthouse rail, and he took enough money from me to allow you a margin." He held out his hand. "It's arranged."

Back again at Balisand, Richard Bale went to the stable. David was in the tack room, where the rows of bridles hanging from pegs, the saddles and saddle cloths and bright polished chains and bits, gave out a mingled subacid odour.

"David," he proceeded, "I have arranged a match for Careless against Mr Wiatt's Grey Medley. Two-mile heats. What do you think?"

At once David asked, "How much for?" And, when he learned the size of the purse, he added confidently that they would soon have five thousand dollars in their pockets.

"No strange stableboys around," Richard warned him; "and we'll work Careless again to-morrow morning—early. I'll come down."

He then proceeded to the mare's stall. She was chestnut, a shade under fifteen hands high, with a delicate long neck, her head splendidly set, and, Richard maintained, the prettiest ears in the world. The best of knees, he told himself, neat pasterns, a perfect foot and a depth of chest no animal of Bradlock's could equal. But the other was right—five thousand dollars, as Wiatt had intimated, was a heavy bet for Richard.

However, the answer to that was he'd win it. Then, sending to Ekkes what word he had about field hands, he returned to the house, where, dismounting, he threw the reins to a waiting servant. Mrs Patton had replaced Morryson Bale on the portico; and, as usual, her hands were employed, embroidering with an ornamental yellow thread initials on a number of linen pillow cases. She was a woman strong and graceful in body and a face strangely without freshness; her skin was dry and colourless and lined, her mouth older in appearance, Richard judged, by ten years than her age actually warranted.

"There is sangaree on the hall table," she informed him; "if you wait I'll have it carried out." She turned to the open door. "Nettie!" she called, "Nettie!" A slight pale girl, in a single slip, her head bound in a figured red handkerchief, brought the drink to Richard Bale. "I have come to the opinion," Mrs. Patton said, with a needle like quicksilver, "that Mr. Morryson Bale ought to be the housekeeper at Balisand. He tells me I haven't got a woman who can launder a sheet. As for these pillow cases, they are no more than bolting cloth or barley straw." Richard listened to her without comment; an admirable and restful woman with a notable readiness and point of expression. "But I found him some old bed linen marked Camilla Scarborough—that would be Mrs. Francis Bale—and that will satisfy him for one night, anyhow. It's early for sangaree," she commented; "but it was so hot, like June, and the limes were hard. I had to throw them all out. I can't get a person to understand how important the skin of a lime is. There's a kind of oil in it, and if they are dry"—her attention was demanded by the sewing. "They are dry," she finished.

"I am going to match Careless against Mr. Wiatt's Grey Medley," he informed her.

Mrs. Patton replied, "For some terrible amount, I suppose; and if we lose, of course it will come at the worst time, long before the crop is in. Well, if you breed horses for racing they must be raced, and if gentlemen are born to betting they'll bet."

He declared that she had lived too soon.

"In another generation you wouldn't have to be bothered by either," Richard predicted.

That, however, with all the drawbacks of the present order, she didn't long for. "Richmond makes me dizzy now, with all those people; I expect it won't improve. It's so hot the thread sticks to my wet hand. Nettie," she cried, "come and get these pillow cases and lay them folded by the press in the upper hall."

A soft gray veil of cloud, cloud like a sea mist, covered the afternoon sky; the river was gray and immaterial; the trunks of trees black with sap and water. A coolness penetrated the warmth of day, a pleasant change without a stir of wind; and Richard sat longer over dinner than he had at breakfast. The hounds, back of him, were asleep; Morryson Bale, sagging in his chair, was asleep; but when Mrs. Patton had gone Richard didn't know. With the removal of the cloth, probably, and the appearance of the rum—quickly and silently, on her endless errands about the house. It must be nearly five, he concluded; there was the beginning of dusk in the corners of the room. Outside, the grass was chemically green. A hound whimpered in his sleep. Then the dogs moved uneasily. They rose, one after the other, and stood in attitudes of attention, their muzzles lifted. Morryson woke.

"Someone is coming in," Richard told him. He heard the horses and the creaking of a carriage that stopped by the portico, and he went out. It was Ava Todd, and a maid, boxes.

"Ava!" he exclaimed, hurrying forward. He helped her to the ground, as deeply stirred as she plainly showed herself to be. No Todd had been to Balisand in all that time, ever since Lavinia had died. "Is it anything serious?" he asked directly.

"Oh, yes, Richard," she told him; "you should guess that; but not to worry about." She deliberately adopted a lighter manner. "I have come to stay all night, and I hope you don't mind and there's a place for me. If I could have it, I'd like the little room over the portico." But that, he protested, wasn't large enough for her. Mrs. Patton would have the south chamber ready by the time she was upstairs. "No, the other," Ava insisted. "I've always wanted to sleep in it."

Morryson Bale came out on his insecure legs to greet her.

"This is the only pleasant sign I've seen here for years," he announced, "nothing but foxhounds for company. Richard's about as entertaining as Thomas Ekkes, the overseer"

When she had gone up to the room she preferred—Morryson had vanished to dress—Richard Bale sat speculating on what could have brought Ava to Balisand. Serious, but he wasn't to worry. He was impatient for her to appear, to tell him all there was for him to know; but an hour passed, and then the greater part of another, and he remained alone. Twilight had fallen; it was dark under the broadnut tree close by the house, on the right, and supper was waiting, before she descended. She was still a beautiful woman, Richard saw; perhaps not, in reality, beautiful; impressive was a better word. She had grown definitely older; but that added to her charm, rather than detracted from it, now. Strangely, though he had known her all his conscious life, he had no memory of Ava as a child or girl, none as a young married woman; she seemed always to have been like this, detached and sympathetic and grave.

"I am going to upset your custom," she warned him, when supper was nearly over; "I'm not going to leave you to the bottle, but stay instead. I must talk to you, and I like it here, with the candles."

She skillfully conveyed to the others that she wished to talk to him only; even Morryson grasped her meaning at once; and, with what was palpably an annoyed and adverse stare, he removed himself in the company of Mrs. Patton from the dining room. Yet, when they had gone, Ava was silent, lost in thought.

"I've hated it all, Richard," she spoke suddenly, her face troubled; "but there was nothing I could manage. You would be the last to blame Charles. If I had only known, I could have insisted on a different way of doing."

"What do you mean, Ava," he inquired—"if you had known?"

"Gawin told me yesterday," she said with an utmost simplicity. "He didn't mean to; it came out in a burst of temper. A little of it like that and I made him tell me the rest. Richard, why didn't I see it then? It's so clear now; clear and mysterious."

Richard Bale sat stiffly, giving her no encouragement, no help.

"I warned Gawin, when I knew about it, that I was coming to you. He had to be reminded that he wasn't Charles. Gawin isn't; he never could be; but he is my brother-in-law, and honest; as honest as you are, Richard, and with that we'll let him go. Won't we? I don't even want you to talk, but you had to hear that -that at last I understood. About Lavinia." He thanked her. "You mustn't do that," she objected; "you owe me more, and you used to be so fond of me. Listen to this, Richard, first; it won't be any easier for you than me. After—after it was over I undressed her, and I found a yellow rose. It was warm and still fresh and very sweet, and even then I put it away, to give to Gawin—you see, I thought it belonged to him. Then I forgot it, and when I went to find it later—in a box with some gloves—I couldn't. And yesterday, Richard, after nine years, there it was, among the gloves. That's how Gawin came to tell me—he destroyed it in a fury. I'm sorry."

William had been his name, Richard remembered, an especially good servant, a soothing hand with the razor; he had instructed him to carry the rose to Lavinia only a little while before her death. It had been dusk then. The rosebush stood under the window of his room in the schoolhouse, and he had watched William carefully gather it.

"He destroyed it." Richard Bale repeated her words slowly. "Well, that doesn't matter. He isn't any more important now than he was to her then. The rose and Lavinia have been dead a very long while. I imagine, Ava, that when you found them the gloves were yellower than the flower. But you'll never think what a fool I was—I thought she would have the rose on her dress or in her hair. I looked for it, in the instant I had. Where is William?"

"William?" she asked. "William?"

"You wouldn't remember; he was a servant. It doesn't matter. Ava—and I can't help it if you do object—I must thank you for telling me this."

She had had to, Ava replied. He had assured her that Gawin Todd was of no importance, neither Gawin nor his act of destruction; but he found he increasingly regarded him with an intact and measureless hatred. It seemed to him that Todd had desecrated the sole remaining trace of Lavinia on earth. But he said nothing of that to Ava; it had no concern with living

(Continued on Page 69)

Triple Superiority

The thinner and flattened balloon type tire needs just what the Seiberling All-Tread construction embodies:—

First, the long, sturdy, reinforcing side-bars;

Second, the one-piece tread and side-wall of tougher and better rubber.

And with this greater durability you have,

Third, the matchless good looks of a Seiberling All-Tread Balloon Tire.

Made in full Balloon sizes; also in interchangeable sizes to fit your present wheels and rims.

If you continue to use standard-size tires, there is the regular Seiberling All-Tread. With this tread and side-wall construction, you can use less air and get easy riding even though it has not quite the balloon-type flexibility.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

STANDARD *and* BALLOON SIZES

Lowest Priced

23 Quality Advantages Every Car Owner Should Know

You hear the word "value" bandied around pretty freely and loudly in automobile talk. Every motor car in the world has value, to be sure—but it is value-*plus*-value that gives the bulge to Overland in money's worth and popularity. To wit:

1 *Bigger Power.* The bigger Overland engine is more than a match for any hill. Its smooth power and quick action give you more thrills per mile than you can count.

2 *Triplex Springs* (Patented). Overland is the only car in the world with Triplex Springs. This ingenuity of engineering gives Overland a springbase 30 to 60 inches longer than any other car at or near the price, smothering the bumps and cradling you in comfort.

3 *Bigger Brake Area.* Overland gives you greater safety in driving. Overland brakes are more dependable because the extra wide brake bands provide 25% more braking surface than any car near the price.

4 *Rear Axle Strength.* No other car at or near the price duplicates the sturdy Overland rear axle construction, with so many Timken and New Departure bearings. The axle shaft is Mo-lyb-den-um steel—the *toughest* steel known.

5 *Rugged Front Axle.* Overland's front axle is *heat treated*—with an elastic limit of 75,000 to 90,000 pounds! King bolt bearings longer and larger. Larger wheel spindle. Heavier cross rod link. Heavier yoke. Built to stand the gaff!

6 *Disc Type Clutch.* Superior smoothness and great dependability feature Overland's Borg & Beck disc clutch. It runs in a bath of oil, completely encased and protected from dirt and dust.

Touring Car!

with Sliding Gear Transmission

7 *Enamel On Steel.* The Overland touring car is the only car at or near the price with an all-steel body finished in hard-baked enamel. In ovens heated to a fiery temperature that would char wood, each separate coat of enamel is baked into the very fibres of the body steel—*enduringly* beautiful.

8 *Stronger Brake Rods.* Overland brake rods are solid and dependable, with adjustable ends. The entire layout of Overland brake rigging follows the highest engineering practice.

9 *A Different Differential.* One-piece construction gives greater strength to the Overland differential case. No bolts to work loose! Extra-large pinions. Extra large ring gear of spiral type used on the most expensive cars.

10 *Longer Gear Lever.* One of many Overland driving comforts is the extra-long Overland gear lever. You can reach and work it without bending. It is right at your fingertips.

11 *A Rigid Windshield.* Overland windshield stanchions go clear through to the frame of the car, instead of merely being fastened to the body. A *built-in* windshield instead of a clamped-on windshield!

12 *Bigger Propeller Shaft.* The greater strength of Overland is nowhere more in evidence than in the unusual size of the Overland propeller shaft. Being bigger, it is sturdier and more dependable.

13 *Airplane Fan.* The Overland fan closely resembles an airplane propeller carefully engineered for shape and balance—which, with the Overland cooling system, makes Overland an exceptionally cool-running car in hot weather.

14 *Ease of Entrance.* Overland makes it easy to step from the left running board into the driver's seat. The front spacing, and the placing of the wheel, give Overland unobstructed ease of entrance and exit on *both* sides.

15 *Balanced Crankshaft.* The Overland crankshaft is balanced while standing and running at high speeds, thus eliminating objectionable vibration.

16 *Greater Leg Room.* Overland gives drivers fully four inches more leg room! Overland drivers can stay at the wheel all day.

17 *Better Upholstery.* Deeper cushions, with extra padding around the edges. Coil springs held firmly in place by metal strips. Patent fasteners used instead of ordinary upholstering tacks. More comfort and longer wear! Rear seat and upholstery are removable, quickly converting the car for any purpose of light hauling or work on a farm.

18 *Substantial Fenders.* Feel the thickness of Overland fenders. Look at the strong brace rods under them. Here are fenders of solid strength, fastened to the car in a way that keeps them solid!

19 *Legal Headlights.* Overland's smart drum headlights are equipped with lens that are legal wherever you may drive.

20 *Greater Rear Vision.* Overland's rear window gives you 168 square inches of clear vision—almost *twice as much* as in the average light car.

21 *Simpler Lubrication.* Overland is the easiest of all cars to lubricate. There are only 27 places for oiling in the entire car—all accessible.

22 *Complete Equipment.* Overland comes to you fully prepared for a long career of good service. No extras to buy. Nothing to do but drive it away, and keep on driving it to your heart's content.

23 *Economy.* Great economy in first cost, in upkeep, in gasoline and oil. Overland is built for long, long service, and its big, powerful engine gives you 20 miles or better to the gallon of gasoline.

In every major feature, one by one or altogether, Overland is several lengths in the lead when it comes to sound, satisfying value. Examine Overland—take it out on the road—shoot the hills in it—give it every test you know how to give a motor car—and you will find that it gives you a whole lot more beauty, comfort, action, reliability and economy than you ever dreamed you could buy for so low a price.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO . . WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Overland

TOURING F·O·B TOLEDO $495

"We are using it in fifty houses"

Sheetrock is the fireproof wallboard. It makes standard walls and ceilings at low cost.

Made from gypsum rock, it has all the lasting virtues of the material that has been used for centuries in building the finest walls and ceilings.

It will not warp, shrink or buckle. It is not pulp, paper or wood board. It is a natural insulator against summer's heat and winter's cold. It will not burn, ignite or transmit heat.

It saws and nails like lumber. It comes precast and all ready for use. It is made in broad, ceiling high sheets, ⅜-inch thick, with a patented edge that insures solid, tight jointed and smooth-surfaced walls and ceilings.

Sheetrock is erected easily and quickly. Simply nail it to the joists or studding.

Sheetrock takes any decoration perfectly — wall paper, paint or panels. *Textone, The Sheetrock Decorator,* is our specially prepared decorative wall finish, easily applied in a single coat, and offering many fine color combinations.

Use Sheetrock in new construction, alterations and repairs. You will be satisfied with its results and economy.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

WITH what confidence good builders rely on Sheetrock is shown in the widespread use of this *fireproof* wallboard in many large building projects. The International Paper Company, for example, is just completing from 50 to 75 eight-room houses in La Salle, N. Y. The walls and ceilings are being made of Sheetrock. The work goes forward steadily and speedily, because Sheetrock comes ready for use, is always uniform in quality, easy to erect, and can be decorated immediately, eliminating all delays. Big advantages whether you are building one house or many, or just making alterations and repairs. Get Sheetrock from your dealer in lumber or builders' supplies. Write us for a free copy of "Walls of Worth" and a sample of Sheetrock.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY

General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago

SHEETROCK

The FIREPROOF WALLBOARD

Pat. Reg. U. S. Off.

(Continued from Page 64)

women. A strong but unaccountable feeling possessed him that the moment was inevitable when Gawin Todd would make him a full payment—the fullest, and this conviction bred a patience in his anger.

"Do you want me to go on?" Ava asked. "Although there is nothing more, really, for me to say. I hoped you might be willing to; after being silent, lonely with it, for so long. You'd never think I was curious and just feminine."

At the impulse to tell her that he was equally without subject, there, for discussion, he was oppressed by a tyrannical necessity to explain everything which, as she had said, had been penned in him for years. He had sworn, under ordinary conditions, never to mention Lavinia in connection with himself; but this wasn't ordinary. Ava was, in a way, the same as Charles; and Gawin Todd had made speech possible.

"There is nothing I could say," he admitted, "or so much that I don't know when I'd finish. All night, perhaps."

"Please," she begged him.

"And then, you said it was both clear and mysterious; that is true; except for the fact it gets more and more mysterious. You'd think it would be the other way around, and I would understand it better when I had had time to look back. But no. Anyone would suppose, too, that I'd change, my feeling grow less. No."

His voice was sharp, loud, with rebellion and misery.

The candles, for no felt reason, waved and fluttered, shifting the pattern of the shadows over the wainscot. Ava's chin was supported on a hand. In black, largely obliterated in the uncertain light, she seemed like a lovely mask created magically for his especial attention and encouragement.

"There is so much of it," he insisted, discouraged at the difficulty of expressing all that he had sustained. "And what you must remember, perhaps more than anything else, is that we saw each other almost not at all. Once—it was dark—on the wharf, then in the summer-house and again in the summer-house. I saw her, yes, here and there, in the hall and the dining room; but I spoke to her only those three times.

"You'll think it's insanity. Well, I won't contradict you. We even disagreed on the wharf; when she walked away I am certain we were both relieved. Yet, the next day, when I met her at dinner I knew her, it appeared, better than I did you. Why? We went through the nonsense of an introduction, and she was furious at me, later, because she said I had been responsible for that pretense. Ava, when I saw her again she said I was detestable. There were a lot of people around, and we drifted out into the garden. She might have forgotten all about me, from the way she walked by the flowers; and then, without exactly knowing how, we were in the summer-house. She wasn't cross any more; it was like a dream; the sun streamed through the lattice and dazed me. Ava, I never got over it."

He gave this assertion the emphasis of a long silence, sitting in an earnest alertness, regarding her, waiting, with a troubled and questioning gaze. She said nothing; she didn't move. Richard sighed deeply, as though a counted on assistance had been denied him.

"I couldn't remember that she was engaged to marry Gawin," he resumed; "Lavinia didn't seem to have any connection with earth or men at all. She wasn't a part of Todd Hundred or of the minuets or whist or talk; she was there, but how I didn't know. I didn't think of her as going in or out of the rooms—she appeared and vanished and appeared. I can't even remember what she wore, except that once her hair couldn't have been covered, for I noticed it didn't stay where she put it, but slid across her cheek.

"And I had no sensation of time, Ava—a day might have been a year or a thousand, the world might have turned backwards; it was the same to me. I suppose the only word to use is love, but that's so dreadfully unsatisfactory, for it describes nothing. If I had realized that I was in love with Lavinia I would have left Todd Hundred while I could—at once. Nothing else would have been possible, and I give you my word I'd have gone. To say you are in love—no matter how inexact that may be—demands certain actions. Don't you see. . . love and honour. It's necessary for me to think I'm not insufficient there. But I had no name for it; I didn't recognize that it was what you would call a crisis, happy or unhappy or dangerous, and perhaps fatal. I didn't think at all. I didn't even keep Lavinia consciously in my mind. I had been drunk, and a great deal of it I accounted to that. Then it got to be night and -and we were in the summer-house once more. We went separately; and there, I'm obliged to tell you, Ava, I kissed her.

"But only once—only once. I've wondered about that ever since; I wondered about it then. Once! And that, you'd suppose, would have waked me up; it did show me that she couldn't marry Gawin Todd; but all that part of me which had always been important never stirred . . . again. You see, no one could explain that, or the one kiss. Afterwards we sat down very quietly, and said some things about the future. Lavinia realized about Gawin; she saw what, we thought, must happen; and that, certainly, I wouldn't go on with. I hadn't a doubt about Gawin Todd. I knew absolutely, just as I know now, that I would kill him; but the other, Lavinia, the stairs——"

He broke off. Absently he picked up his narrow glass of brandy and held it against a candle flame, absently watching the brown liquid sparkle; then he set the glass back on the table.

"I don't understand, Richard," Ava told him, "and yet you make me believe it—oh, absolutely! It sounds like something that had happened in the past, but would be impossible to-day. A state of the spirit, or of two spirits."

"One," he corrected her; "whatever it was, there was only one. We weren't separate and we were never together. Not really. Todd had no right to so much, to anything!" His voice momentarily rose from a low reflective tone. "I can't defend that or make it clearer; you'll have to accept it and have what opinion of me you will. The body is so much, Ava; but then, it seems, it's nothing too. And that has bothered me, for I haven't a trace of what you'd call religion. I don't believe that you have to die to live; I haven't any hope about a future after this; I'll never see Lavinia again. Why, look, if I thought there was an eternity to spend with her, do you think I'd be what I am? Suppose I was religious, and I thought that death—the river—wouldn't bring me to her at once; that I'd have to wait for an appointed time. I'd be a miracle of energy and happiness and use.

"It's the past I'm lost in, never the present or future; June, nine years ago. Nothing has been real since then. It's cold or hot, sunny, or there is rain; I'm fox-hunting or racing horses or gambling; I go through with it all; and when the horses are running I'm interested; I like the hounds early in the morning; but when the post is reached or the fox holed, it goes out of my mind. As long as I'm active—say concerned with General Washington—it's well enough; but let anything stop for a minute, if I get alone on Diggery in the woods . . . shadows and dream.

"You must understand I'm not defending it; long ago it occurred to me that love might be a poison, a drug. When I went, that fall, to Congress in Trenton, I was like a dead man; that was natural, I think; and I got over it—but I never went back. I stayed here at Balisand, riding over the fields and drinking at the table. I used to be lonely and it seemed that marriage would be good for me—we spoke about Mary—but I'm never lonely any more, Ava. I don't want to be disturbed, or taken away. It's as I've said: my activity, the things I do, are no more than flares of anger, an occasional streak of lightning out of an indifferent sky. After all, the Bale inheritance is very strong. Put it this way, if you like—that I am ruined. I don't care. You can say that—and once I was a soldier—I'm a deserter. It makes no difference to me. You'd even have some excuse for calling me a drunkard—but I don't get drunk, not in a way you would recognize—and I wouldn't contradict you. I've had letters from the President; men have been to see me from Philadelphia; they take supper and stay the night; the letters go into a box, and I'm glad when there's nothing to interfere with the other. What do you make of it, Ava?"

She smiled at him in a swift and tender compassion.

"Anything I could say—the best—would be only impertinent, Richard. You've made it so plain you are beyond a human help. Why, you don't even hear the voices that speak to you! But I won't have you call it a poison. There are enough people to run the world. Too many. The mystery doesn't worry me now, either: it's a part of the tremendous amount we can't understand. I'm not very useful to you."

"Be damned to use," he replied. "Something she started to say to me was never finished. Richard, she began, but there was no more. She went away. I didn't know it then. If you are tired I'll stop; the important part, the most curious, I haven't explained."

She made no reply to this; it didn't, she seemed to imply, warrant the dignity of an answer, a denial. Richard held up his glass against the light; it was empty, and he drew a decanter toward him; but he failed to take out the stopper; his hand remained on the engraved surface.

"I got back from Congress, somehow, and I was just commonly unhappy, a man who had lost the only thing necessary to his life. Bitterness and cursing and Antigua rum and sleepless nights. The snow left, if there was snow. Spring happened along with the usual flowers and birds, and I hated it all. But I did a few things—I built a cover over the end of the wharf, like the one at Todd Hundred. When it was finished, about noon I walked out to see if it was what I had ordered. A bright hot day, this morning exactly, and I was watching the tide draw down the river, against the supports of the wharf, when suddenly the sun got in my eyes; I was as dizzy as the devil." He paused: "I must be very careful so you won't get a wrong impression:

"I don't mean that I thought Lavinia was beside me; I didn't see her or hear the whisper of a skirt; there was no vision of Lavinia and heaven opening or promises; nothing like that. Lies and lies and lies. No, it was the same overwhelming feeling I had had standing with her in the sun—in your garden. I sat down, the wharf and water and land were pretty well blurred, and told myself that it would go soon. I didn't want it to, but that's what happened in my mind. I kept saying, It will go at once; it can't stay this way. But it did for what must have been an hour or more. I won't describe it, Ava.

"Only, as I said, you can't dismiss it as a figure of the imagination. I hadn't been thinking about her, not all morning; it wasn't a picture of what you might call the senses. After a while it went away, of course; and it left me as much puzzled as anything. I was curious. What the devil! Dinner was as usual, and supper, and the next day and the next. Apparently that was all. I often went back to it, of course; but it seemed so extraordinary—I haven't made you see it—that I began to believe it hadn't happened, just like the rest. Then, in November, I was out in the brush, along the river field with a negro, yelping up wild turkeys. It was thick, no sun, the beginning of a pour of rain, when . . . I went into a mud sink, dazed by sunlight.

"Ava, I could smell the flowers of Todd Hundred and hear the birds in the cedars, yes, and the fiddles in the drawing-room. There I was, in the cold mud, filled with the—the happiness of having Lavinia, of having her for the rest of my life. Just that—all hope and surprise and gladness. I got out of the sink and walked straight away, back to the house, leaving the best gun I owned. Little York hadn't seen it, and he kept yelping a turkey he had been tracking. He brought the gun in later, shaking with fright, for he thought I had gone down into the mud. Ava, tell me, had I? Was it mud? Am I drowned?"

"Drowned, Richard? Oh, yes; but I won't call it mud. In the sky, perhaps."

"I particularly want to avoid that," he asserted. "It wasn't poetic; very much the reverse. Nothing could have been more real, more physical. And then I began to wait for it; I wanted it to come back, and, at the same time, some of me was afraid. I dreaded it. Everything else stopped, went out of my head. I'll be in my room, on Diggery riding to the courthouse, talking with Eakes, it will all be as usual, as it should, and zing—Lavinia.

"I always have an idea that if I fought I could get over it; I look at it as a sort of weakness—yes, like rum or gambling; I take the attitude that it's all wrong. But that doesn't last; I shove it in the back of my mind and wait for the next—what is it—attack? You'll recognize I'm not in the habit of thinking I am weak. That's not conspicuously a family trait."

"Don't you see," she cried, distressed, "that this couldn't happen to a weak man! Weak men sink, Richard; they sink and forget. But the ones who are strong swim a long, long while; they stay up when it's hopeless, in spite of all the ocean." That, he replied, sounded very noble, but difficult. "If you get disagreeable with me," Ava informed him, "I'll go to bed at once."

"This has happened to me," he further explained: "if you went to bed I would be sorry and I wouldn't. If love is a word with any meaning I could be said to love you. I'm conscious of that and it has no reality to me. You see, I have been robbed—empty, negative, no good. I mean underneath the skin."

"Richard"—she spoke very seriously—"you must never marry. Promise me you won't make that mistake." But he wasn't certain she was right.

"It might cure me," he proceeded; "just as I'm sure Mary would have saved me if I had married her at once. I'm Richard Bale of Balisand; I have a body; appetites; vices; and there might be a little good to cultivate."

"It would be criminal," she insisted.

"Then I can't be saved?"

"Is this being lost, Richard?"

"Very well, what is it, if you're sure of so much?"

She couldn't tell him:

"We're agreed about the mystery. And, Richard, there's your father!" She was visibly excited at the discovery of the connection, the resemblance, between them.

"Morryson, in a way, spoke of that this morning," he told her. "By accident, of course. Once he had a poem my mother wrote. He said it was about love and eternity."

Ava Todd rose, with both her hands pressed to her breast.

"It frightens me now," she said.

Richard's only reply to that was a single and curt word, stuff.

"I warned you." Ava backed away from the table. "I'm going up. I never could stand rudeness."

He saw her leave moodily—the black velvet of her dress seemed to melt into the gloom beyond the candles. Well, she had asked for all he had told her. Women were continually a little remote from whatever touched other women. He knew that this was rank ingratitude: of all the people alive, Ava meant the most. In reality, she was the only one who had significance for him. She had come to him in an impulse of utter generosity and courage, and he had practically insulted her.

This ought to stop at once: Ava had showed him how far he had degenerated. With all his memories and affection for her, in a second, an illogical flame of ill-temper or resentment, she was less than—than a servant. He filled his glass and emptied it, filled and emptied it. An exhausted candle went out with a flicker and an evil smell, and the darkness crept nearer to him. Soon another would be burned to the socket. If Bradlock Wiatt were there, they would have had their watches out, betting on the exact moment of the candle's end. A horse with a stride that covered twenty-seven feet. But no one other than himself and David and a stableboy knew how fast Careless was. A good name for a mare but better for him. Careless! Out of Celia by Francis Bale. That, however, wasn't very gracious. The second candle turned black and smoked. A yellow rose. Nine years afterward Gawin Todd had destroyed it. A pistol that lay in his hand like a flower, a rose on its stalk. When the third candle died, the night would be almost on him. Then the finality of the last and the victorious night.

It was still dark when, the following morning, Little York woke him; but when he was shaved and had dressed, the sky beyond the North River was bright with dawn. There was, yet, no breakfast, and he had a hard biscuit and a glass of brandy. On the left of the plantation, partly through what was called the river field and part beyond, there was an oval track with an exceedingly modest stand—some board seats laid across supports, with a covering. The woods between that and the public way were so thick, so treacherous with marsh, as to be impassable; and there Richard Bale worked and ran his horses. It was sixty yards under a mile—they had exactly figured the deficiency for the purposes of timing—and all the track, practically, was visible from the stand.

David and Careless, the boy who was to ride her, and a very old negro, with an endless flow of soothing words for the mare, at her bridle, and Richard Bale, only were

present. He had never, Richard concluded, owned a more beautiful animal than Careless. Diggery, nervously, impatiently, shifting from side to side, excited by the nearness of the track, had been a great horse; but he was big—as big, almost, as Bradlock asserted Grey Medley to be. Careless was, in comparison, delicate — but strong; and in an instant, it seemed, when she was permitted, she would be running like a streak of light. There was no perceptible space of transition from fast to faster; no whip, hardly more than the voice, the rein, and a touch of clear heel.

"Benjamin," Richard said to his rider, "there's a hard race before you, but it only goes to two-mile heats."

Benjamin had seen Mr. Wiatt's horse.

"We'll be in," he said, "before Grey Medley starts to jump."

David sharply ordered him to stop his projecting, and gave him a leg up on Careless.

"Not her best," Richard called.

The sun rose over the woodland—lost now to Gloucester County—across the river; the river flashed into a simultaneous sheet of brightness; and Careless was off. She ran with the most extraordinary grace, the incarnation of a speed apparently heaven-born, without perceptible strain. She turned with the turning track, vanished behind a widespread black oak and reappeared. Richard critically watched her rider, coming in: he sat the mare well, perhaps a little too far up on her neck, but Careless liked it and responded generously.

He was entirely satisfied with the result: with the necessary deductions for distance, the additions for the comparatively indifferent track, always remembering that she hadn't been pressed.

"Well, not far from two minutes," Richard told David, in a tone that reached neither of the other negroes.

He laid a caressing hand on the mare's flank, he slipped his fingers under the girth and examined her bit. It was still early for breakfast, when he returned to the house, but Mrs. Patton was already active. Ava, too, was early. She showed traces of a wakeful night, the beginning lines of age—and, at the table, she said almost nothing. Leaving Balisand, she was obviously at a loss for an adequate wording of what she had to say.

"I understand," Richard assured her instantly; "with Gawin around, it would be difficult for all of us."

But she replied that it wasn't Gawin.

"If Todd Hundred was his," she went on impractically, "I'd have you there as often as you would come. But it will always belong to Charles; now more than in the past." She held out her hand. "I don't feel as badly as I might, Richard—you don't need Todd Hundred, you don't need us." To that he could make no answer, it was so indisputably true.

When she had left he thought throughout the rest of the morning about what had occurred the night before, he repeated silently all that he had said. Explaining it like that, so fully, to Ava, putting the strangeness of his feeling into words, had clarified it for himself. The special phase of emotion he had expressed seemed disturbingly like a weakness; he balanced what, to-day, he regarded as the vagueness of that past against what it had blotted out from his existence. The price was too high. He would never forget Lavinia; her memory would dominate his life to the end; but it wasn't necessary for him to remain in a state of besotted vision. No, he would become more reasonable, fight off the sun-dizziness that preceded his—but he didn't know what it was. A little later he might even try to reënter public life, under the black cockade. Federalism was at an ebb now; the French enthusiasm had drowned everything else in its mad hysteria; but that was no more than temporary. Washington was still the greatest quantity in the States he had united, John Adams was an admirable and strong influence.

The first thing, after this decision, which occupied him was the race against Bradlock Wiatt's Grey Medley. Richard heard ominous rumours, statements, about the horse: he was, it appeared, as good as Bradlock had said, and he would represent the Wiatt stable at the Northern races, early in the summer. He might be fast, Richard thought, but Careless, at that distance, was better. Publicly he said very little about her, he was evasive with regard to her clocking, contenting himself with generalities about her condition and his hopes.

The tavern track lay between the public house and the river; it was a full mile, and the stretch was faster than the half and three-quarter poles. That was in the favour of Grey Medley, who would do his best running there; but Richard again counted on his mare's astonishing speed. The odds, naturally, were against him: at first, around the courthouse, the betting was five to two; yet his quiet secure manner and lack of assurances shifted his end to three; on the morning of the race some bets were laid at four to three.

Richard Bale had taken the longer odds to an amount he didn't care to contemplate. If Careless lost, the truth was, he would have to sell some of his best servants; a necessity which he regarded as a disgrace—no Balisand negro had been sold for a decade. Yes, if he lost he would be seriously short of money. That, however, was the hazard of races, of betting: without more up than he could afford, horse-racing lacked interest for him. That was the privilege, the duty, of his blood. The parsimony of the new masses would never have force in the ordering of his plantation.

The race, he found, had assumed the wide proportions of a County event; an hour before it was to be run, there were, Beverley Mathews assured him, a thousand people at the tavern track. Richard was standing with Henry Dalney, Beverley and—in riding habit—Lucia Mathews. Her interest in all that had to do with horses, he recognized, had increased with her years. She was now some months under twenty, but, except for an inevitable maturity of being, her appearance had changed singularly little since childhood. She had the same dark composed face and remarkable black eyebrows, the same straight shapely nose and firm large tranquil mouth. She rode continually in the fox hunts, a performance less common with women than formerly; and not even Doctor Ambrose, no longer the younger, was a more daring jumper or had less regard for the danger of woods.

"I haven't seen Careless for six months," she told Richard; "I haven't an idea what she can do—she's light compared to Grey Medley but I remember her perfectly; and, Richard, I have confidence in her. I don't know why, and that's a silly thing for me to say about horse-racing. It's almost feminine—you'll laugh at that."

"I hope you're right," Henry Dalney commented; "because if you're wrong I'll have to sell my pecan trees and ship in the West India trade. Richard," he turned, "have you seen Jordan Gainge? He's here with his Guinea wife."

"Over there," Beverley Mathews pointed out, "just by that coach. They are coming up to us." Gainge was slight, a man at least sixty years old; but he moved with an undiminished spirit, the assertive habit of a master of ships. He had a small closely shaped beard, a penetrating gaze; he wasn't seen at a disadvantage beside the young woman he had married. No one standing with Richard knew her, and Jordan Gainge performed the ceremony of introduction in an assured manner that had all the ease of a more formal inheritance. Her name, Richard discovered, was Zena; she was no taller than Jordan; she was without special feature—except for hair that had the rich paleness of ripe wheat—but he found that he persistently noticed her. Appropriately dressed for her present situation, she showed nothing, at first, of her origin; and then he recognized that, beneath a determined calm, she was restless. It wasn't an uneasiness of embarrassment; she kept no sense of inferiority; but seemed quite like a thing of the wild in a momentary and forced constraint through which abruptly she must ultimately break and vanish.

He wondered how Jordan Gainge had managed to come in contact with her. The inhabitants of Guinea were a shy race, apart, in their lives and dealings, from the mainland. Jonah's Neck, where mostly they lived, extended, between the inlets of the Severn and North Rivers, into Mockjack Bay; it was hardly more than a marsh, divided by an infinity of small tidal creeks; and the huts of the Guineamen, almost indistinguishable from the reeds where they were built, were held in a firm jealous isolation from all connection with the greater world. They were fishermen, hardy and courageous and intemperate, with even a speech—unintelligible beyond their scattered and united settlement—of their own; but that was the extent of public knowledge. The origins of their phrases, their hostility and stock, were only conjectural. Perhaps, Richard reflected, Gainge knew all about them now. But if he did, it would get no farther than himself.

Richard Bale was called away; the race was to be ordered immediately. Careless, standing quietly, was flawless in condition: her skin was elastic and glossy; drawn compactly into her muscle, she was yet lightly poised. Grey Medley, he admitted to himself, was dangerous. He was, it might be, a little short in the forelegs, from the knees down; his entire structure was a shade heavy for a blood-horse; but the whole long muscular sweep of the hind quarters was magnificent, the full equal of such extra weight. Beverley Mathews' voice was heard, "Saddle. Mount—and come up." There was the starter's drum tap. Careless was the quicker in getting away; she was three lengths ahead before her rider, with a hard pull, held her in to measure the pace of Grey Medley. The horse closed the distance between them to half a length; and, like that, they proceeded at a moderate rate over the first mile. The time was two minutes and seven seconds—slow for Careless; Richard burned with an angry conviction that the mare wasn't well ridden. More advantage should have been taken of the harder reaches of track. The pace was increased; it was fast, apparently, with no thought of the succeeding heats; Careless was running with the lovely smoothness of a waterfall—but she was being left.

"She's got more than that!" Richard exclaimed.

Careless was trailing a full twenty yards, and then with a rush of her magical speed she came up to Grey Medley, hung there, and passed him in the stretch, within a run of forty rods. Slower, but a clear length ahead, she led Bradlock Wiatt's horse to the post.

"Four minutes, thirteen seconds," Mathews asserted. "It looked faster, Richard. There's a chance that mare of yours—if she can last the distance—will make you some money this afternoon." Richard Bale offered him a thousand dollars in the opinion that she could, but Beverley declined. "You know well enough I never protect my bets." In spite of her preliminary success, Richard was bothered by the fact that Careless wasn't perspiring properly; she seemed swollen, too, in the loins; yet she showed no overmarks of distress; her spirit was excellent. The thirty minutes between heats passed, for all the members of the Bale stable, too quickly. The heaviness of the track had affected the mare:

Grey Medley, in the second heat, challenged Careless and passed her at the start; he was now superbly in his enormous stride—an animal with the appearance of a resistless wind—and the space between him and Careless widened hopelessly. Toward the end of the last mile Bradlock's horse had beaten Richard's mare by a hundred yards; but, almost at the winning post, he turned suddenly sulky, and, bracing himself, came to all but a stop. Careless sped up, with a fresh stirring courage; but the distance was too short. Urged by whip and spur, Grey Medley was forced on—to win by a head.

Richard was grave. It was true the mare showed no signs of increased suffering; but she could hope to be successful only by showing a gait that even in her he hadn't looked for. But Grey Medley, he saw, was switching and flirting his tail in an obvious pain; he heard Bradlock Wiatt speaking in a harsh intemperate voice.

"I tell you they were foul cuts, behind the girths; there's blood on his sheath." He was addressing Grey Medley's rider.

"I had to get him in, Mr. Wiatt," the black boy protested; "Careless was right on our behind." The rest was lost.

"How about it, David?" Richard asked; "can we do it?"

If he didn't—David was speaking to their rider—he personally would see that there was another nigger on the new piece of stone road at Balisand. "You offer your foot in the stable yard again ——"

Lucia Mathews came up.

"Richard, I wish you could have a little more time. Careless might win, then." He thanked her.

"This isn't all; I didn't mind losing the second heat; we rather expected to. Lucia, even I don't know how fast Careless is."

Henry Dalney wasn't optimistic.

"That thing of Bradlock's isn't a horse; it's got wings, like Pegasus. I can ship as a seaman, Richard, but what will you do? I have an idea how much you have up on this. You had better not let Mrs. Patton know."

Richard stared at him, at his oldest, perhaps his only familiar, friend, coldly.

"How far will you back your poetry?" he demanded.

Dalney ignored this, and Richard Bale turned to where his mare was waiting. But that, now, was at an end. Grey Medley, with title to the inside, again took the lead, and, closely followed by Careless, he kept it at what must have been the top of his rate. His tail was up again, in signal of acute suffering, but there was no perceptible break in his stride. The gap between them Careless seemed unable to close. It was, Richard thought, over; he felt, more than anything, a deep sorrow for the mare—he had entered her out of her class. Then David touched his elbow.

"Before God, Mr. Bale, look at that Careless!" She was making her run as they entered into the last mile; they were, he realized, nose and flank. The mare drew ahead. It seemed that she was making a struggle to pass when, "Careless has the inside!" David exclaimed; and, with this discovered, a swift fear took possession of Richard—his boy had risked everything on that desperate measure, and it was possible for the other, in a momentary advantage of position, to rein in and force Careless against one of the poles. His fingers dug into his servant's shoulder, but his face was calm.

"Now let her run," he said in an ordinary conversational voice. Run, run, run, he thought; and with every repetition Careless had the appearance of gathering a greater and more incredible speed.

But Grey Medley. . . . Pegasus with wings.

"Yes, sir, I told you." David was gone and he was facing Bradlock Wiatt. "Did you see where the whip cut him?" Wiatt stammered. There were answering assertions.

"Your horse was beaten, Bradlock."

He repeated doggedly that Grey Medley was the better of the two, and demanded another race.

"Boy," Richard said to his rider, "if you ever take a chance like that again I'll—I'll set you free."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Yacht Racing, Newport Bay, California

First National Pictures

That Well Known Smile and Handshake!

IN these days of presidential excitement, the movies have brought the broad smile and the hearty handshake of the beloved Roosevelt to the screen. The scene is from "Sundown," Earl Hudson's epic of the passing of the old West

"Sundown" is a drama that goes straight to the heart. The story is laid in the present day but there are flashes that show the thrills of the West of the past.

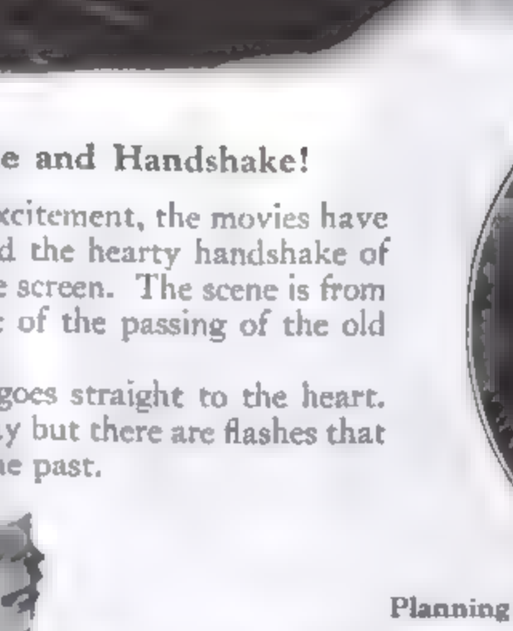
Rivals in Love and Politics

HERE are the most picturesque rivals of history. On the left is the wealthy Stephen A. Douglas, perfectly dressed, suave and polished in manner and speech. Beside him towers Abraham Lincoln, the country-bred lawyer, the rival of Douglas in politics and for the hand of the girl they both loved.

Frances Marion, who adapted "Abraham Lincoln" for the screen, uncovered from the pages of history one of the strongest dramatic stories the motion picture has ever presented. Underneath the mass of history book facts and figures was the story of the human side of the man—filled with drama, comedy, thrills and pathos.

Planning Ahead!

NO, Lloyd Hughes and Bessie Love are not planning their future home, but simply discussing a most amazing and adventurous expedition into the wilds of South America. You'll thrill through this picture as you never thrilled before. It is "The Lost World," Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's fascinating novel, which is being filmed by arrangement with Watterson R. Rothacker without the loss of an adventure.



A Story of Riches

A FORTUNE self-made or inherited? Does happiness come easier to those who acquire wealth or to those born with riches? These are the questions answered by "Born Rich," a new society drama you will not want to miss. Above Claire Windsor whispers her secrets to a somewhat cynical gentleman, while Cullen Landis and Frank Morgan are about to come to blows because [illegible] Bert Lytell and Doris Kenyon complete the cast.

A Midsummer Night's Movie

CORINNE GRIFFITH has her difficulties in choosing between Lou Tellegen and Milton Sills—a decision, we believe, that would puzzle many a girl. The scene is from "Single Wives," in which Miss Griffith and Mr. Sills are co-featured.

First National Pictures, Inc., presents a consistent high quality program of screen entertainment in the best theatres of the country. Questions on its pictures and players will be answered by John Lincoln, First National Pictures, Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, N.Y. City.

You Get All the Life

"Watch the pointer and you'll see this battery begin its life"

Willard

Out of This Battery

Because You Get the Battery Before Any Wear Has Taken Place In It

The photograph on the opposite page shows a WILLARD CHARGED BONE-DRY BATTERY beginning its life.

This battery has been sold. In a few minutes it will be in the purchaser's car and he will be on his way.

The Willard Service Station man is filling the cells with acid solution. The battery is connected to a voltmeter, so the owner can see the life begin.

No current is recorded until the last cell receives its solution. Then, the pointer immediately rises, showing that the battery has *begun* its life and now is ready to start the car.

Why did the Willard Service Station man wait until this battery was sold before he filled it?

Because the life of a storage battery starts the very minute acid or dampness comes in contact with its plates.

Willard Service Stations are justly proud of this very different battery, and they make this demonstration to prove to you that you will get all the life.

All Willard Charged Bone-Dry Batteries bear the Threaded Rubber Trade-Mark shown in the picture.

The fact is, that Threaded Rubber Insulation makes it possible for Willard to build the *only* Charged Bone-Dry Automobile Battery.

Because this exclusive Willard Insulation can be used *dry*, the battery can be sealed. Sealing keeps the battery bone dry, retains the charge in the plates, and prevents the life from starting until the battery is filled.

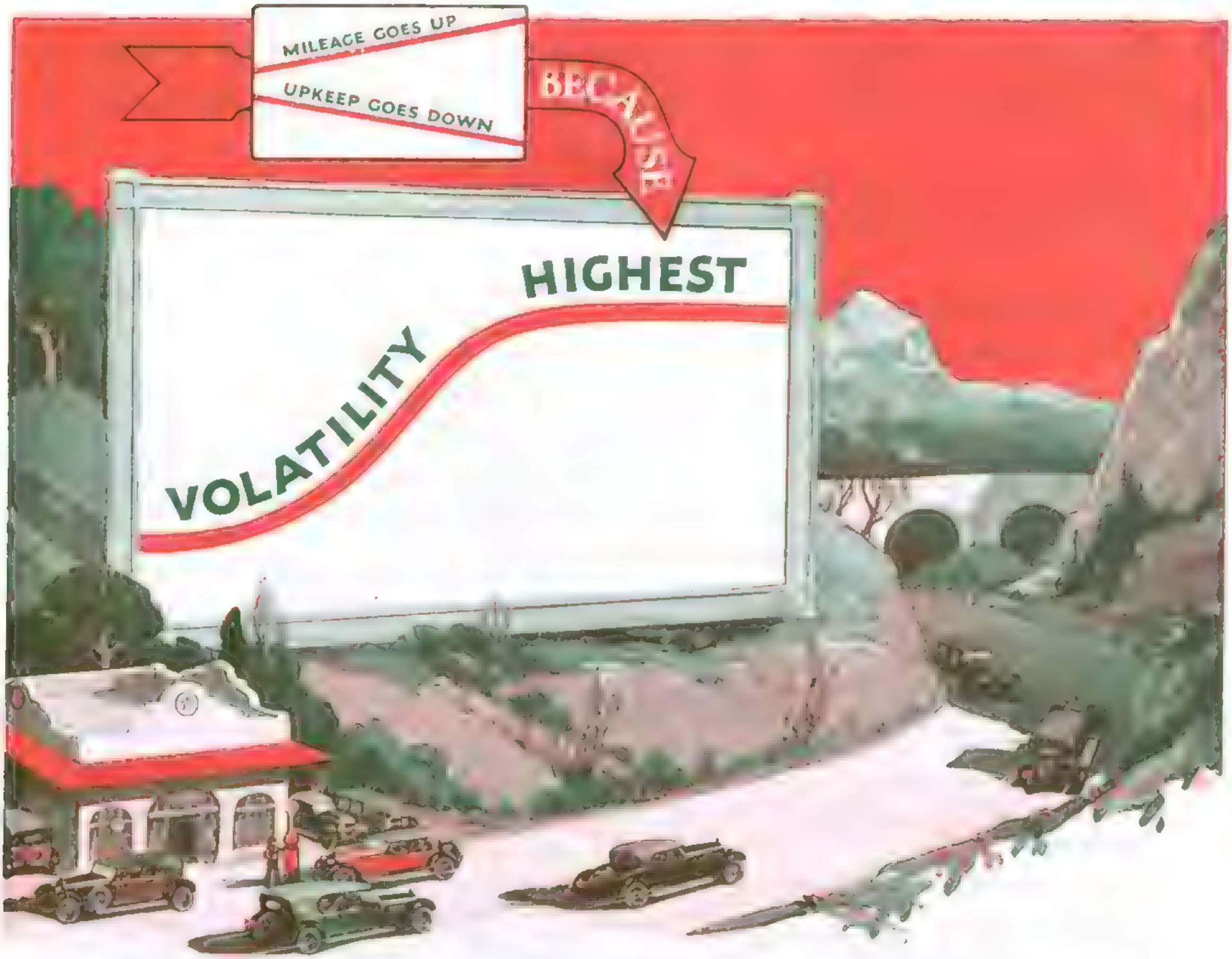
See this battery at your neighborhood Willard Service Station.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
In Canada, Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Hook up with Willard Rechargeable A and B batteries and listen to the difference.
Listen to WTAM, too, Willard's own Broadcasting Station. Wave length 390 meters.

Wood Insulated Batteries are the batteries that first established Willard's reputation for excellence. They're better built today than ever before.

Batteries



Volatility is the readiness with which a Gasoline gives up its power.

In the steady flow of completely vaporized Texaco Gasoline, you have a demonstration of the "mileage-value" of volatility. There is an instant and powerful response to every flash of the spark. At every degree of acceleration there is complete combustion with smooth, balanced impulses applied to the pistons. Stroke for stroke there is more available power, or to say it another way, less *liquid* Gasoline is required to produce the same amount of propulsive force.

Texaco Gasoline *does* go further.

* * *

All the better when the oil is right! You will recognize genuine Texaco Motor Oil by its unmistakable clean, clear, golden color. Its results are as clear as its color.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE

SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL

TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

THE SIN OF SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 8)

I do not know exactly what the records cost—probably a couple of dollars each. They will last perhaps 100 playings at least, and there are six in the family, only one of whom is too young to enjoy music. The toll per person will be the smallest fraction of one cent for each concert. What do I care if some captain of industry in the phonograph field is worried about the size of his income tax or that Caruso's royalties likewise attracted pointed attention from the local collector of internal revenue?

I do not know whether any fortunes or even large incomes have yet emerged from the scramble to manufacture radio sets; but even if they do, the toll which my boy, who is soon to install a set in the next room, must pay for the privilege is certainly small in return for the value received.

Indeed, when we consider the phonograph, the moving picture, the news and feature syndicate, the comic supplement and the comic strip, and those who contribute to or perform for them, as well as the columnist, the professional athlete and the professional coach, we begin to wonder whether our preconceived ideas of success and wealth had better not go on the scrap heap altogether.

Fortunes of New Types

Under modern conditions the age-old saws about riches going only to the money-grabbing, narrow and commercially minded trading type are crumbling apart. In a previous article a French author was quoted as saying that a study covering 700 years of past history showed but few cases where artists, scholars and the like had been amply rewarded. But modern inventions are beginning to knock such generally accepted principles into a cocked hat.

"How can I tell you who are the richest men in the country?" was the slightly exasperated reply made by a member of a great New York banking firm to a question the writer once put. "There are so many new kinds of fortunes. I am told that two of the country's largest incomes are those of a chewing-gum manufacturer in Chicago and the owner of the most important morning newspaper in New York."

But the whole idea of material success must be widened out far beyond even the confines indicated by this banker. They must include singers, pianists, actors, baseball players and managers, cartoonists, novelists—all figures which, according to our inherited and preconceived ideas of wealth, fit about as well into the conception of pecuniary success as the medieval clown would have filled the ducal seat.

All the old settled boundaries of material achievement have broken down, or, to change the metaphor, have been swept away in the flood of new inventions, new wants and new activities. Before me lies the life story of a man who today sells pens and pencils in forty-five different countries. In 1915 he sold only 5000 of them; surely not enough to make him rich. But in 1921 he sold millions upon millions, and his income was something like $100,000 a year. Another account is that of a man who has climbed to the heights of finance by organizing taxicab companies; another by manufacturing sweet crackers; still others by organizing and managing chains of hotels.

A friend writes to suggest a series of articles on how great successes were built upon mustard, peanut butter and other articles on the grocer's shelves. Most amazing of all is the account of a young man, born and reared in a little Iowa town, who performed the seemingly impossible feat of coating a piece of ice cream with hot chocolate.

A newspaper article says that in the middle of 1922 royalties of $30,000 a week were being paid to this young man, and that in the next twelve months the gross income should amount to $1,500,000. Possibly that figure proved to be an overestimate. I do not know, and it does not matter. If the figures were divided by ten, or even by 100, they would be strange enough.

Criticism was directed a few years ago at the salaries paid the higher officials of the largest oil companies. But most of them received less than a cartoonist whose production, by his own admission, could be filled by almost any ham. As for a singer like Caruso, the royalties from his records, even long after his death, are so great that, as Professor Ely has said, "What ownership of landed estates could possibly equal them?"

Even writers, the very name of whose profession has for ages been synonymous with poverty, have in a few cases at least moved up into the ranks of plutocrats. In his few most profitable years H. G. Wells has enjoyed an income which if made from banking or railroading would have marked him forever with the fatal brand of "captain of industry." Indeed, for that matter, Bernard Shaw, although a professed socialist, would, even by his own recent admission, come dangerously near to the same financial category.

Even college professors, who get, if such a thing be possible, more sympathy than writers themselves for their alleged poverty, grow very comfortable if not actually rich at times under modern conditions of quantity production. Fortune literally waits at every corner for the author of very popular and teachable textbooks, especially of the secondary-school variety. A professor of geology in a small college on a small salary wrote an up-to-date text on geography which, it was credibly reported, brought in royalties of $50,000 a year. Such a case is extreme, but it is conservative to say that royalties of from $5000 a year upward for good school textbooks are by no means uncommon. A workable text on some of the more practical and vocational aspects of psychology or salesmanship is certain to return large rewards. The writer knows a whole group of professors of economics grown rich through the simple device of hiring a less enterprising group of professors to write a set of books and readings, and selling the whole as a correspondence course.

Even a professor of history can take in enough in royalties to rank him very high in Bradstreet's, provided he writes a biography of some statesman concerning whom the reading public is curious.

As for syndicate writers and comic artists, they form a whole new army of wealth, containing never a name known to the stereotyped conventionalized vested interests of the Rockefellers and Morgans. A really successful bedtime story, all about little bunnies, provided it can be widely enough syndicated, is a better warrant for bank credit than most of the industries which the demagogues and socialists, still doddering in ancient history, see fit to denounce.

Riches From Royalties

Poorer even in the scale, as traditional pity goes, than the writer or professor, is the poet, he of the long locks and flowing tie. But the most famous of the modern poets whom I have met, while short on hair and neckties, are very long on pulling several hundred dollars for one short evening session of readings, from their own works naturally, before rapt women's clubs, lecture courses and Chautauqua circuits.

For with modern quantity production the lecture business also has multiplied by leaps and bounds, and we could get a long catalogue of brand-new plutocrats complete if only the speakers and lecture bureaus, book publishers, phonograph companies and movie companies and feature syndicates would collaborate on compiling such a list.

I have before me the statement of a congressman who speaks of the cupidity, selfishness and arrogance of wealth; also that of a learned English professor, who speaks of the money-making type as being self-assertive, keen and insensible to the finer scruples and feelings. Also he adds that they get rich much as a dog snatches a bone.

There is an element of truth, no doubt, in these unpleasant descriptions of the successful man, but it must be rather embarrassing for the critics of modern business to be obliged to apply, as in all logic they are compelled to do, such awful language to their friends, the actors, singers, pianists, violinists, novelists, professors, children's-story writers and even poets. Yet surely when a tenor's widow receives nearly $300,000 a year in royalties from records several years after the singer himself has died, the great gulf which existed so long between wealth and art seems to be vanishing.

But if the general unthinking popular opinion, which is so often behind the times, is to be taken as any guide, the inventor is lower in the scale of traditional remuneration than even the writer, professor and poet. No doubt inventors have been cheated at times by shrewd business men. On the other hand, many inventors are too impractical or unpractical to profit from their own creations.

As explained by a writer in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few months ago, there are many inventors who instead of seeking royalties, the only true basis of fortune from inventions, demand a round cash sum of, say, $1,000,000, largely because "big figures have more glamour than smaller ones." Such men are usually commercial failures.

But then there is the purely visionary type, the mechanical genius, of whom Christopher Latham Sholes, who invented the first practical typewriter, was one. To him money meant nothing. Late in life he said he had tried to escape being a millionaire and had succeeded. He certainly had several chances to become one. But Sholes could never have made the typewriter a commercial success. That was done by two other men who had selling ability, together with energy, enthusiasm and qualities of leadership. Yet Sholes received $12,000 for his invention, which was a great sum in those days.

The fact is, of course, that though many inventors have made nothing, others have profited enormously. Wherever even a moderate amount of business ability has been combined with the inventive faculty the results have in numerous cases been exceedingly remunerative. Henry Ford is the conspicuous case of a vast fortune from invention. Edison that of a moderate one.

Well-Paid Inventors

But there is George Eastman, who has made so much that his philanthropies place him in the class just below Carnegie and Rockefeller, and in wealth not far below these and Ford. McCormick also built a great fortune; and so did Westinghouse. There have never been more sensational inventions than those of the telephone, wireless, and aeroplane. The inventors, Bell, Marconi and the Wright brothers, profited not enormously, but at least to a very fair or moderate extent.

Frequently it is taken for granted that an inventor gets nothing for his services to humanity, when exactly the reverse is true. Some years ago a newspaper editorial referred to the genius of Ottmar Mergenthaler, inventor of the original linotype machine, and spoke of how he had failed like so many others to receive an adequate reward. The fact was that he died a wealthy man, and his wealth was due to the money paid him by a corporation for royalties and for manufacturing machines. During his lifetime he received more than $250,000 in royalties, besides several hundred thousand dollars upon contracts for the building of machines, and in addition his estate had received up to a few years ago nearly $1,000,000 in royalties.

Often the fortunes built upon royalties from inventions go to workingmen who devise a better process or machine. Many of the new fortunes in this country are built upon small devices in connection with the automobile, put on the market by mechanics. We find one man who by commercial persistence grew rich from such an apparently minor item as an automobile horn, and still another from a speedometer. Special wheels, axles, rims, hubs, springs, starters—these and hundreds of other parts or devices are the basis for new dynasties of success and wealth.

An inventor of a stiff-soft collar testified recently that he had collected $1,000,000 in royalties from a manufacturing corporation since he had made marketing arrangements with them. We find many instances of inventors, or at least of scientific and research men, becoming high officers of the largest corporations.

Michael J. Owens, who recently died, over a period of years had made inventions or improvements in the art of bottle manufacturing which revolutionized that industry. At the time of his death Mr. Owens was vice president of one of the largest corporations in the field, which incidentally bore his name.

H. P. Davis, who has such a long list of improvements or inventions in the electrical world to his credit, is a vice president

Anywhere
CITY *or* COUNTRY
from cistern or well
water under pressure

No matter where you live, what your source of supply—cistern, spring, lake, shallow well, deep well—if you use a water pump you should investigate the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant. Think of it! This 120-gallon plant costs only $84.75 complete. It attaches to any electric light circuit. Operates for a few cents a week.

Thousands of these plants are in use. In cities and towns, they supplement city service with soft water at the turn of a faucet. In suburban, summer and farm homes, they provide well water under pressure, and its comforts—hot and cold water for bath, laundry and kitchen—sanitary inside toilet.

Operation entirely automatic

Just turn the faucet. Operating a Home Water Plant is as simple as that—self-priming, self-oiling, self-starting. You have water under pressure all of the time. In the 200-gallon and larger sizes, the capacity is great enough for fire protection, sprinkling your lawn and garden and washing your car.

For Cisterns
For Wells

$115
complete F. O. B. Factory
220-gallon per hour capacity pump 60-cycle motor 35 gallon galvanized tank.
Also larger sizes, correspondingly low-priced.

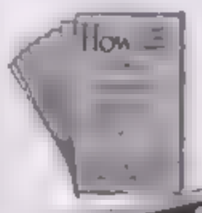
You can get the famous Fairbanks-Morse Pump only in the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant. Make certain the system in your home has this dependable pump. Go to your local dealer. If he cannot supply you, write us. The coupon is for your convenience. It will bring you the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Service Library, full of interesting facts about water under pressure, and its uses. Just check and mail the coupon.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers *Chicago*

Get this Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Service Library

Read these titles. Check on the coupon the numbers that interest you. It will bring them to you *free*.

1 "The cheapest ... you ... fire
2 ... to ... property
3 ... reasons ... proof
4 "Health and ... in ... home
5. "Reducing the fire risk"
6. "The mark of refinement."
7. "Protecting ... baby's ..."
8. "Water ... of the ..."



FAIRBANKS-MORSE

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.
Dept. L-8, 900 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Please send me without obligation the Fairbanks Morse Water Service subjects checked. See description above.

( ) 1 ( ) 2 ( ) 3 ( ) 4 ( ) 5 ( ) 6 ( ) 7 ( ) 8

Name

Address

of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and the great inventor, Steinmetz, was employed at a large annual retainer by the General Electric Company.

Indeed, it has long been the practice of many of the largest corporations to enlist the genius of great inventors and to provide amply for pure research that there might be pure science to apply to modern use. A veritable catalogue of facts can be adduced to show that nowhere is science so progressive as in the very home of capitalism itself. But it is said that business men and corporations often hold back useful inventions for fear of having to scrap investments already made. There may be truth at times in this charge. But on the other hand, the rapidity with which such new inventions as the automobile, the motion picture and even the radio have been taken up and erected into important industries illustrates what a high degree of elasticity there is in our system of free enterprise.

But the socialist, clinging to his rigid, unyielding theories, will not be much impressed by such a showing. In fact, he may argue that the greater the multitude, the wider the circle upon which the rewards of success are showered, the more will men and women emphasize a false valuation of all the qualities of life in terms of self-gain.

It is true that success in the material sense, that gain and profit, are high stakes or prizes which lure men on to achieve great things. But no mistake can be more complete than to suppose that the successful man is interested in nothing else but gain. He wants money as his tangible reward, as the largely accepted criterion of success in his appointed task. But he buries himself in his business, and works day and night to build, not his fortune but his business, long after he has money enough.

He prefers smokestacks to other kinds of monuments; he asks in his will that the property he has built up be kept intact if possible. He is so busy creating a business that he does not know how to spend money and cares less. He pours his income into its growth and hardly knows or cares where it has gone, provided only it has helped to make his business grow. What he is worth appears as a rule only after he has died.

"The men who have acquired the largest fortunes," said Mr. Rockefeller once, "have not pursued wealth. Had they desired money for the enjoyment of money, they would have stopped far short of spending their whole lives in the struggle."

One of the most striking characteristics of most rich men is their desire to be known for something besides their money. They want to be valued for themselves, not for their money. I don't mean that they undervalue wealth. More or less unconsciously and secretly, the owner of a country place and a fortune of $10,000,000 envies and is both jealous and suspicious of his neighbor whose fortune is $15,000,000. That is human nature.

Why Don't They Quit?

But in conversation, in the personal and social contacts of life, the rich man much prefers to be known for his knowledge of art, of old furniture, of football, or even of chicken raising, or for his connection with the local hospital, his college fraternity, his college endowment drive, than for the size of his income.

Several years ago in an article entitled Why Don't They Quit? the writer discussed in very considerable detail, which need not be repeated here, the subject of why the rich man keeps on working. Suffice it to say, the successful man, the rich man, has as great a desire to keep on achieving as anyone else.

Professor Sumner long ago pointed out that it is "not the man who is rich who is happier, but he who is growing richer than he has been." In other words, happiness lies for most men not in a state of rest, but in progress, movement, transition. As Robert Louis Stevenson said, the true happiness of mankind is not to arrive but to travel.

The system of free enterprise under which we live is sometimes criticized on the ground that happiness in reality depends more upon security of relative status, which is so lacking, than upon increase of wealth. If only people did not rise in the scale, their fellows would not be unsettled and rendered discontented. But precisely this line of reasoning is what constitutes a logical defense of slavery, or at least of feudalism. Most of us want neither slavery nor feudalism.

Lord Leverhulme is said to rise at 4:30 or 5:30, works until seven at night and tires out four secretaries. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, each wants his bank or shop or factory to be the largest, to surpass all rivals.

Read any biography of a really worthwhile man. Theodore N. Vail never speculated in Wall Street, but he was fascinated by patent rights. He took shares in anything which promised to revolutionize industry. He hoped to make a profit from these inventions; but more than that, he hoped to expand, to build and to establish. He took a large interest in a system to heat cities by piped hot water, which did not prove successful. But he devised the night-and-day letter, the cable letter, the week-end cable and the sending of telegrams through telephone exchanges with the cost charged to one's telephone bill.

Sir William Van Horne, who built so much of the railway system of Canada, always acted as if nothing were impossible. If a mountain stood in his way, he ordered the engineers to blow it down. Often he was wrong, but daring and fearlessness carried him through.

D. A. Thomas—Lord Rhondda—the British coal king, was enthrallingly interested in whatever he took up; not because it was the correct thing to do, or the fashion, but because whatever his hand found to do he did with all his might and enjoyed it. On his deathbed he talked of what he hoped to accomplish in charge of the new Ministry of Health.

"Some souls are vital to the end," said one of the attending physicians, "even when the last days are clouded by pain and weakness; his was one of these. There was still so much for him to do."

Undeserved Riches

Capital and labor, even when working together in harmony, can produce very little. Capital may bring as small a return as 2 per cent or 3 per cent, perhaps none at all. Manual labor, without railroads, steamships, automobiles, the power loom and the reaper, could hardly produce anything. Brains and leadership are what really produce. The world is made up largely of people who not only dare do nothing themselves, but who blindly try to prevent the very few from achieving in what is really the people's behalf.

When we travel across the deserts and mountains of the far West, let us think not only of the few pioneers who built the railroads but of the fact that most people stayed home and criticized the pioneers. Any real talent, any quality of leadership, is rare, vital and precious. A man who built up a great industry was described by an associate in this fashion:

"You should have accompanied him on one of his inspection trips through one of the plants. A manager or superintendent would say, 'This way, Mr. Blank.' Instantly Mr. Blank was shooting off in the opposite direction, thereby finding something the manager didn't want him to see. Those trips were a scream, for every few minutes the whole party except Blank himself were trailing off at right angles to him, only to get hurriedly back into line again."

It is true unfortunately that if a man acquires $1,000,000 by selling badly made shoes, he has the money just the same as if he had come by it through putting well-made shoes on the market. The cynically minded will say that one shoe manufacturer is accounted to have achieved success just as much as the other, and that the boldness and energy I have just been praising may go into selling bad shoes as well as good shoes.

Here, indeed, is the vicious feature of the modern economic system. The extreme complication of the system makes for confusion. Often it is difficult in the extreme to follow out all the methods of acquiring wealth. Frequently the fortune does not emerge until after the maker of it, the industrial leader responsible for it, has died. The descendants alone may reap the harvest.

Then it is impractical and too late, as Professor Taussig has pointed out, to separate the elements and see how the money originally was earned, whether by sheer ability and efficiency, or by such qualities mingled with intrigue, trickery and even dishonesty. "It is too late to undo the latches of the past . . . and there the fortune stands, a problem of its own."

Yes, but what of the other side of the picture, of the manufacturers who glory in the quality of their product, of merchants whose chief pride is in the perfection of their service? With countless successful men, pride in the work done takes precedence over every other thought.

In the words of a biographer of one of the country's greatest manufacturers, who died a few years ago, "He had never a thought or interest that took precedence over his product. He didn't care for money or for charities; his passion was to get things done in the best way." This proved to be just as true when the manufacturer took charge of relieving the distress from a great flood as it was in the conduct of his plant.

Certainly the fact that some business men in high places are mean, narrow and dishonest cannot be laid wholly to the door of any given social or economic system. Apparently they exist under communism no less than under capitalism, if the reports that come out of Russia are true. Executions for malfeasance and dishonesty in that country seem to be startlingly frequent.

There are men who make money in more or less dubious fashion, who unload, sell out and get clear of the game. But in the long run most of those who stay in business, who meet the fierceness of competition and the fast-rising ethical standards, must render service if they are to continue making profits. More and more the modern successful business concern emphasizes the service which it renders and sets up good service as an ideal to its organization.

Nor do I think that the man who acquires money dubiously always gets away with it. To an increasing extent standards are being erected in business dealings. Even the rich manufacturer knows what his associates, his competitors and his helpers think of him. The business man who fools his own trade is a rare bird. But is not the esteem of one's fellows more priceless than rubies?

When there is a curse in the heart of a man's fellows, he is miserable enough without any other punishment, whatever the size of his bank account. There is not much occasion to envy him who has become rich by improper methods.

How to make production for profit turn out a larger supply of useful goods under conditions more conducive to welfare is a problem which can and is being broken down into manageable parts, which in turn can be and are being tracked at every point.

Though there are readers who will probably sniff at such rudimentary copy-book stuff, I am inclined to think that the most valued attribute, and one of the most valuable contributions of this type of man, is his thrift, his propensity toward saving.

Wealth From Small Beginnings

No property can be built up, no industrial organization for the production of necessary goods is possible, without some form of saving, without a firm adjustment of expenditure to income. Surely it must be recognized by all who have given the subject any thought that the marked individual success, the large fortune, is very commonly based upon saving. Obviously the first requisite for a large measure of business achievement is the power to grasp the ideal or idea of future gain so distinctly that the tendency toward present indulgence is controlled.

The largest chain of restaurants in the world was started and is owned by two brothers, two out of ten children on a farm. They worked from five A.M. to nine P.M. and saved until they had $1600 for their venture.

John Studebaker went overland in a covered wagon. He had ten children, all of whom were taught, were indeed forced, to practice frugality and were compelled to suffer many hardships. The three oldest boys drove fifty miles into an adjoining county to work as harvest hands, and brought fifty dollars back to their father. Finally two of them started in 1852 making wagons, with a capital of sixty-eight dollars and two forges.

An old man known for his wealth was one of six children, whose father, a country minister, never received more than $900 salary. Each of the six children received a suitable education for the business occupation he or she desired to enter. Yet the family was never known to leave a place with any unpaid debts.

Eastman, Carnegie and Duke all saved in the early stages of their careers. Marshall Field at twenty-two worked as a clerk for $400 a year, slept over the store, bought no clothes except a pair of overalls, and saved $200 out of his salary.

One may jeer at Benjamin Franklin with his wise saws about thrift, but not at the banker near the center of the "money trust," who, when asked by the writer if he and his kind did not have too much power, replied simply, "Wealth built up by the careless and improvident has always found its way into the hands of the careful and provident, and always will."

Success and Brightness

Nor do I think that even the smartest of the intelligentzia who rail at thrift will get far in refuting the intricate, subtle and brilliant economic writings of Prof. F. M. Taylor, who in laying down in orderly detail the causes of large fortunes mentions near the head of the list the practice of thrift, keeping within one's income, especially in the early stages.

Frequently it is said that the successful business man is not particularly bright, that he is too narrow for intellectual quality or attainment. Recent mental-alertness tests appear to show that a man must be bright to succeed in business, but not necessarily of unusual or extraordinary brightness.

W. V. Bingham, professor of psychology at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, advances the sensible theory in this connection that success in business, like success in college or in the practice of law, medicine, journalism or the ministry, is only partly conditioned by intellectual endowment. Mere brightness is nothing without ability to make and hold friends, trustworthiness, industry, patience, balance and other moral and social characteristics.

But whatever qualities the successful man may show in the acquisition of wealth, he can never escape the question of what he does with his accumulation after he has got it. Indeed, I suspect the public really is more interested in how a rich man spends his income than in how he made it. Wealth, of course, is of no use in itself. It must all be spent or used in some fashion eventually.

Unfortunately, however, this tendency to interest ourselves in what becomes of people's incomes, whether they be rich or poor, leads to the neglect of how they were earned.

"It is often difficult to ascertain how wealth is acquired," says Professor Clay; "it is easier and much simpler to give up the attempt to discriminate, to lump together all methods of making wealth, and to concentrate one's endeavors on securing a good use of wealth."

A rich man's charities may well have something of the character of atonement. Anyone rich enough can give money away, and many will praise him. But it takes greater ability and certainly as much vision to build works, good works, that live after him.

No monument can be finer than work well done. But if the effort chances to bring with it great material reward, then what shall the rich man do with his wealth—what in fact does become of it? These are intensely practical questions, and press for answer no less than those which already we have tried to meet. As stated at the beginning of the first article in this series, who can say whether the making or spending of money is the more important?

Curiously enough, there have been very few if any studies or even discussions of this question of the disposal of the rich man's income. Men have debated since the beginning of time the ways in which the rich spend their riches. But, strictly speaking, expenditure, in the ordinary meaning of the term, is only one of four ways in which the successful man gets rid of his income.

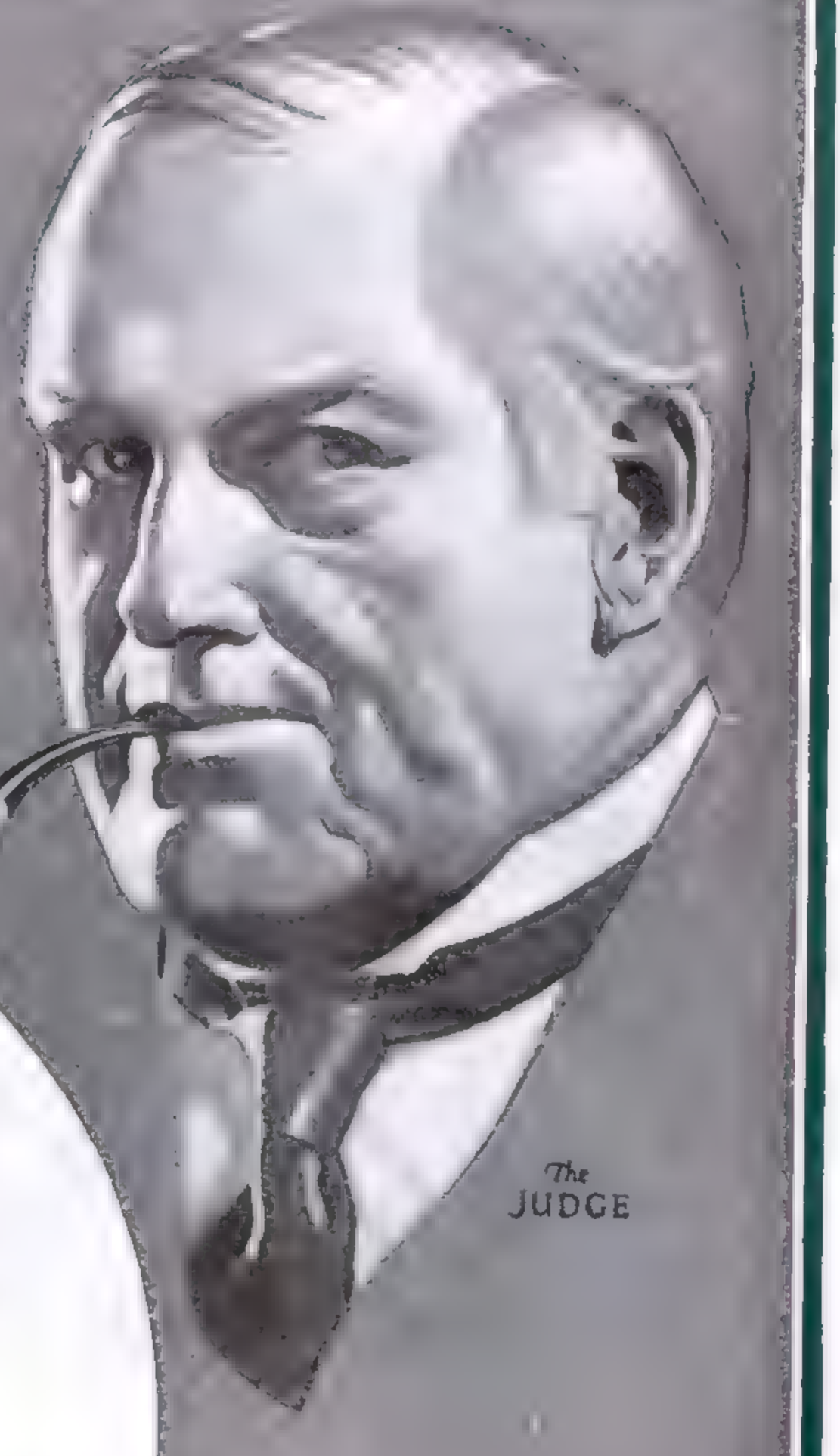
A second method of disposal consists of gifts, donations, philanthropies.

A third consists of investments, of savings; and a fourth, of the utmost importance under modern conditions, consists of taxes paid.

Each of these four methods of disposing of the rich man's income has been discussed at length, but separately, by thousands, no doubt by millions of people. But as far as the writer can learn, no one has ever before attempted to learn what becomes of the rich man's income in the light of all four of these great major avenues or channels of disposal. They must be considered as a whole.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The third will appear in an early issue.

Men
who know values
quickly appreciate
quality!



The JUDGE

FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO

© Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

AMERICA SHOULD PRODUCE

Fire

The Mark of Quality

ITS OWN RUBBER ... Firestone

Quick Get-Aways — Perfect Control With

BALLOON GUM-DIPPED CORDS

Sure-footed, with firm, positive traction, Firestone full-size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords give your car the instant response that saves delays at the get-away.

Motoring speed is unhampered by these big, resilient cords. The wide, flexible, scientifically designed Firestone treads hold the wheels to their true course. Apply the brakes and you realize how much more effective is your control.

You actually economize on gasoline. And every mile you travel, you enjoy the added benefit of unparalleled comfort.

Firestone full-size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords are the nation's outstanding preference in low-pressure tires—chosen by many prominent car manufacturers and by more than 60,000 individual motorists. They are accepted everywhere as standard and are therefore widely imitated.

The special Firestone gum-dipping process made the balloon tire practical. It rubberizes each fibre and strand of the cord, eliminating destructive internal friction. Firestone specially designed wheels make the application of these tires quick, easy and economical.

Talk to any Firestone Service Dealer, and let him show you why Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords will so greatly increase the enjoyment, service and value you get from your car.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

FACTORIES:
AKRON, OHIO
HAMILTON, ONT.

Firestone

The Quickest Breakfast

Quick Quaker

cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes

THERE is a new Quaker Oats—Quick Quaker. So remember, your grocer now has two styles of Quaker Oats: Quick and also regular Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known.

A hot breakfast—quick

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes. It's ready and waiting—steaming, flavory and nutritious—in half the time of coffee. Takes scarcely longer than simple toasted bread.

Thus now, regardless of how hurried you may be, you can have the world's premier vigor breakfast, every day.

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats. The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking. Then rolled very thin and partly cooked.

All the rich Quaker flavor is there. All the lusciousness. All the body-strengthening elements. Made of selected grains only. The kind from which we get only ten pounds of flakes from the bushel.

Ask for the kind that you prefer—Quick Quaker or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the label.

Standard full size and weight packages—
Medium: 1¼ pounds;
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known

WEBER AND FIELDS

(Continued from Page 21)

of boys choosing up sides for a baseball game. MIKE *wins and starts for the money.*

MIKE: I vin! I vin!

MYER: Dumbskull! You don't vin der money, you chust get shot first.

MIKE: Pardon, please. I oliogepize.

MYER: Hey! Don't get so close to dot table. You got to stand three feets away ven you shoot it.

The Pool-Table Skit

This was the more ridiculous in that Weber's pillow-padded waistline stopped him a foot short of the pool table. At this warning, he would make a blundering try at a cue's length, then reverse the cue and aim with the large end.

MYER: You can'd do dot. Always you must shoot it mit der end dot's got der sponge on.

MIKE *(examining the tip):* Dot's a sponge? It's very tight for a sponge!

MYER: Remember, you got to break der balls before as you bust dem.

MIKE *(puzzledly):* I got to bust dem before I break dem?

[MIKE *drives the cue ball into the massed numbered balls and the fifteenth ball, by arrangement, drops into a pocket.*

MIKE: I got him! I got him!

MYER *(grabbing the ball):* You didn't call it!

MIKE: I did call it! I did call it! I called it to myself!

MYER: Dot's a bad habit, talking to yourselves, und worser in pool. Don't do it some more. Now vot ball you play?

MIKE: Do I got to tell you?

MYER: Sure, you got to tell me.

MIKE: Are you der mayor or somedings? I like to play dis one, only dot one is in de vay.

MYER: All right, I move it for you.

[MIKE *also moves a ball, to his further advantage.*

MYER: Don't do dot! Don't do dot! It ain't allowed you to move balls.

MIKE: You can move dem, und I can't move dem, eh?

MYER: Imbesilly! I moved it as a favor to you.

MIKE: Vell, I moved de other one as a favor to you.

[MIKE *shoots and misses;* MYER *takes aim.*

MIKE: Vot ball you play?

MYER: Der round one.

MIKE: Round? All is round!

MYER: Dis one is rounder.

[MIKE *picks up a ball to examine it.*

MYER: Again! Once more, ain't I told you? Drop dot ball!

[MYER *manhandles* MIKE *and the game resumes.* MYER *shoots, misses and drives the white cue ball into a corner pocket. Both jump up and down exultantly.*

MIKE: Hooray! A scratch!

MYER: Sure! A scratch! Dot gifs me four balls. Only best players can dodge all der other balls und get in der hole. I surprise meinself.

[*While* MIKE *ponders this,* MYER *puts the four highest balls remaining on the table in his rack and prepares to shoot again.*

MIKE: Vot ball you shoot now?

MYER: Der colored one.

MIKE: Vich color? Dey all got colors!

[MYER *ignores the question, shoots, misses, and* MIKE *takes his turn.*

MYER: Vell, vell! Tell it vot you is playing.

MIKE: Pool, aind't it?

MYER: Vat ball? Vat ball?

MIKE: Ah! So I got to play a ball?

MYER: How many times got I to tell you you got to name vat ball you shoot?

MIKE: Good! I name one Rudolph.

[MYER *menaces* MIKE *with a cue,* MIKE *parrying and thrusting in fencing-master fashion.*

MYER: Now, vill you tell me?

MIKE: Vich number is biggest?

MYER: Der fifteen ball.

MIKE: I like to shoot him. Vere is he?

[*Both search the table for the fifteen ball.* MYER *finds it in* MIKE'S *rack,* MIKE'S *only marker.*

MYER: Here's it.

MIKE: All right, put it down here.

MYER: As a special favor to you, I do it.

[MYER *places the fifteen ball back in play* MIKE *shoots, misses and scratches the cue ball into a side pocket. He dances jubilantly.*

MIKE: Hooray! I vin four balls! Dot's a scratch like you told me.

MYER: Dot's no scratch. Dot's an itch. Scratches is in corner pockets, itches in side pockets. Itches is bad. One itch by you gifs me four balls more.

[MIKE, *realizing that the game is going against him, jumps on the pool table, and leaps from there to the rack, grabbing the fifteen dollars before* MYER *can act. Then* MYER *attempts to take the money from him.* MIKE *(reminding him of his own words):* Der one dot gets der money vins de game. [*Still clutching the money,* MIKE *is dragged offstage by the scruff of his neck.*

The pool-table act was a new thing in the theater. Until now, the usual comedy turn either was pure slapstick for slapstick's sake, or a mere volleying of quip, gag and patter, the form and substance handed down through the centuries from jester, harlequin, clown or minstrel. Weber and Fields had caught up a slice of life and put it, burlesqued but recognizable, upon the variety stage, which hitherto had left the mirroring of Nature to the legitimate theater. More or less unwittingly, they had grafted slapstick upon farce and comedy and produced a new theatrical species. The pool-table skit told a story and held a mirror up to life; a farcical story and a distorted mirror, it is true, but a long step beyond the belled cap, the bladder, the stuffed club and the topical joke. Other actors were groping along the same trail to such eventual success that today the $5.50 musical revues have raided the vaudeville and burlesque stages of many of the best of these turns.

The Saturday before the Baltimore opening, advances to the company and routine expenses had nibbled the firm's cash balance down to some forty dollars, with sixteen tickets to Maryland yet to be bought. In this emergency they turned to their old friendly enemy, Gus Hill, for the loan of $200.

"You dod-rotted kids have treated me pretty bad," Hill grumbled, "and your show'll surprise me if it ever gets out of Baltimore, but I'm just fool enough to let you have it."

They gave their note, and the show was got to the Monumental Theater, Baltimore. The summer hung on unseasonably and business was bad from the start. Two fortuities saved them from Hill's "I told you so." Kernan's, at Washington, the second date, was only forty miles, or one dollar, away, and pay day, traditionally, was Wednesday as of the preceding Saturday. This gave three days of the following week to make up salaries.

Managerial Troubles

Neither Joe nor Lew ever had sat down to the elementary problem of how much money can be crowded into a house of so many seats at a fifty-cent top, boxes seventy-five. They had taken it for granted, actor fashion, that Hill, Hyde, the Kernells and other managers were above money worries merely by virtue of being managers. Now when they counted up what had the look of a fair house and found only $260 in the box office, they thought they were being robbed. It happened that they were not, although the practice was not unknown. A show's only check on the receipts was the tickets. Tickets were hard or soft, the former the stiff pasteboards issued for the unreserved balcony and gallery seats; the latter, the thinner checks, with detachable seat coupons, for the reserved lower floor. A nimble-fingered door man could palm many a hard ticket, and the slotted boxes in which both hard and soft were supposed to be dropped had been known to have false bottoms.

But Joe stood guard in the box office beside the house treasurer, Fields kept at the side of the door man, and both used their circus-trained eyes.

Washington always was one of the poorer cities on the circuit, and the weather held hot—hot as only Washington can be. By Wednesday the company had played to only $1000, split evenly between theater and show. This $500, added to Baltimore's offering of buttons and plugged nickels, gave Weber and Fields $810 to meet a $925 pay roll, yet it was met. Max Schanfield, brother of Lew, who had deserted the garment trade to go along as business manager, was sent by alley and back street to a

(Continued on Page 82)

Quality First

THE WOMAN who steps forth with ankles clad in Real Silk Hosiery knows that no other hosiery will be more admired. She also knows that she has done well by herself in taking advantage of Real Silk economy. This is truly a "Real Silk era"—an era in which quality and economy are one. You, too, can benefit by Real Silk quality and economy by buying direct from our mills through the Real Silk Representative who *calls at your home* with samples.

Long wear is insured by sturdy, special processed lisle in the toe, heel and top. Every pair is guaranteed.

This gold button identifies the authorized Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home

REAL SILK
HOSIERY MILLS
Indianapolis, Indiana

Ready folded for use

The Health Towel *of a hundred uses!*

In the home—office—factory—garage—wherever there is need for clean, safe, comfortable towels that *really dry*—ScotTissue Towels do just that because of their soft, white Thirsty Fibres.

In the Garage or on the Road

—ScotTissue Towels are indispensable for drying your hands and face, removing grease, polishing metal on car, wiping windshield, etc. When you're driving, carry a pack of ScotTissue Towels in each pocket of your car. There are so many occasions when you need a fresh, clean towel—after you change a tire—make adjustments on the engine—to remove the dust and grime of travel, etc. Also handy as napkins and handkerchiefs—while touring or camping. *Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c.*

150 towels in dustproof carton, 40c. In Rock, Mountain Zone and Canada 50c. (Postage extra.)

24 [illegible] per carton when bought by the case (25 cartons—3750 towels). Price per case $6.[illegible]. In Rock, Mountain Zone and Canada 7.50. Gross weight 60 lbs. [illegible] wharf prices in lots of 5, 10 and 25 cases. Ask your dealer or mail to your order.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY
Chester, Pa.
Also makers of ScotTissue Toilet Paper

Scot Tissue Towels

for

Kitchen-Bathroom-Automobile-Office-Factory

© 1924 S. P. Co.

(Continued from Page 80)

pawnshop with the partly paid for diamonds. He brought back $125. The company was told that the diamonds had been sent home for safe keeping. The company had its own opinion as to that.

The second week of Weber and Fields' Own Company saw every cent of the $1800 earned on the Coast gone, and a debt of $325 plus incurred. But their share of the last three days' receipts would get the troupe back to New York and a week at Donaldson's Bowery, where they were sure of capacity from their neighbors and friends. The Bowery rallied as expected and gave them such a reception at the Monday-matinée opening that Donaldson advanced $100 without question. With this and what was left of the Washington receipts they sent brother Max to the capital on the midnight train to redeem the diamonds. He was back in New York before dinner Tuesday.

"They must have sent those diamonds home after all," the perplexed company whispered at sight of them again.

The week at Donaldson's netted such a profit that after paying the agreeably surprised Hill his $200, and buying tickets for Boston, some $600 remained. Unable to get booking at Howard's Athenæum, the most desirable Boston house, they had accepted without investigation an offer from Proctor's Grand Opera House. This theater lay out of the way in South Boston, played to a 10-20-30 scale, and their contract, they discovered too late, stipulated that Proctor was to get the first $1500, they the next $1500, and all over that to be divided equally.

When the curtain rose on the Wednesday matinée, pay-off day, the total receipts for the week thus far were $900. Proctor had $600 coming to him, and Weber and Fields had nothing. With more than $300 needed to meet the pay roll, they talked for their lives to the house manager. When talk failed they cried, bitterly and sincerely, until the manager parted with $100. A threat of double suicide on his doorstep would get no more from him, he warned.

Joe looked at Lew's stud. Lew looked at Joe's. Max looked at both.

"Again?" he asked.

By close bargaining, Max got eighty dollars on each of the studs and twenty dollars more on his own watch. Lottie Fremont, who was Uncle Dave Frank's daughter, and Lew's first cousin therefore, volunteered to wait for her salary. Thus the pay roll was met. Max was sent to New York that night to try to raise money. A letter from him came on the last delivery the next day.

"Quick work," said Joe as Lew slit the envelope.

"Dear Lew and Joe," the letter read: "I got my old job with Feinbaum back. I hope you get home all right."

A Good Deed in a Naughty World

Friday night's receipts rounded out Proctor's $1500. Saturday matinée and night were the thin core remaining to the boys. Next week they were booked for Miner's Eighth Avenue, New York, another certain life-saver if only they could make it. Jake Lewis had a jewelry store next door to B. F. Keith's Theater in Washington Street, and had known them of old. Reckless with desperation, they dropped into Lewis' shop on Saturday morning and priced diamonds. With two unpaid-for studs already in pawn, they picked out more—and better—ones at $450 each, and paid on account—two passes for the show.

That afternoon the jeweler and his son-in-law called backstage after the matinée. Already remorseful, the boys got the son-in-law to one side and poured out their story in tears—how Proctor had tricked them; how they had taken advantage of Lewis and were intending to pawn the new studs for enough to get the show to New York; how, once at Miner's Eighth Avenue they were saved. The son-in-law listened and said nothing. He went one way, Joe and Lew another, to a dreary supper at Miss Irish's theatrical boarding house. What the company did not suspect, they read in their employers' boyish faces.

The rice pudding was being served when the doorbell rang. Lewis' son-in-law asked for the boys; Jake wished to see them at his store. At the best, they anticipated, he would demand the return of the diamonds. At the worst ——

"He's been telling me about the fix you're in," Lewis began. "I wish you boys had been frank with me to begin with instead of working that stud racket, but we'll forget that. I saw your show today and I've known you kids for a long time. You've got a good show, you're smart, and you're not lazy. That's about all any business needs. There's the safe. It's open. Help yourself to whatever you have to have and pay me back when you can. That goes for the studs too."

How doth a good deed shine in a naughty world! Joe and Lew wept afresh as they counted $300 from the safe, but the tears that spattered upon the bills were not so salty as the tears of despair. The two Saturday performances brought in $400 clear. The $700 took the company to New York, paid Lottie Fremont her overdue salary and met the usual Saturday-night demands for advances—to the surprise of the demanders

On Easy Street at Last

Miner's Eighth Avenue was a larger, better located and a higher priced house than Donaldson's Bowery, and New York jammed it to the doors all week. A $200 advance, had for the asking on Tuesday, was sent to Boston to redeem the studs and Max Schanfield's watch. After salaries had been paid on Wednesday night, $300 still remained with which to return Jake Lewis' bounty. The recovered studs were reset in two heavy gold rings. Weber and Fields now wore diamonds fore and aft, and the crowd at Miner's Eighth Avenue told each other, "I always said those boys would show 'em a thing or two."

From that day on, Weber and Fields never played a losing week. Gilmore's Central at Philadelphia followed the Eighth Avenue, then Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. From Ohio on, the Sundays were wide open and two additional performances a week brought the net profits up to $500 and $600. The first season of Weber and Fields' Own Company ended at Hyde and Behman's, Brooklyn, in April.

That same month Tony Pastor, the great Tony, who once had watched their flip-flaps in the lobby of his theater with amused disdain, sent for the two and offered them $250 a week to join his summer show. Sometime in those fifteen years Pastor had moved uptown to Fourteenth Street, next door to and part of Tammany Hall. Tammany and the theater still are there, the latter playing burlesque—the former ditto, at times. A lady might attend at Pastor's. For the first time Fields' future wife, the young woman to whom his sister had introduced him on that memorable return from California, saw him onstage. Fields drove her to and from Fourteenth Street in the noblest landau ever seen in Clinton Street, while the diamond on his ungloved left hand winked at the diamond in his shirt front.

After two crowded weeks in his own house, the Pastor show took to the road. His always were all-star companies, and their coming was as circus day. Maggie Cline, then singing Throw Him Down, McCloskey, was the bright particular pentacle that year. In the cast also were the Russell Brothers, Jimmy and Johnny. Joe and Lew and the Russells became bosom friends. The Russells hinted that they would like to go out with the Weber and Fields company in the fall. Most of the variety actors from Boston to San Francisco were writing in to invite themselves to the same party.

What did these astonishing youngsters, so recently trafficking with pawnbrokers and crying for railroad fares, do but put two companies on the road their second season—their own and another called the Russell Brothers' Comedians, both shows ranking not far behind Pastor's famous troupes. Their old boyhood companion, Sam Bernard—*the* Sam Bernard—was made business manager of the second company.

Supporting Weber and Fields were James F. (Young Mule) Hoey, Lottie Gilson, Filson and Earl, Johnny Carroll, Lavender and Thompson, Alburtis and Bartram, Swift and Chase, and the Bratts Brothers—a cast that sent the weekly pay roll across the $1000 mark. With the Russell Brothers were more big names: Bonnie Thornton, Sam Bernard, Hastings and Marion, Lizzie B. Raymond, McAvoy and May, O'Brien and Havel, and Morris Kronin.

Booking was so arranged that the Comedians trailed the Weber and Fields company around the circuit, one week behind. The parent show prepared the way for its offspring. Each audience was exhorted in a curtain speech of the treat in store for them

(Continued on Page 84)

FRANKLIN

Adds 49% More Power!

To the supremacy of the Franklin in riding comfort, reliability and economy is now added a degree of power and speed that again sets it apart. No car in the past has ever equalled its ability for distance in a day over the road. Today that ability is enhanced by an increased traffic acceleration—

from 5 to 25 m.p.h. in 7.3 seconds

and a rush into normal driving speed—

from 10 to 40 m.p.h. in 15 seconds

At this speed there is 100% reserve power for steady use or for the swing around the laggards. Hills are taken with confidence on high—climbs 190% steeper grades at 40 m. p. h.

Combining high power with Franklin air-cooling and flexibility is the big engineering advance of the year. It puts a performance copyright on the Franklin owners' slogan: "More miles—better miles."

Go to your Franklin dealer. He will provide the car for you to drive in the most remarkable motoring demonstration you have ever had.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

(Continued from Page 82)

the following week, and the names of the Russells and their troupe filled the advertising squares on the in-one drop, customarily a breezy budget of the city's beauty and chivalry—The Edelweiss Chop House—Short Orders at All Hours; Fred's Palace Barber Shop—Six Chairs—No Waiting; The Alcazar Turkish Baths—Open All Night; The Capitol Steam Laundry—Your Bosom Friend; The Grand Avenue Painless Dentists; The General Ulysses S. Grant Five-Cent Cigar, Thirty Minutes in Wheeling, W. Va.; and Compliments of the Queen City Baggage and Transfer Co.—We Never Sleep.

Such ballyhooing carried the new troupe through teething and the summer complaint to a small profit at the season's end. As for the parent company, observe the owners' diamonds. Gone from their wink are the red rays of shame at the secret knowledge of first and second mortgages and mechanic's liens. From finger and shirt front they heliograph the tidings that the line forms at the right of the box office and extends around the corner, nevermore to blush unseen in the dark unfathom'd corners of Shylock's safe, nor to waste their refulgence upon the hock-shop air.

This was the year in which Joe and Lew introduced Ladies' Night to a head-shaking Cincinnati. Col. Jim Fennessey's People's Theater, like the other houses on the circuit, was strictly stag. The bar to the presence of women lay not behind the footlights but in front. The entertainment was reasonably clean, but the drinking, smoking male audience was not so fastidious. Husbands, brothers and fathers carried home reports of the good things of variety and brought back the complaints of their womenfolk that the men should monopolize all this. Why not one night a week when smoking and drinking should be banned and women admitted, Fields suggested to Colonel Jim.

The Civil War veteran threw up his hands.

"Let sleeping dogs lie, son," he objected. "Let 'em in here once and they'll be pushing in regular the first thing you know, and driving the boys away. A man likes to have some place where he can get away from petticoats. Well"—the colonel gave ground grudgingly—"we might reserve the boxes for them some night and let a few in through the stage door."

Frank James Entertains

"Why not do the thing up brown and get your theater talked about?" the boys argued. "Get out a lot of dodgers announcing Friday as Ladies' Night; no smoking, no drinking, and a cut flower presented to every lady present. Give the old house a thorough scrubbing and fill your lobby with flowers. Try it once."

"It's a crazy idea, and against my better judgment," Fennessey grunted; "but have your way. You'll travel on Saturday night and I'll be left to hold the sack."

Friday morning ten charwomen attacked the outraged old theater with brushes and suds. By night it did not know itself, nor did it ever recapture all its former bachelor freedom. Ladies' Night became a Cincinnati institution.

Ed Butler's Standard was the home of variety in St. Louis. Butler had a clientele that would be described today as hard-boiled. It was their pleasure to chuck the doorkeeper into the street now and then just to show him his place. Frank James, brother of Jesse, appearing in St. Louis, fresh from a prison term for train robbery, and out of work, Butler hired him as doorkeeper. James was a mild-mannered, run-of-the-mill citizen, after the best train-robbing traditions, beneath whose milk-and-water surfaces lurked forked lightning. His reputation alone sufficed to keep Ed Butler's customers in order, but he fell so far short of the red-shirted desperado on the blue horse, as depicted on the cover of The James Boys' Revenge, and other volumes of that five-cent library, that Joe and Lew at first pooh-poohed his identity.

Frank was amused.

"The judge and jury didn't have no such doubts," he drawled.

On their second visit to St. Louis after Frank's advent at the Standard, he gave the boys a personal demonstration of the James family temperament. The Weber and Fields advance man was a breezy, pushful, back-slapping young go-getter whose brassy approach irritated the ex-train robber. James had greeted Joe and Lew amiably on seeing them after a year's lapse, then added, *en passant*, "If you send that bleating advance man around here to pester me again, I've made up my mind to kill him. He plumb annoys me." Jesse's brother may have been speaking hyperbolically, and he may not. That will never be known. An event occurred which led his employers to order the supersalesman not to cross the Mississippi the next trip out.

Joe and Lew liked to offer the last of the James boys a cigar or a drink in an effort to draw him out on his purple past. They drew him out so far on a later night of that week that he shot out the lights of a Fourth Street saloon. The bartender batted no eyelash and went on polishing a wineglass. James spared one light for illuminative purposes, flipped a bill on the bar and ran a handkerchief through the fouled pistol barrel.

"Boy, get some new bulbs," the barkeep called to the negro porter. "Let's see. Eleven times forty cents makes four-forty."

"Keep the change, Adolph," said the sharpshooter, dismissing the incident.

The First Press Notice

It was this experience that inspired the schützenfest skit which succeeded the pool-table turn in the Weber and Fields repertoire. A target of lighted electric lamps revolved at the back of the stage. Firing from impossible angles and ridiculous postures, blindfolded, back to the target, standing on their heads or what, these deadly marksmen, Mike and Myer, never missed. At each rifle report an electric bulb bit the dust, at the reckless cost of five dollars a performance. By comparison, Annie Oakley was a scofflaw fumbling for a galloping keyhole. The deadly accuracy, of course, was supplied by a property man who, hidden behind the target, exploded the lamps at will.

Weber and Fields' first real press notice was achieved in this season. The Cincinnati papers usually tossed the People's Theater bills a few lines; elsewhere the press dismissed the variety stage as beneath notice. Amy Leslie, veteran dramatic critic of the Chicago Daily News, then not so veteran, it was who wrote Clipping Number One in the scrapbook. One spring afternoon as the White City of the World's Columbian Exposition was taking form in Jackson Park, Miss Leslie strayed from the beaten paths of critics into the Lyceum Theater, then still Tom Grenier's property. The whisper that Amy Leslie was in the house ran backstage, but signified nothing to Joe and Lew. The pool-table act went on as usual. Fame arrived on the wings of the morrow's first edition. Chicago's principal afternoon newspaper gave a column to the pool-room skit. Its dramatic critic, turning from Joseph Jefferson, Fanny Davenport, Robson and Crane and Richard Mansfield, proclaimed the discovery, in the dim purlieus of variety, of the funniest act she ever had seen. The overwhelmed subjects of her eulogy bought out the corner newsboy's stock four times, framed one page, filled their pockets with others and packed the surplus into a costume trunk, which they continued to carry with them until the luster of this Chicago triumph began to be dimmed by their music-hall career on Broadway.

At the end of the season Tony Pastor paid Weber and Fields $400 a week to join his summer show a second season. That fall they sent three variety troupes on the road. Johnny Russell desired to manage the Comedians himself. To meet his request, Sam Bernard was detached and put at the head of a third company, called the Vaudeville Club, one of the earliest substitutions of the French word "vaudeville" for variety in America. The new troupe lost money, but its producers kept it on the road as a matter of pride.

Read the roll call of Weber and Fields' Own Company for that season: Billy Emerson! McIntyre and Heath! The Acme Four! Harry Kernell! Young Mule Hoey! Wm. H. Fox! Maud Huth! And Mike and Myer themselves! The putting together of such a show is a gift. It took money to pay such a cast, tact to manage it and showmanship to blend it. An adroitly balanced vaudeville program never is an accident.

And mark the name of Harry Kernell, their former employer, their one-time persecutor, the man to whom they first made their boast of organizing their own show. He came to them one day asking for work. Joe's eyes sought Lew's questioningly. He read the answer quickly. The world was ahead of them, not behind. Oh, classic revenge!

Supporting the Russell Brothers in their second season were Montgomery and Stone, Lottie Gilson, Lizzie B. Raymond, Fields and Lewis, Herbert and Caron, Whiting and Shepherd, and Johnson, Riano and Bentley. No small potatoes, these.

Fields and the young woman he met the night of his return from California were married in New York on New Year's Day of this season. The company was playing in Brooklyn at Hyde and Behman's, and the day chanced also to be Lew's birthday. The stud and ring diamonds were reset in earrings as the groom's gift to the bride. The stones were illy matched in color and size, but not in the eyes of the bride, who knew and cherished their checkered history. The earrings are family heirlooms now.

The fourth year's cast of the Own Company reads like another vaudeville Valhalla. In it were McIntyre and Heath; J. W. Kelly—the Rolling-Mill Man; Bobby Gaylor; Capitola Forrest; Maggie Cline; LeClair and Leslie; Falk and Seeman; and Weber and Fields.

And now in the eighteenth year of their stage careers, and the late twenties of their lives, we bring Weber and Fields to Broadway. At Pastor's and Miner's Eighth Avenue they were on the ten-yard line. In 1894, at Hammerstein's new Olympia, they were over the goal for a touchdown. From the Bowery at Chatham Square to Broadway at Times Square is an hour's walk. Weber and Fields had been a quarter of a lifetime on the journey.

Oscar Hammerstein was a German cigar maker turned showman, a reckless, flamboyant personality with a genius for invention and a passion for music and the stage. He began with nothing and ended with a little less; but in the interim he made and lost more fortunes than any ten other men in theatrical annals. Broadway, where a last year's reputation often is a last year's bird's nest, will not soon forget Oscar Hammerstein, now five years dead.

In 1894 Hammerstein was operating two Harlem theaters, was about to open three Broadway houses, and was paying the most prodigal salaries in the business. He wrote to Weber and Fields offering them an engagement at the Harlem Opera House for their own company at the close of their road season. The first appearance of the Weber and Fields show at a legitimate theater was such a success that Hammerstein suggested that Joe and Lew bring their own act to the new Olympia for four weeks. They asked $700 a week; he gave them $500. Blasé Broadway saw the pool-room skit and showed such enthusiasm that Hammerstein extended the engagement and put the act on the spot, the favored position just before the intermission.

To Out-Fregoli Fregoli

In their fourth week they lost the spot to Signor Fregoli, a lightning-change artist imported from Europe at some outrageous salary; but whatever Fregoli cost, he was worth it. The man was a marvel the like of whom the stage never saw before or since. He played by himself an entire drama with a cast of half a dozen characters, walking out one exit as an old man and entering another almost instantly as a young woman. Ten expert dressers stood on the alert back of the set and swarmed over him, changing costumes, wigs and make-ups at each exit.

Hammerstein moved Joe and Lew to the first position following the intermission and answered their howls with flattery.

"You boys are so good that they will wait for you all night if they have to," he apple-sauced.

Their nose plainly was out of joint, nevertheless. Fregoli was the toughest of acts to follow, and Broadway had dropped the old sensation for the new. Joe and Lew sat on the curb across Broadway from the Olympia, where the Hotel Astor now stands, held their heads in their hands and stared, two Thinkers.

Fields came to life suddenly.

"Hot zickerty!" he exclaimed. "My brother Nat looks a lot like me, and Bob Harris, my brother-in-law, is the image of you."

Weber saw the point at once. A hurried travesty of Fregoli's drama, with the number of characters cut to four, was contrived, and after two days' rehearsal, Nat Fields and Bob Harris were smuggled backstage. Nat was made up as a fat woman, Harris as a comic soldier, both burlesqued copies of two of Fregoli's impersonations, and the hoax was sprung upon Hammerstein and his staff without warning.

Before the rise of the curtain following the intermission, while the house still buzzed with its delight in Fregoli, Fields appeared on the apron of the stage in his familiar German make-up and addressed the audience. He was there to praise Signor Fregoli, not to bury him. The signor was a wizard, Fields was far from denying. Still and all, Weber and Fields long had done all that the signor did, perhaps more. Only Weber and Fields had had no opportunity to do their stuff on Broadway. Even now Mr. Hammerstein was opposed, but had been won over to allowing them to show three or four lightning changes. I thank you.

The curtain rose on the same set used by Fregoli. Mike and Myer entered, clowning the signor's very sober drama and substituting German sputterings for his grave Italian. The audience, not knowing what foolery to expect from these merry-andrews, waited expectantly. At a cue, Mike and Myer exited. At the same instant they entered from the other side of the stage in the guise of a fat woman and a comic soldier. If Fregoli's changes were done with a scarcely perceptible pause, Weber and Fields were transformed with no interval whatever. The Italian's rapidity was astonishing, the Americans' was a physical impossibility. As the rear halves of Mike and Myer disappeared, the front halves of the fat woman and the gendarme came into view through another exit thirty feet away. The audience gasped its astonishment. A moment later the gendarme quit the stage by the far right exit, the fat woman by the far left, and Mike and Myer reëntered simultaneously from back center. The changes grew more bewildering. Now Mike and the fat woman were on. Flash! The woman was gone and Myer arrived from the other side of the stage. Flash! Mike went out one door and the gendarme came in another. Flash! Myer and the gendarme in a twinkling became Mike and the fat woman, then Mike and Myer, then the gendarme and the woman again, as deceptively as the double exposure and other trick photography of the films. In their amazement, few in the house anticipated the joker.

A Broadway Wildcat

There was an instant of numbed silence at the end, then a storm of applause beat on the curtain. Mike and Myer came before it to take a bow. They took one bow, a second and a third. On the fourth Mike, Myer, the fat woman and the gendarme appeared arm in arm. The tricked audience sent up one mighty whoop of mingled surprise and glee and came to its feet. Up with America, down with Europe! Weber and Fields again were the talk of Broadway, Signor Fregoli the eighth day of a seven-day wonder.

The Weber and Fields Music Hall, wherein the two won their major fame, was born of this happy chance. New York palpably wanted travesty, hungered for it. If Fregoli could be burlesqued successfully, why not any reigning Broadway favorite or show? Summer was impending and Hammerstein's show was about to adjourn from the Olympia to the roof. Prices had to be cut to attract New Yorkers to a summer show, and cheaper admission would entail cheaper salaries.

Fay Templeton and company were playing in Excelsior Junior next door in the Criterion to thinning audiences. This house had had a poor year, and Joe and Lew went to Hammerstein with the proposition that he let them have it for their own purposes. Stock burlesque with an all-star company was in their minds, not the burlesque of the stage division of that name, but a dish of Weber and Fields' own concoction; an anticipation of the music revue of today minus its gorgeous sets and costume dancing, both developments of recent years.

Hammerstein wouldn't hear of it.

"Take the advice of an expert at losing money," he told them. "You're actors, not business men. I'm paying you $500 a week, and you have three shows of your own. Don't gamble a sure thing like that away for a Broadway wildcat. Betting on the horses is a parlor game alongside guessing which way the cat will jump on Broadway. Your idea's never been tried. You believe New York would like it. Maybe it would, maybe it wouldn't."

Sound advice! But Joe and Lew were asking not for advice but a theater. With the assurance of youth, they got it and put their last dime into the speculation.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Isman and Mr. Stout. The seventh will appear in an early number.

These shoes add to your appearance as smart, new clothes would

Faultless lines—unmistakable style
(that lasts!)
—at money-saving prices!

ASK any tailor what right-looking shoes will do for a man's appearance. He'll admit that shoe-style is just about as important as suit-style. Here are shoes made to add sparkle and trimness to your whole appearance.

Yet faultless style is only *one* of the big ideas back of Selz Shoes. Only one of the reasons why they are America's biggest shoe values.

Our staff of skilled designers specializes in creating the right lines and styles, the right colors, and real, downright wearing comfort.

But that's only part of it. For every pair we buy the finest leathers of the particular kind required. And into every pair we put the finest workmanship of skilled shoemakers.

And because we know how to make fine shoes economically, we can give you Selz Shoes at prices that save you real money. Often a dollar or more per pair! Fifty-three years' experience has taught us how. We have the equipment and the manufacturing-volume to make it possible. Finally, we and our dealers hold to the policy of small profits and many sales, rather than the other way 'round.

That's why more and more well-dressed men wear Selz Shoes. They've found out how unnecessary it is to pay more than Selz prices—$6 to $10. Find the shoe merchant in your locality who is noted for giving biggest value. He's the Selz dealer. Ask him to show you the whole line of new Selz styles. Do it today. Then decide.

SELZ
GOOD SHOES
11 Factories - 30,000 Dealers
CHICAGO
PITTSBURGH

For this fall we have designed the oxford shown here. The Stadium—with lines which were specially designed for wear with the wider trousers of present styles. It is a tan calf oxford—Goodyear welt—with semi-soft box toe, Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels. Ask for Style No. B-298 (tan), or Style No. B-530 (black).

SELZ SHOES

FOR REAL VALUE — MOST STYLES $6 — $8 — $10

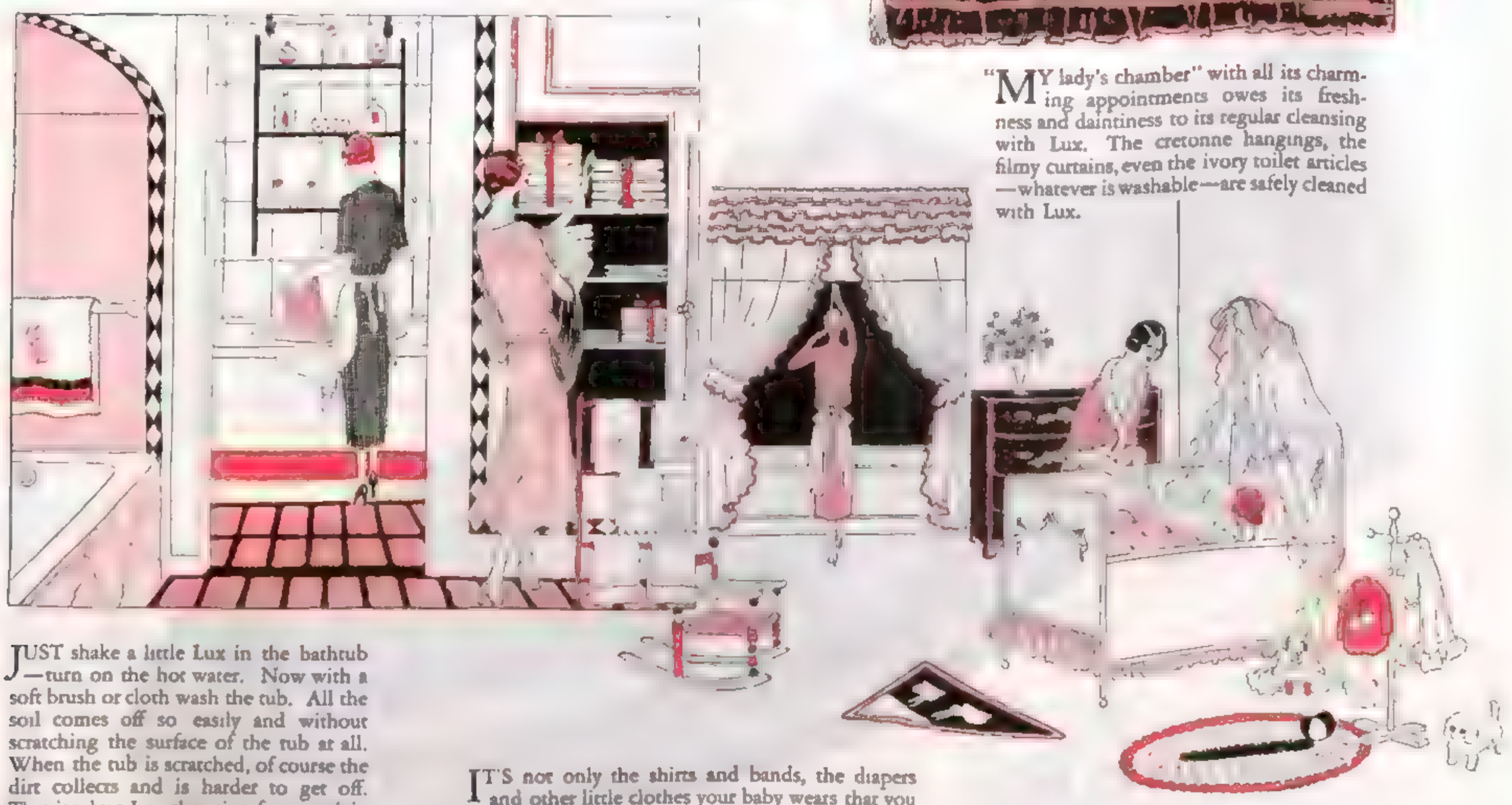
"Upstairs–Downstairs– in My Lady's Chamber"

"IT reminds me of the old nursery rhyme," wrote Mrs. R. J. "For it's upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber that I now use Lux. There's not a room in all the house that doesn't have its weekly freshening with it.

"It has meant a great deal to me to discover what I suppose countless Lux users have known about for years—that it is not only blouses, underwear, curtains and the like that come out of their Lux bath rejuvenated. It's furniture and woodwork, floors and the very walls themselves that respond to my good Lux lather!

"I certainly appreciate it for I simply can't get a maid—and to be able to keep my home clean and inviting without being ashamed of my hands—well, you can imagine what a great joy that is to me." (Mrs. J. T. tells her experience on opposite page.)

"MY lady's chamber" with all its charming appointments owes its freshness and daintiness to its regular cleansing with Lux. The cretonne hangings, the filmy curtains, even the ivory toilet articles —whatever is washable—are safely cleaned with Lux.

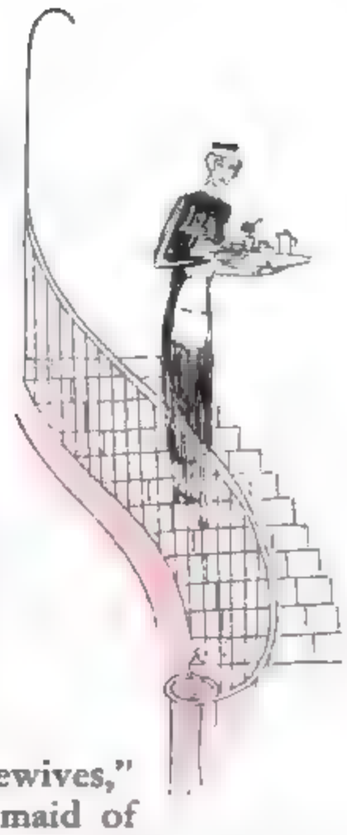


JUST shake a little Lux in the bathtub —turn on the hot water. Now with a soft brush or cloth wash the tub. All the soil comes off so easily and without scratching the surface of the tub at all. When the tub is scratched, of course the dirt collects and is harder to get off. That is why a Lux cleansing for porcelain and tiling is so important.

IT'S not only the shirts and bands, the diapers and other little clothes your baby wears that you wash in Lux. It's wonderful to take little fingermarks off the crib and dainty furniture in the nursery. Lux is safe for all fine surfaces that water alone won't harm.

LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

How easy to clean every room in the house — and your hands stay satin-soft



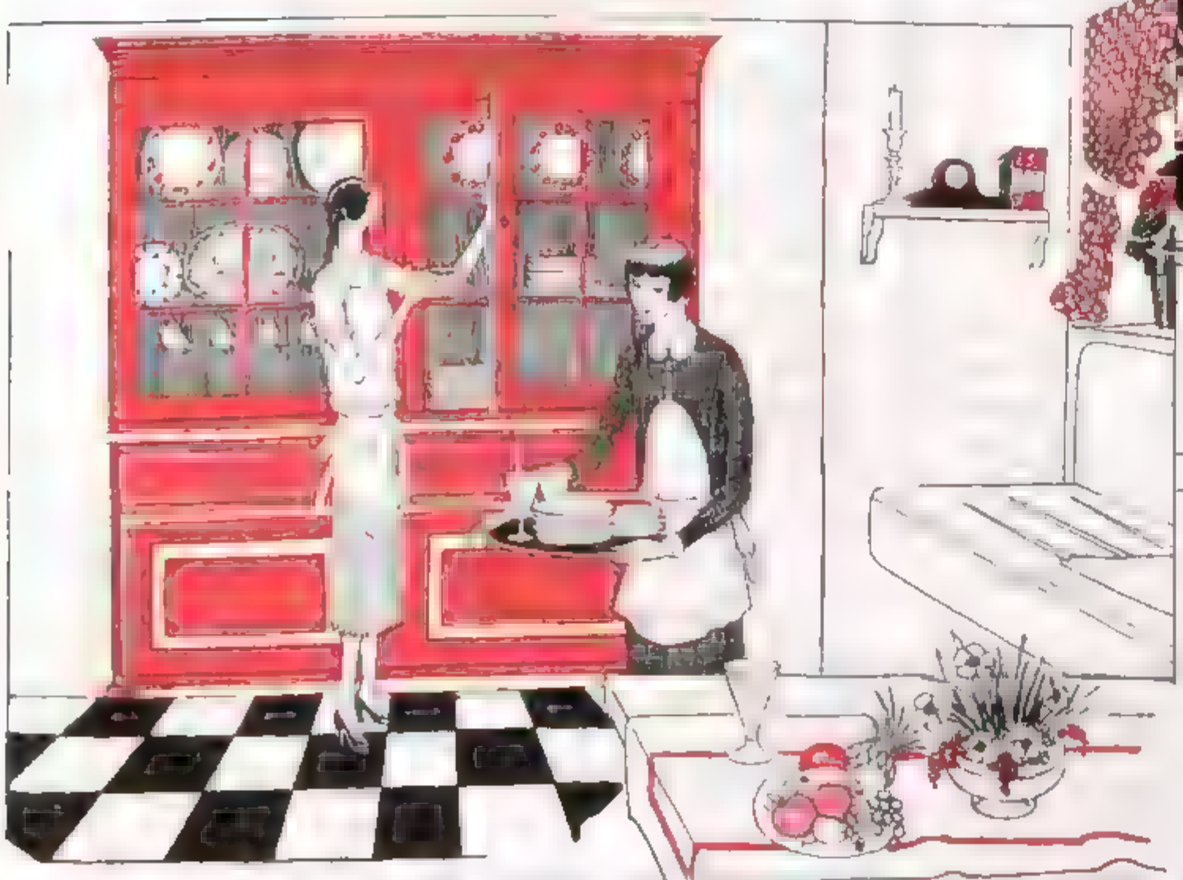
"LIKE the majority of American housewives," writes Mrs. J. T., "I am my own maid of all work, except for an occasional 'by-the-day,' so I am always looking for ways to lighten my work, and to save my hands.

"That is why for more than two years I have been using Lux for washing dishes. In my opinion there is nothing like it, for not only does it give a lustre and sparkle to the dishes that nothing else does, but my hands are not 'wrecked' after I have finished.

"I was so pleased with the result that I now use Lux for everything. I can't think of a thing that is washable that Lux will not make like new.

"I just hope that other women know how much Lux lessens the work of keeping the home clean and shining—and how soft it is on the hands."

FOR wicker furniture—try a good Lux suds cooled until it is tepid. Use a brush to get at the soil that *will* collect in places hard to get at. Now rinse with water just the same tepid temperature and wipe with a soft cloth. It's like painting all your furniture anew!



"I WISH every housekeeper might try putting some nice fluffy Lux in her cleaning pail. There is nothing so good for floors and linoleum. The joy of it all being that you have, when finished, hands free from the ugly red appearance and a floor cloth all clean and ready for use next time!"

FOR the regular three-times-a-day dish-washing—Lux, of course. It's so easy on your hands. Try it, too, for the regular polishing of your handsome silver. Just a handful of Lux in a large pan of hot water—whisk up the suds—then put in the silver and bring to a boil. Rinse in hot water and rub dry with a soft cloth. Lux won't make the tiniest scratch on your silver. It shines twice as brilliantly after its sudsy bath.

Range illustrated has built-in, heat-retaining oven equipped with soap-stones. Price $105.00

Higher in the West, Southwest and Canada

Cooking Satisfaction

never before dreamed of in an oil stove

Old ideas of oil stove cooking are completely revolutionized by this modern range. Even city women, using gas, get no faster cooking—no cleaner heat.

And new conveniences, too, are available in this remarkable year-'round oil range. A big oven, a roomy porcelain-enameled cooking top—correct in height. Extra shelf space—saving steps. Removable burner tray—porcelain-enameled for easy cleaning.

Good-to-look-at as it is fine-to-cook-on. Ask your dealer for a demonstration today!

At your dealer's you will find styles and sizes, ranging from $7.00 to $145.00, to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

A Tender Roast with Fast-as-Gas

Superfex Burners

The roomy, built-in oven is equipped with soap-stones—heat-retaining—saves fuel—bakes perfectly.

Each range is equipped with one "Big Giant" burner for super heat or quick cooking in large quantities. As fast as the giant gas burner. The others are "Little Giants"—as hot as standard gas burners.

Your Dealer will Demonstrate

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., 7609 *Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio*

Also makers of the well known PURITAN short chimney oil stove.

New Cook Book

Send ten cents for the 1924 New Perfection Cook Book—forty-four pages of recipes; menus for all occasions and invaluable cookery suggestions.

NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ranges

THE ARGONAUTS OF THE AUTOMOBILE

(Continued from Page 25)

twenty-five miles of streets, paved to a great extent by something hard enough to stand up under a winter population of 25,000, most of them on wheels. The city is about to spend another $1,000,000 on its streets. This should not strain Lakeland, for it is the trade center of Polk County, Florida, which has a per-capita wealth of $6198. But good roads put Lakeland and Polk County where they are.

It used to take three hours to pull through the deep sands between Lakeland and Auburndale, eleven miles apart. Now Lakeland and Auburndale are on the through-state Dixie Highway which is burned up by an endless stream of wintertime tourists. The 20,000 motorists who stopped en route through Lakeland last winter were, to use the Lakelander's own words, "worth thousands and thousands of dollars to us." Many of her energetic citizens first saw Lakeland from the city's free tourist camp.

Chillicothe, Missouri, has not grown so rapidly in the past ten years. It had a population of about 6500 in 1914. It has a population of about 8500 now. It was, and to some extent still is, spoken of as a railroad town. It is on three great national railway systems, and 300 commercial men travel out of Chillicothe. But in the past few years it has laid more than twenty-five miles of pavement and taken enthusiastically to the motor car. Result, more than 2000 of Chillicothe's homes are owned by those who live in them. Rural subdivisions are no longer dependent upon trolley or steam-railway transportation. Chillicothe is not an industrial city. It gets quite a bit of its growth by grabbing and hanging onto an occasional motorist who spends a night in Chillicothe's free tourist park.

I take these illustrations at random. Thousands of other towns have changed as much in the past ten or twenty years. Much of this change, physical and psychological, is directly traceable to the motor car and the national touring habit it has produced. From the touring habit has come the tourist camp and from the tourist camp has come a new American democracy.

The motor tourist and the tourist camp are not only transforming American towns; they are also changing the nature of millions of farm and city dwellers. The motor-tourist camp is one of our greatest modern let's-get-acquainted institutions.

Most of our national troubles, at home and abroad, have come from lack of understanding. During this current year more than 5,000,000 motor cars will convey 15,000,000 Americans to some camp ground. Some of these motor tourists will be week-enders who will chuck their camp outfits into flivvers or sedans and run fifty miles out of New York, Boston, Chicago or Philadelphia into the forest primeval for two days' communion with Nature and the camp fire. There are thousands of acres of free camp grounds within a few hours' motoring of our biggest cities.

Highways and Buyways

Others, lucky enough to have a summer's vacation, will motor into the eighteen national parks this year. A million motored into the national parks last year. More than 3,000,000 motored into the 146 national forest preserves. The craze for outdoor camping via motor car is increasing so rapidly that it is difficult to keep the figures up to date; but during 1922, 1,173,000 motorists visited the two national parks and seventeen national forests in Colorado alone. Only 277,000 visitors reached the Colorado parks and forests by other means.

Ten years ago a municipal tourist camp was a rarity. Now it is a rare town west of the Alleghanies that does not have a free tourist camp and strenuously advertise that fact. I motored through Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and Wisconsin last summer. It was a lonesome town of 1000 or greater population that did not have such a tourist camp and did not blatantly announce such attraction along the highway so that those who rode might read.

A few years ago, about the time my town and yours were talking about getting bids for brick pavements, a free tourist camp was an experiment. Now it is, for each town, almost an economic necessity. If your town doesn't have a free camp, the next town will. A few miles is nothing to the average motorist. And how they do pass the word along about this town and that! Good news travels fast among the motorists passing each other on the road, but bad news travels faster. Many a small town has spent much money in trying to stop a knock. For the tourist business, even the business from the cheap tin-can tourist we used to laugh so much about, is worth money to the small-town merchants. It pays to keep a clean, attractive tourist camp.

It wasn't so long ago that steel rails laid on the level prairie opened South Dakota to settlement. Only a crazy man could then have visualized motor cars ambling through that region of drought, hot winds, tumbleweeds and blizzards. Aberdeen is a South Dakota city of 15,000. It is on the Yellowstone Trail between Minneapolis and Montana, but that doesn't mean much until you translate it into terms of the tourist park. In one year motor tourists spent $175,000 with Aberdeen merchants. That was Aberdeen's share of the $40,000,000 spent in South Dakota by the 460,000 motor tourists who visited the state. The more the merchants and state automobile associations check the returns on the motor-tourist business the better it looks to them, even though motor tourists do travel cheaply. A long time ago a man named Woolworth learned there was profit in small business done largely.

Colorado and California, pioneers in tempting the tourist who traveled by rail, were among the first states to realize the potential profits in making the way rosy for the tin-can motor tourist.

Denver's Motor Camp de Luxe

It was about 1909 when Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, Mrs. Frances Belford, Mrs. Mary C. C. Bradford, Mrs. Alma Lafferty and Mrs. Katherine Williamson, from the Denver Woman's Club, proposed to a Colorado state motorists' convention at Pueblo the building of a coast-to-coast Lincoln Memorial Highway which should be lined with trees indigenous to the various states through which it passed. At suitable intervals there were to be shrines and beauty spots where the tourists could rest and recreate.

The Lincoln Highway has become a fact. The tourist camps have become the shrines and beauty spots. Many of them are not so thrillingly beautiful, especially when packed with nondescript cars loaded with camping outfits, and densely populated with bob-haired girls in flannel shirts and khaki knickers. But Colorado has preserved the shrine-and-beauty-spot tradition in Denver's Overland Motor Park, even though Denver is not officially on the Lincoln Highway.

Denver business men hold that an auto camp is just as essential as a railway station to any city, town or community that wants to thrive and keep abreast of the times. So Denver has its $250,000 Overland Motor Park.

On the first floor of this park's three-story clubhouse is a modern grocery and meat market, grill and lunch counter, steam table from which prepared foods are served, billiard room, barber shop, men's showers and comfort stations, and a laundry room with eight tubs. There is plenty of hot and cold water. On the second floor are a large lounge and dancing floor with phonograph, a restaurant and soda fountain and balconies with tables and chairs. On the third floor are women's comfort stations, showers and lockers. Many buildings, erected for the old Overland Country Club and an interstate exposition, have been reconstructed for the motor tourist. There is an automobile repair shop, a garage and a movie theater seating 400. There are about 1000 surveyed camp lots, each 25 by 35 feet, each lot corner marked and numbered.

The Denver city-lighting system and the water system reach all parts of the grounds. There is nearly 100 acres of grove land. The camper may have free lot, light, water, showers, sanitary conveniences, laundry, lounging and dancing rooms for two weeks or more if the camp is not too crowded. He also has free day-and-night police protection. July and August used to be the dull months in Denver. Now, next to December, they are about the busiest. More than 5000 tourists are encamped in Overland Motor Park each summer night. There are many other motor camps in Colorado.

California has hundreds of tin-can tourist camps, notably the Alhambra camp near Los Angeles and Pasadena. This camp offers the tourist free community kitchens, showers, rack and hose for car cleaning, laundry rooms, lighting and other strictly modern conveniences. The camp streets are graveled and patrolled. There is ample shade from eucalyptus groves, but no mud or dust. There is a charge of fifty cents a day for each car occupying a space twenty feet square. That's all. California is rapidly standardizing its municipal motor camps. In time the tin-can traveler can count on free lot, light, telephone, water, comfort stations and gas or electricity for cooking throughout the state.

The Far West took the lead in enticing the motor tourists into municipal camps, but the Middle West was quick to see the advantage of making it handy for the motorists to pause in their midst. Then the Great Lakes states, notably Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, sought to divert the steadily growing east-and-west motor-tourist traffic.

Up to 1919 Wisconsin farmers were inclined to chase the transient motorist away from roadside or wood lot. Village constables and city officials looked with suspicion on the motor-car tramp with a foreign license. In 1920 Waterloo, Wisconsin, population 1262, founded the first Wisconsin free camp for auto tourists. In 1923 more than 150,000 tin-can tourists enjoyed the Wisconsin roads, and spent from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 in Wisconsin. This year 250,000 will stop in the 300 free tourist camps, buzz over the 8000 miles of well-marked good Wisconsin roads, fish in some of the 3000 beautiful Wisconsin lakes—and spend more money, much as they will in Minnesota.

From Jackson, near the Iowa border, to Baudette, on the Canadian border, 436 miles north of Minneapolis, Minnesota is dotted with free auto camp towns just as it is dotted with 10,000 lakes. The roadside signs reading Good-By, Hope You Like Our Town, Glad To Have Had You, Come Again, are almost as thick as in Wisconsin and Michigan.

These three north-of-the-regular-route states are getting a big slice of the summer auto-tourist business.

Florida, once reached only by railroads, is now the winter haven of myriads of tin-can and other auto tourists. Steady improvement in north-and-south routes is taking many other thousands into Texas and Louisiana each winter.

Away back in my college days one of our most brilliant students was Charlie Case. After his graduation, so campus gossip had it, Charlie went to Chicago and got a whale of a good job naming Pullman sleeping cars. There must be many Charlie Cases of this day who spend busy days and sleepless nights naming and designing markers for the automobile trails that multiply upon the map of our fair land.

Luring the Tourists

If the telephone had never done anything else for us, it would have furnished a flock of poles upon which official road blazers have painted the magic signs by which the tin-can tourists may know they are on the east-and-west Lincoln Highway, Bankhead Highway, Dixie Overland Highway, George Washington National Highway, National Old Trails Road, National Parks Highway, Old Spanish Trail, Theodore Roosevelt International Highway, and so on; or on the north-and-south Atlantic Highway, Jackson Highway, King of Trails, Jefferson Highway, Lee Highway, Pacific Highway, and so on. Bucking up on motor roads is a splendid way to learn history and geography.

It is an unprogressive state or neighborhood that does not lay out one or two local motor routes with intriguing coats of arms. States as well as towns are bidding hard for the motor-tourist business. Maryland, through its State Board of Forestry, has issued an ambitious volume entitled The State Reserves of Maryland, a Playground for the Public. This features the reserve in Garrett County on the crest of the Blue Ridge. Michigan has shied its little book into the tourist ring. It is called The Parks for the People. There are twenty-three state parks and thousands of lakes in Michigan. Indiana's Department of Conservation describes its five state parks in Automobile Camping in Indiana.

The Extra Precaution

—that insures the "Priceless" Comfort of Every Durham-Duplex Blade

ALL Durham-Duplex blades give the *same shave*—the shave that has become famous for its speed and its "priceless" comfort.

The reason lies in the *extra* precaution exercised in testing these extra-long, extra-keen blades before they are allowed to leave the factory. After an elaborate series of examinations at each stage of manufacture, every blade must finally pass the rigid Durham-Duplex Hair Test and Sight Test, the most thorough and expensive operations of their kind employed by any razor manufacturer.

The resulting *uniform* quality of Durham-Duplex Blades is reflected in *uniform results*. The twelve million men who use them are distinguished by a smooth, clean-shaven appearance under all circumstances.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR SETS
(both Models) ONE DOLLAR EACH

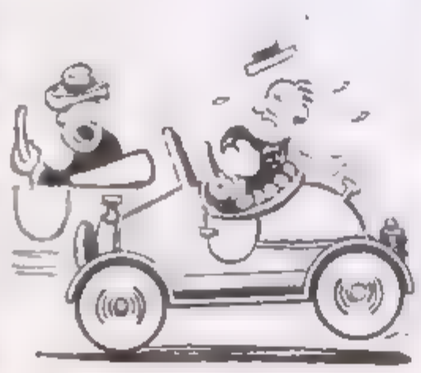
Interchangeable Blades
50c for package of 5

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO
Jersey City, N. J.
FACTORIES: Jersey City, Sheffield, Paris, Toronto
Sales Representatives in all Countries

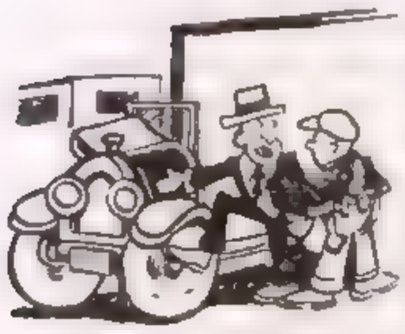
DURHAM-DUPLEX
The Razor of Priceless Comfort

What does she do when the signal says GO?

When traffic is lined up like a state highway on Labor Day and the signal says "Go"—then's when the old motor is either with you or against you. When the big eights and little fours start leaving you at the post you begin to think maybe you're towing the rest of the parade.



When she finally gets under way with the speed of a steam roller and starts thumping along you're about as popular as rain at a June picnic. After all, you can't expect to wear out a couple of sets of tires without wearing down a few parts of the motor. But if you think that old motor's through you're wrong.



Listen! All the old-time pep and power can be brought back by having the motor re-conditioned. You'll find cylinder re-grinders, repair shops, service stations and dealers everywhere who specialize in motor re-conditioning.

They'll make her good as new. With the cylinder walls trued up and the worn piston rings, pistons, pins and bearings replaced with genuine McQuay-Norris parts you can step out with the best of them. And you won't think you're carrying a sieve for a gas tank when you stop to fill up.

Now take this tip. If you want a job well done and a price that's easy to take, drive in where you see a McQuay-Norris Motor Re-conditioning sign. When you drive out and step on it you'll say it's the answer to buying another season's satisfactory running.

McQUAY-NORRIS

PISTON RINGS - PISTONS - PINS - BEARINGS

Prices on manufacturers' special designs quoted on request

McQUAY-NORRIS MANUFACTURING CO. *General Offices:* St. Louis, U. S. A.
Factories: St Louis, Indianapolis, Connersville, Ind; Toronto, Canada

Little Rhode Island, which has eighteen state or near-state parks, presents you with A Guidebook to the Reservations of the Metropolitan Park System of Rhode Island. Massachusetts is an excellent example of the attempt made by Eastern states to turn the tide of summer motor-tourist travel toward the Atlantic Coast. It has 50,000 acres in its fifteen state forests, and five state parks, mostly on or around mountain tops. The National Recreation Society of Boston has undertaken to establish an automobile camp site every twenty-five miles on every automobile trunk road in New England. Seventy-five camp sites have been opened to tourists. They are sanitary, roomy, remote and almost free. Each car pays fifty cents a day ground rental. Maine boasts about its 2500 lakes. In New Hampshire the historic railroad up Mount Washington persists, but one can also reach the top in his motor car.

New York State has thirty-three state parks and a wealth of forest preserves. There is 3,000,000 acres of wild land in the Adirondacks, 500,000 in the Catskills. Camping places with ovens ready for the tourists' use are found along the trails in these regions. New Jersey has seven state forests. The East beckons to the West and the West is coming East, in motor cars.

Mrs. A. N. Gilbert and her daughter, Mrs. B. O. Schucking, of Salem, Oregon, have just visited New York City in their car, which reached the metropolis via the Southern route and is now on its way back to Salem through the Northern states. Mrs. Gilbert, who is in her seventy-fifth year, journeyed across the continent many years ago in an oxcart. The feminine Argonauts slept in their car during most of their journey. They traveled without masculine guards or armament and had no trouble with thieves or thugs. They liked New York's traffic towers and traffic cops. They liked New York. But they wondered why somewhere on Manhattan there couldn't be a free tourist camp.

There seems to be wisdom in the suggestion. John D. Long, one of our most ardent of automobile Argonauts, suggested it some time ago. Bronx Park, with its 719 acres; Van Cortlandt Park, with its 1132 acres; and Pelham Bay Park, with its 1756 acres, are on the route or near the route between the Dyckman Street ferry and the old Boston Post Road. So motor tourists from the West could pause before going on to New England, rest for a night or so, see New York in their own cars and spend a little money as well as time in the great metropolis.

Putting Red Oak on the Map

New York would not object to that; not the money part of it, anyway; and it should not object to the tourist camp from the standpoint of neatness. I have seen a thousand or more motor-tourist camps on the morning after, and though not all motor tourists are perfect ladies and gentlemen, I have seen no camp, in its most dissolute condition, that compared with refuse-strewn Central Park on a Monday morning, for instance.

Of course, the parks are for the people, particularly in campaign year. But what's the harm in telling the people to be decent about it?

The town that hasn't a motor-tourist camp is out of luck these days. It sees a steady procession of possible customers hurrying through to the next town, the one that has a free tourist camp. Then comes the day when that long-luckless town gets busy and opens its own tin-can tourist camp and hangs out its sign and waits for tourist business. There is something pathetic about that opening day.

One may picture Nick Burke, of Red Oak, Iowa, for example, standing on the greensward of Red Oak's new camp, looking longingly for the first nonpaying camp guest. Then, a few months later, one may picture that same Red Oak motor camp, alive with tourists, enjoying free lot, light, air, water, stoves, wood and the magnificent view of the Nishnabotna Valley, while they stop just one day to play ball and generally hobnob with the folks attending the Montgomery County farmers' annual picnic.

There's a lesson in sociability for you! All that those tin-can tourists spinning along Harding Highway really needed was an invitation to stop a night. Red Oak meant nothing to them before that tourist camp opened. Now a lot of them are saying to a lot of other tin-can tourists in Maine, Oregon, Florida and California, "Say, that Red Oak, out in those Southwestern Iowa hills, is a darned good town. The merchants don't gyp you, either. They treat you right." And that means a lot of money each year to Red Oak, Iowa, even though the tin-can tourist is a migratory bird.

Linger for a full summer day in Red Oak or Rochelle or almost any other small American town. The tin-can tourists, their cars stacked high with dunnage, arrive at the camp toward sundown and like a flock of ducks settle down for the night with much quacking, much making of one-night nests, much waddling back and forth. Shortly after dark quiet reigns. But at daybreak, at a given signal from some leader, the flock arises and departs, the camp is deserted and that town sees those birds no more.

Free-for-All Foods

Because of the frequent reference to the tin-can tourists it must not be supposed that only the most humble of motorists patronize the free tourist camps. You'll find the big cars parked beside the small, the rich city chap exchanging camp dope and road lore with the poor mechanic who has escaped miraculously from the factory for a four-weeks' motoring debauch.

The time-tried and bow-backed bookkeeper who sits at his ink-stained desk and daydreams about Spanish galleons sailing full-rigged through a purple West Indian sea may never have the time and opportunity to sail the ocean blue, purple or green.

But unless he is unbelievably unfortunate the time will come when he can get into his $100 secondhand flivver, pack in his $7.50 tent and his family cooking utensils and bedding, to say nothing of his family, and slide up to Storm Mountain or out to the Des Plaines River or to Wellesley or into the Penn State Forest, and two hours after leaving home can be joyfully buried in the wilderness for a day or so. That is one way of beating the hard-luck game. That is one way of achieving the escape all of us long for. And there's almost no overhead. The motor tourist travels not only on his own but also on his own schedule. And how wise some of these fellows are to the ways of the modern open road!

They know—particularly if they are cutting corners financially or really love the near-to-Nature life—that there is plenty of free food if you know how to get it. They know that cat-tail roots are good to eat, after the brown fibrous bark has been stripped off and the inch-thick core boiled like an Irish potato. Didn't Washington's Valley Forge army survive one winter on them? It did, partly.

These modern tourist-camp hobos will tell you that the beautiful blue water lily yields an edible tuber about the size of a black walnut. It is much easier to get at, being right on the shallow swamp bottom, than the yellow lily tuber; although that, too, is very good eating when you cook it as you do the cat-tail roots.

You will hear plenty of kind words said for the bulb of the wood lily and the meadow lily. If you like something pungent, there are the wild onion and wild

Continued on Page 92

Miller has simplified ballooning

PUTTING Miller Real Interchangeable Balloon Tires, medium pressure, on your present wheels and rims, is no more trouble than putting on any new tire.

There is also the Miller Full Balloon Low-pressure Tire for smaller wheels, put on with only a change of spokes and rims. No change in hubs, brake-bands or other parts. Any Miller dealer can supply you *to-day* with these balloons and wheels complete.

Miller Balloons have made good in actual service. They are made in all sizes.

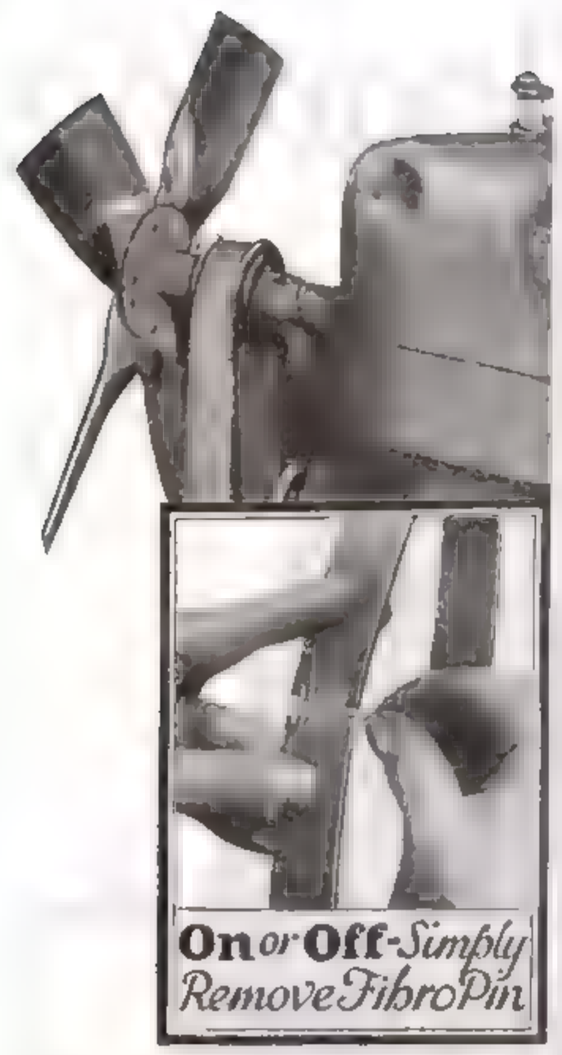
Let any Miller dealer tell you how easy and simple it is to *immediately* change over to Miller Balloons. All Miller Balloon Tires are Real Balloons.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
OF NEW YORK—AKRON, OHIO
Makers of Quality Rubber Goods

GEARED TO THE ROAD

Miller Balloon Tires

FULL BALLOONS — REAL INTERCHANGEABLE BALLOONS — HIGH PRESSURE CORDS



For Lacing Fan Belts—

A Clipper laced fan belt is easily installed without removing any parts. The joint is smooth and strong and the lacing takes but a few minutes.

Garages equipped with this tool need not stock a large and varied assortment of fan belts, a few rolls of belting in popular widths equip them to belt a great number of cars. Belt hooks come carded and conveniently boxed. Clipper Belt Hooks are 100% staggered. No two hook points enter the belt directly opposite each other.

Motorists: Carry an extra Clipper laced fan belt for emergencies.

Write for descriptive circular and name of your nearest jobber.

Clipper Belt Lacer Company
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

$2.50 in U. S. A. $3.50 in Canada

The No. 101 Vise Lacer laces same sizes as Clipper No. 1, lever lacer only requires a vise.

The lever lacer Clipper No. 1 laces belts up to 2 inches wide and 3-16 inches thick. Substantially built, simple in construction and operation. Perpetually guaranteed against breakage and defects.

$10.00 in U. S. A.
$13.75 in Canada

Clipper Belt Lacer

Quality Belt Lacing

(Continued from Page 90

garlic. Everyone knows about wild berries in season. But few know, unless they have hit some of the hundred auto trails throughout the country, that two young fellows in a flatboat can harvest a bushel of wild rice in a morning just by knocking the rice stalks with a stick, and that an hour's boiling of the rice makes a mighty fine dish.

They know, these motorized birds of passage, that the yellow and curly dock taste like spinach, that dandelion greens are the real stuff, young pokeberry shoots may be cooked like asparagus, and that there is some kind of fish or game obtainable in almost any part of the country at almost any time of the year.

It is a poor tin-can tourist who cannot trap a muskrat on the edge of a stream and cook it until it tastes like squirrel. And a fresh-water crawfish looks and tastes like lobster, once it is boiled. Clams are found in fresh water, as well as salt. All you need is a bit of energy and the open-air appetite to get the good things of life on a motor tour.

The Jerusalem artichoke, known as the Indian potato, is a variety of sunflower. It looks like a yellow daisy. But it has a tuberous root much like a potato. The Indians ate it long before the tin-can tourists began to dig it up and delight in it. Then there are acorns, to say nothing of mushrooms. The list of free-for-all foods is almost endless.

If the motor tourist is a sportsman as well as an epicure, he can get a vast amount of excitement out of a study of the different game and fish laws outlined by the motor-camping books.

Game Laws Here and There

In Delaware, for instance, Sunday fishing is unlawful and nonresidents may not take lobster. In Florida the season for rail—other than coot and gallinule—is from November twentieth to November thirtieth. Georgia does not require a fishing license. This may be because there are no fish, but the state has made one wise provision in its laws covering game. The open season for cat is from October first to February twenty-eighth. Although I have not succeeded in shooting certain cats that romance the long night through in the alley back of my Manhattan home, I hope to be able to kill one, vicariously at least, in Georgia sometime between the coming October first and February twenty-eighth.

Perhaps you do not know there are bears in the canebrakes of Louisiana, but the open season for bear down in that hot country is from October fifteenth to December thirty-first. In Maine one may, for fifteen dollars, shoot black-bellied and golden plovers and yellow legs from August tenth to November thirtieth, "except in Merrymeeting Bay and adjacent towns." In Montana the fool-hen season in Flathead and a few other counties is from October first to fifteenth.

Somehow one doesn't think of Nebraska as offering much to the angler, but the official piscatorial list includes black, white, rock and striped bass, crappies, white, yellow and ringed perch, sunfish, pickerel, trout, pike, catfish, carp, suckers and buffalo.

The open season in New Jersey for eccentric young ladies and gentlemen in evening dress who get themselves lost in the wild woodland and are eventually found by a disgusted constabulary and then land on the front pages of all the papers is from June first to June sixth.

On Long Island the varying hare season is fixed. It opens October fifteenth and closes March first. That's the origin of the quaint saying, "Without the variation of a hare." North Carolina has plenty of local license regulations, looked after by the Audubon Society of Raleigh. Oregon has a nonresident fishing license "not required of females." I've seen many a woman outfish me

Deer may be shot in Coos County, New Hampshire, between October fifteenth and November third. Quail may be shot in Coos County, Oregon, between October fifteenth and thirty-first. In Colorado the open season for various fishes varies according to the altitude. South Carolina, I am glad to state, has an open season for the gallinule, about which so many states are so concerned. In Connecticut the open season for skunks is from October thirty-first to February first. This is a little late for the average motor tourist. Alabama has no fishing license, but the hunting license is issued, prophetically, by the probate judge. And so it goes. There is no lack of variety in the life of the motor tourist no matter where he flivvers.

Of course the auto-tourist campers are still more violent than the golf bugs when it comes to arguing about the science of equipment. They will sit for hours on a rainy day discussing with considerable heat the relative merits of lean-tos, palmettos, auto beds, air mattresses, khaki, corduroy, square umbrellas, balsam beds, dingle sticks, Indian fires, cot beds, hammocks and a thousand other subjects close to the heart of the camper. They will admire the rolling palace of the millionaire from Michigan—and turn contentedly to their modern covered wagon on a flivver chassis. And they are rabid on any matter of roads, road laws and road hogs. They will grow warm under their flannel shirt collars over the iniquity of having forty-eight sets of motor laws for our forty-eight more or less sovereign states.

They still overload their cars shamefully. They still remind me of the gypsies who used to drive through our town in their covered wagons drawn by spavined and starved horses—and who now motor through in the best secondhand cars the market affords. But it seems to me the present-day Argonauts of the automobile are not quite so extreme as they used to be. I do see one carrying a brass bedstead and a full-length phonograph occasionally. But it has been many a month since I have seen one packing along a grand piano.

Of course every well-regulated tin-can outfit includes a portable radio with wires that may be strung between trees or carried aloft by a kite.

Canada Hospitable

A good many of the thousands of motor tourists who clog the Florida roads in winter are doing the same thing to the roads of the Pacific Northwest in summer. There are a half hundred auto camps in Oregon and Washington. Portland, Oregon, camps registered 76,000 of these far-flying motor birds last year. Some Oregon statisticians say that 450,000 motorists and 200,000 travelers by rail or steamship stopped in Oregon last year. The 1923 tourist business is estimated at $65,000,000 for Oregon alone.

Forty per cent of these tourists are consciously or subconsciously seeking new homes or opportunities for investment. John D. Long, to whom I have referred in this article, discounts the Floridians' claim that motor tourists left $300,000,000 in Florida last winter. But he does believe that throughout last summer and winter all the motor tourists in the country spent $200,000,000. That is allowing only $20 per tourist per tour, for Mr. Long is sure there were 10,000,000 motor tourists on the road at one time or another during the year.

I have said nothing about Canada. But tin-canners from the States can motor in Canada for a month without taking out a Canadian license. There are hundreds of motor camps in Canada. There are twelve great national-park playgrounds in Canada from British Columbia and the Rockies to Lake Erie and the St. Lawrence. Nearly 133,000 motor cars from the United States entered Montreal last year. Many of them were bound for the romantic regions in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, overlooking the North Atlantic.

The motor car and the tourist camp are taking their toll of our civilization. We're never going to settle down again. We're going to see one another and the world at large. My town will never be the town it used to be. Neither will yours. It's going to be a darned sight better, thanks to the Argonauts of the automobile.

THE SET-UP

(Continued from Page 11)

back on their haunches by lifting the pink tips of his fingers. Mr. Twiggett was jaywalking on the bourn of the undiscovered country, but his full cheeks lost nothing of their red, nor did he concede an inch from the sweep of his cane. In his heart was no terror, in his face was no bravado; Mr. Twiggett was taking his accustomed Monday morning walk.

He came across intact, and proceeded to plunge into the wilds of upper Washington Heights. On his left hand as he walked was a steep descent to the flat shore of the Hudson River; on his right hand and on the other side of the avenue which he was traversing, the land reared up majestically and supported innumerable forest trees and real-estate signs and road-house signs and advertisements of gasoline and lubricating oils. An August sun was on the broad river, making it glint and shimmer, but the summer morning breathed on Mr. Twiggett from the adjoining greenery, urging him, in the way of summer mornings, to take a good long walk and get himself into a lather of sweat.

Four taxicabs loaded with men in high hats roared by Mr. Twiggett and vanished around a bend ahead of him, leaving behind them gray dust and smoke of horizon blue. Twenty minutes later he came upon these cabs standing beside the road. Their drivers had descended toward the river in search of wild flowers and adventure; the men in high hats were on the other side of the way. They were strung out between the road and the crest of the rising land. The leading high hat was within reaching distance of the brow of the steep; the last of his fourteen followers—a man who, by some chance, did not wear a high hat, but had a camera and tripod slung over his shoulders—was only six feet above the road. He was in difficulties; the more agile and daring travelers had stopped to encourage him and to help him; they had joined hands and had reached down to him, but his tripod had engaged a projecting root, and he remained where he was. His associates tried to tell him what his trouble was, but they spoke always in a foreign tongue and he did not understand them.

"Just a moment, young man," called Mr. Twiggett in a voice of authority. He crossed the road and tapped the photographer on the leg with his Malacca cane. "I say, can't you hear me?"

"What's that?" asked the pestered photographer. He turned his head and shouted up the hill, "For Pete's sake, dry up!"

"Let this foot go, young man," said Mr. Twiggett, taking hold of the photographer's ankle. "Don't be nervous now; I'll take care of you. Let go—that's right—and there you are so far!"

"But I don't want to come down!" cried the photographer, adding his protest to the chorus of cries that greeted this retrograde step.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Twiggett decidedly. "If you don't want to come down, young man, there are others who do. Don't think only of yourself! Let this foot go. Do you hear me?"

The photographer kicked, his other foot slipped, and he slid at full length. The suddenly added weight took the line by surprise, and when the leader lost his high hat and let go everything else to snatch for his headgear the fourteen other men reeled downward. Mr. Twiggett was very helpful; he grasped their ankles as fast as they came within reach and guided their steps, smiling a brilliant reassurance in response to their meaningless cries. They all came down eventually, and they gathered about Mr. Twiggett and talked to him and said "Bah!" to him. He smiled at them and shrugged his shoulders and gave them to understand as best he could that what he had done for them was a mere nothing, but he finally lost patience and he said loudly, "Come, gentlemen, why don't you talk English?" He added in a slighting undertone, "I don't believe you can, if the truth were known."

He sought out the photographer, who was sitting on his box, and said to him, "Queer lot. Foreigners, I judge. What was their idea in climbing up there?"

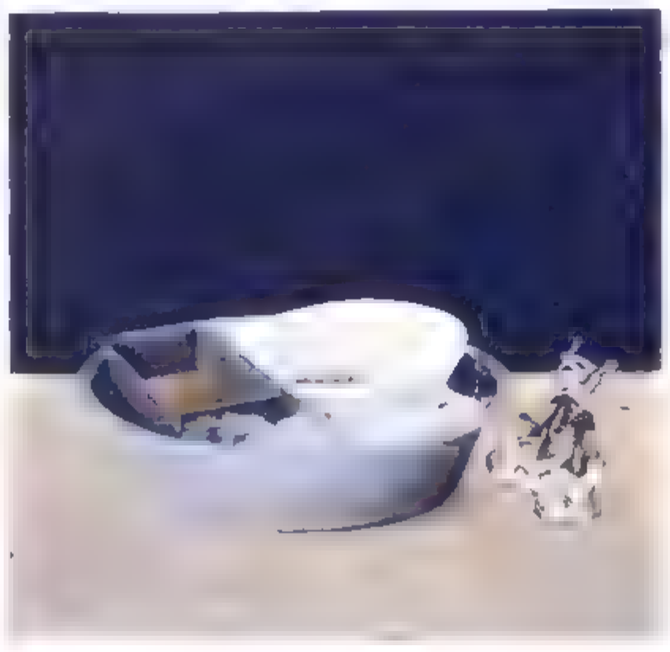
"To get up on top."

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Twiggett. "I begin to understand. They were going up, were they? Well, well. And I thought they were coming down. Do you know, this is quite amusing." He broke into a loud laugh which was badly received, but he had it out

"Goodness me," he said, touching his eyes. "I declare, I don't know when I've laughed so. This is indeed very amusing.

(Continued on Page 94

1. *Dissolve Jell-O in a large bowl. Reserve small amount in flat pan.*



2. *Allow Jell-O in bowl to become cold but not to thicken.*

3. *Whip Jell-O until of consistency of whipped cream.*

4. *A spoon or knife neatly removes all of the mixture from the beater. Notice the contrast between plain and whipped Jell-O.*

5. *Pile the whipped Jell-O lightly into serving dishes before it becomes "set."*

6. *Turn the stiffened plain Jell-O upon a board, cut into tiny cubes and use as a garnish on top of Jell-O whip.*

Whipped Jell-O

America's most famous dessert

MOST housekeepers are already acquainted with the many delectable desserts which can be made from Jell-O.

Whipped Jell-O affords a new opportunity for dessert making. Combined with fruits or nuts, or alternate whipped layers of different flavors, it offers a variety of desserts suitable for all occasions. Write for booklet.

THE JELL-O COMPANY INC.
Le Roy, New York

© 1926, by THE JELL-O COMPANY, Inc.

"And then we'll drive on to Woodstock"

"Yes, here's the road—No. 31. The map shows it clearly—concrete for seventy-five miles and macadam for the remaining forty-five. We can make it easily before dark.

"And right here in the booklet is a map of Woodstock. It shows the best way into town. I think I will make reservations at the Atlantic Hotel—see it, here? We'll leave the car at Brown's Garage and take in the sights. How about Battle Monument—would you like to see it? We can go there as we leave town to-morrow—it's only two blocks off the marked route out of town."

RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Maps give you the fullest information with which to plan your trip. You can start with confidence, sure of every detail.

RAND McNALLY Official Auto Trails Maps cover the country from coast to coast in convenient touring areas. They show every automobile highway with its official marking. You can get them at bookstores, stationers, news-stands, hotels and drug stores for only 35 cents.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Map Headquarters
Dept. H-7
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago
270 Madison Avenue, New York

Branches Philadelphia Washington Boston Pittsburgh Cleveland Detroit St Louis San Francisco Los Angeles

Send for our Free Booklet "The Blazed Trails"

(Continued from Page 92)

but we can't stand here and laugh. But, tell me, young man, why didn't they go around by the road on top of the hill? There's a road up there."

"This is where they asked to be brought to," said the photographer, pointing at a street sign. "Is there a road up there?"

He recalled the drivers and instructed them; everybody, save one high-hatted gentleman, squeezed into the cabs. The spare person came to the cab into which Mr. Twiggett had climbed, and spoke to Mr. Twiggett and pointed toward the hill.

"You know there's really no room for you in here," said Mr. Twiggett. "Why don't you try another cab? Ah, I see what you mean!" He spoke to the driver. "Don't wait for this gentleman. He is saying that he will climb up the hill. Go ahead now; we must get through with our affair."

The cab started off. "Please do not all talk at once, gentlemen," said Mr. Twiggett to his four traveling companions. "One at a time. What is it, sir? Eh? Pardon me? No, it's no use. You're losing your time talking to me, gentlemen; I don't make any sense out of what you say. You'd better talk to one another. I suppose I shall be able to discover what you are up to from that photographer."

But their violent demeanor secretly alarmed him. He debated as to whether these persons were members of some foreign and oath-bound society; they had evidently been seeking a remote and inaccessible spot. But then, why the photographer? Nothing but a sense of professional duty deterred Mr. Twiggett from signaling the cab to halt.

The upper road was not more than a cart track, but they lurched and bumped along it to the promontory overlooking the point in the road below, whence they had come. The land thereabouts was inaccessible and generally worthless, and it had been bought up by people who knew how to do things, and sold to the city for use as a public park. The city was using this patch of the land as a depot for roadmaking supplies; there were wagons and piled timbers and heaps of Cow Bay sand and bluestone. Amid the clutter was a bundled thing of the bigness and lines of a concrete mixer. The company descended from their cabs and gathered about the object. They had seen it from the road below, and evidently knew what it was.

"Just a moment, please," said Mr. Twiggett, standing among them and tapping his cane on a plank. "I must know what this is all about! Who are you, and what do you intend to do? Let me have a synopsis of the affair, together with ——" Then he sighed and walked away from them.

"Perhaps you can tell me something," he said to the photographer, who was setting up his camera a hundred feet away.

"I can, and I will, too, if you don't lay off me," said the photographer. "Say, mister, if you had a bloody nose right now I'd say you were lucky. You know what I mean?"

"You'd better learn to whom you are talking, young man," said Mr. Twiggett sternly.

"Well, who are you anyway?" said the photographer with a little uncertainty. "Are you from the mayor's office?"

"I'm from my own office, if you must know."

"Go on, you're not the mayor," said the photographer. But then he considered Mr Twiggett carefully, and added, "Are you?"

"Decidedly not. Ha-ha!" Mr Twiggett's laugh was curt.

"No harm meant, mister," said the photographer. "I thought maybe the mayor would be here when they unveiled that statuary Somebody from his office anyway These gentlemen give that statuary to the city to put in a park. It is a statue of some guys who were great men in their country. Polacks, ain't they, mister?"

"In a way," said Mr. Twiggett. "To an extent And yet their languages sounded more like Swiss."

"Step aside, mister," said the photographer, disappearing under his sheet He took pictures of the ceremony as it progressed

The orator of the occasion had made his address, and now he was cutting the cords that bound the burlap about the object. As the thing came into view the high-hatted gentlemen rushed forward like one man and pulled at the wrapping and shouted; Mr. Twiggett saw in their behavior only the general unaccountability and unexpectedness of all foreigners.

A strange taxicab came slowly along the cart track. The driver had to wheel out of the ruts in order to pass the standing vehicles. The engine roared and fumed, lifted the car up with a fierce heave, and then tilted the car so that it threatened to fall over on its side. The door flew open and two gentlemen sprang out in evident fear. They disregarded the excited group of high-hatted persons among whom they stood, and went to reprobating the driver and admonishing him to get his car in motion again.

"What the heck is that?" said the photographer, coming from under his sheet.

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Twiggett, viewing the unveiled object. "That's no statuary. Looks like a ——"

"A concrete mixer!" said the photographer disgustedly. "They went and pulled the wrapper off a concrete mixer! Now I suppose they'll dig around until they find the real thing and want me to take another picture. Who's going to pay me for my time? Who's going to pay me for the plates I used up? Picture of a concrete mixer!"

"Got it, did you?" said Mr. Twiggett. He had leaned forward and looked with the greatest interest at the two gentlemen who had been decanted from the taxicab, and he had spared only a cursory glance for the unveiling. "Were these recent arrivals in the picture, may I ask?"

"That don't make no difference," said the photographer. "Part of the crowd.

"An interesting happening, in any event," said Mr. Twiggett. "Perhaps I can make a little story of it. Let me have that plate, young man, and I will give you fifty cents for it."

"You bought a plate," said the photographer. "What did you want it for?"

"I am"—Mr. Twiggett bent toward him and lowered his voice in respect "the press, young man The public press"

The two newcomers had reentered their cab and it lumbered off into the deep tangled wildwood. Mr. Twiggett started afoot down the cart track toward civilization as instanced by the confluence of Broadway, One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Street and Audubon Place. He had learned the business of the fourteen foreign gentlemen and he was not interested in it at all, except so far as it gave a local habitation and a date to the scene that could be evoked from the photographic plate now cuddled so lovingly under his arm.

III

ON AN afternoon late in September, Thomas Jefferson Gentry, Tammany election-district captain in the Fortieth Assembly District, decided to change his shirt.

The proximate cause of this fickleness was the sight of a bundle of freshly laundered linen lying on his bed. He undid the bundle, lifted out the top shirt, unpinned it, unbuttoned it, and drew from its shining bosom a parallelepipedon of white-gray cardboard. This cardboard was nine inches wide, eighteen inches long, and one-fortieth of an inch in thickness. Big Tom Gentry did not discard this sheet of cardboard. On the contrary, he gave over for the time his well-matured project to change his shirt and sat down on his bed and contemplated his cardboard with sustained interest.

He had seen such sheets before. He received such sheets every week. On this cardboard were four columns of printed matter. Most of the letterpress was devoted to advertising cabarets and restaurants and theaters, handmade smokers and Turkish baths, but, interspersed cunningly so as to trick the incautious eye into reading, were some half dozen items of local news, facts and alleged facts that concerned more or less nearly the residents of the Fortieth Assembly District. Affairs of state, even affairs of general civic interest such as crowded the pages of metropolitan news journals, were unmentioned; the news of the local police court had the right of way. There were anonymous letters in which this or that locally identifiable lady or gentleman was thinly disguised as A Certain Party. At the head of this sheet was written The New York Card

The New York Card was the brain child of Mr. Twiggett Inspiration had come to him while he was changing his shirt and gazing abstractedly at the blank sheet of cardboard which he had plucked from the bosom of the fresh garment Why was not something written on that sheet? Why was it not a news sheet and an advertising medium? Forests were swept away to produce that cardboard, many mills labored to fabricate it, thousands of hands tucked it into shirts and shirtwaists to hold them creaseless, countless hands pulled it out again and cast it aside forever. Here was a chance to combine a metropolitan newspaper and a laundry accessory, retaining the best features of each!

The name of the Democratic candidate for assembly caught Tom Gentry's eyes; he sat up and read the paragraph with avid interest; it was headed: QUICK PROFIT—FOR WHOM? When he had read it quite through he emitted a low whistle and looked about him for his hat. Within an elapsed two minutes he had bounded up the steps of the Eskimo Club, the Tammany club of the Fortieth Assembly District.

Jimmy Clahan, the gray-haired Tammany leader of the district, was at his desk in an upper chamber. His black brows drew down threateningly as he glanced at the entertaining cardboard tendered him by his young subordinate.

"I seen it," he said. "There's a flock of reporters looking for Tooley right now."

"Saw it, did you?" echoed Tom, accepting a cigar after a careful look at the band. He lit it, and let his two hundred and ten pounds down into an armchair.

"Other people too. It's bad medicine, Tom."

"Tooley denies it, doesn't he?"

"Sure, he denies it! But what's that going to get him? What happens to candidates that go around denying things? Well, they are kept so busy denying things that they ain't got time to accuse the other fellow of anything. It's just losing time to deny things. And besides, he done it."

"Did he? Did he get that money?"

"Well, he denies it," said Jimmy with a shrug. "But they ain't got to put handles on money for Ham Tooley to grab a hold of when it comes as near up to him as that. Oh, he got it all right. I sent him right around to swear out a warrant for criminal libel, but between ourselves, I think his chances for going back to Albany this year are just about cooked. And say, Tom, I did want to get the assemblyman this year."

"So I heard."

"What do you mean, Tom? Now listen here, Tom, there's no truth in that chatter about the election being fixed this year. You hear me? Don't repeat that talk around the club."

"Whatever you say, Jimmy."

"I don't see any out for us," said the leader, chewing his black mustache. "Not in a straight election like this one. The papers will ride Tooley, and the independent vote will plump solid for the Republican. If it was a three-cornered race Tooley might —— Well, it ain't, so there's no use talking. But say, Tom, when I get through with that nut Twiggett he is going to be sick. Believe me!"

He inclined his ear to the interior telephone on his desk. "A party named Twiggett wants to see you, Jimmy," said the telephone.

"Twiggett!" repeated the leader explosively. "What was that name you said, Jack? Is it a pumped-up party with a —— Say, Jack! Send him up here, and then you slip on your hat and go around to the stationhouse and find Hennigan. He got a warrant for this bird, and we'll hold him here. Get me?"

He hung up. "Twiggett!" he said.

Tom Gentry chuckled and watched the doorway. Somebody was ascending the stairs at a leisurely gait.

"Here he comes," growled Jimmy. "Heard about what was coming to him, I guess. We'll play him. Listen, Tom, hold my arm when I go to shake hands with him, because if I miss his mitt I will go right on and sock him on the nose."

If Mr. Twiggett knew that the long arm of the law was reaching for his coat collar he did not permit the knowledge to disturb his outward calm; he did not enter with the crooked back of a supplicant. He was arrayed in striped gray trousers, fleckless frock coat, and a tall and gleaming and cylindrical hat. To most men upon this earth it comes soon or late to wear a high hat; Mr. Twiggett was one of those rare men to whom it comes as an opportunity. He could walk beneath such a resplendent hat and could look his acquaintances straight in the eye and cause the thought of silly tittering or jesting to depart from them. While entering the Eskimo Club he had heard someone say critically, "Two-gallon hat," as if Mr. Twiggett's hat found its chief use and value in measuring liquids; he had challenged with a look the

(Continued on Page 97)

The ultimate

THAT distinctive smartness which wire wheel equipment assures is by no means the only reason why BUFFALO Wire Wheels today serve to identify the world's finest cars. There are practical points beneath the beautiful appearance.

The Positive Locking Hub Cap which makes BUFFALO Wheels in effect integral with the axle and also provides protection against the theft of tires, assures the highest degree of safety.

The triple rows of lithe, sinewy, unbreakable spokes that carry the load in resilient suspension instead of supporting it with motor-racking rigidity insure riding ease and freedom from fatigue that owners of fine cars have a right to expect.

Combined with these features is the premier achievement of BUFFALO engineers, the development of the *small diameter* wire wheel for balloon tires—the only wheel that makes it possible to take full advantage of all the benefits to be derived from the true ballooning of tires.

WIRE WHEEL CORPORATION
of AMERICA
Buffalo, N. Y.

Direct Factory Branches:

New York . 835 11th Avenue at 57th Street
Chicago . . 2900 So. Michigan Avenue
Detroit . . . . . 3152 Cass Avenue
San Francisco . . . . 1690 Pine Street
Los Angeles . . . . 1705 So. Hope Street

Canadian Division:
AJAX WIRE WHEEL, Ltd.
Toronto Montreal

Service Stations in leading cities throughout the world

BUFFALO Wheels

6 reasons why Remington Portable is the recognized leader in sales and popularity

Take any user's advice and buy a Remington Portable

Durability *and* Reliability

The Remington Portable has won the endorsement of the world by its notable durability and reliability. You can count on it for years and years of faithful service.

Compactness *and* Portability

The Remington Portable is the most compact of all writing machines. When encased it is only 4 inches high, so it can be tucked away in a desk drawer or bookcase. It weighs but 11 pounds. It carries its table on its back, which makes writing easy and convenient in any place or position, even on your lap.

Four Row *Standard* Keyboard

For fifty years the four-bank keyboard has been recognized as standard. The Remington Portable has always had the standard keyboard, with four rows of keys—no shifting for figures—exactly like the big machines—the keyboard universally adopted by business as the best.

Keyboards in thirty-two languages and for every occupational requirement.

Ease of Operation

You will be surprised how quickly you can master the operation of the Remington Portable. The four-row, standard keyboard, and the simplicity in design and construction of the entire machine make it incomparably easy to learn and to operate.

Beautiful Work—*Always*

The writing of the Remington Portable is exceptionally beautiful. Even a beginner turns out work that is a revelation. This, of course, is due to the fine construction of the machine, and its habit of always being in perfect alignment.

Universal Service

Wherever language is written—on the six continents—you will find Remington service, for there are over 700 Remington offices throughout the civilized world. A Remington Portable owner knows that wherever he goes Remington service is near at hand. This feature is one that no portable typewriter buyer can afford to overlook.

ON every count—whether work, wear or service—the superiority of the Remington Portable is decisive. Sold by over 5,000 dealers and Remington branches everywhere. You can buy one on easy terms, if you wish. Write for our illustrated, "For You—For Everybody." Address Dept. 126.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

374 Broadway, New York—*Branches Everywhere*

Remington Typewriter Company of Canada, Limited; Main Office, 68 King St. W., Toronto.

We believe we make the best typewriter ribbon in the world—and its name is PARAGON

(Continued from Page 94)

idlers on the clubhouse steps, and the boldest among them had cringed and reddened and slunk away. He walked into the room like a man of mark, stepping wide and turning out his toes, and with his stomach thrown well out

"Good afternoon, Mr. Clahan," he said crisply. "You know me, I dare say? Twiggett is the name; Quincy Twiggett." He looked sharply at the top of the leader's desk, whisked it with a silk handkerchief, and deposited on it his hat. "Ah, I see that you have there your copy of the Card. I understand that you have some criticism to make on our article on Assemblyman Hamilton Tooley."

"Nothing to say," said Jimmy Clahan.

"The columns of the Card," said Mr. Twiggett, running his eyes slowly over a chair and then whisking it thoroughly before sitting in it, "are open to everybody who has anything to say of general public interest. We are nonpartisan in affairs of district, city, state and nation. In international affairs we stand on broad humanitarian principles."

"Uh-huh," said Jimmy.

"We make all worthy causes our own," said Mr. Twiggett, raising an instructing forefinger. "We father and foster them. In politics we are independent."

"You wear no man's collar, eh?" said Tom Gentry gravely.

"Because of certain business connections," said Mr. Twiggett, looking off into the air, "we do not mention collars in that derogatory tone of voice, young man. What is this I hear about Tooley taking out a warrant for my arrest? A piece of infernal cheek, I call it."

"What would you advise him to do?" asked Jimmy softly.

"Resign!" said Mr. Twiggett. "Resign at once. Decline the nomination. What else can he do?"

"Do you know, Mr. Twiggett," said Jimmy, "we never thought of that. There's an idea, Tom. Why shouldn't Tooley resign?"

"If he will do so," said Mr. Twiggett, "the Card will let the matter drop. Of course you must immediately knock out of his head this absurd plan to have me arrested."

"Anything else, Mr. Twiggett?"

Mr. Twiggett caressed his beard reflectively. "Not for the present," he said. "Well, there is another matter, come to think of it. Have you someone in mind for his successor? I thought that if you would consult me about choosing another candidate—merely a suggestion, you know; nothing obligatory—I might see my way to supporting him. You are aware of the tremendous power of the public press, I dare say."

"Wouldn't you expect something for helping us to elect the new candidate?" asked Jimmy, who was having an excellent time.

"I suppose I should," said Mr. Twiggett. "Fairly entitled to it, eh? I should like a reasonable share of the legal advertising which I am told you control. Oh, a very few thousand per year would do. I shouldn't be difficult about it, but it must go to some newspaper, and why not to the Card? The Card, I may say, has a circulation at present of nearly eleven thousand shirts—copies, I should better say. I expect to put it eventually into every shirt in Greater New York; literary supplements in dress shirts and ladies' waists. And you are quite aware that the so-called newspaper into which the advertising you control is going now has no genuine circulation at all. I don't seek to make a comparison, you understand—an invidious comparison, as I've called it more than once."

"Say, Twiggett, do you call this thing a newspaper?" asked Jimmy bluffly. And he picked up the copy of Mr. Twiggett's periodical and sent it sailing across the room.

"Pardon me?" said Mr. Twiggett forcibly.

"Listen, Twiggett," said Jimmy, suddenly turning pale. "There's a warrant out for you, and you're going to sit right there until the officer comes and gets you. And that will be all that the Fortieth Assembly District will hear from you and your shirt stuffer. And if you don't like that, please begin to fuss about it and do me a personal favor."

Tom Gentry moved over hastily to the leader's side; Jimmy Clahan had come up from the ranks with the help of his ready, able and willing fists, and he was likely to do something very inhospitable.

"You wish to make an issue out of this, do you?" said Mr. Twiggett, giving him glare for glare. "Very well, sir. The Card will fight you all along the line, and not only will this Hamilton Tooley be defeated but you personally will be driven out of politics. We shall establish that there is a corrupt agreement between you and the Republican leader in this district for the control of the election, and ——"

"That's another lie!" shouted Jimmy. "I don't know the man; don't want to know him; never spoke a word to him in my life."

Mr. Twiggett reached up and lifted his tall hat down into his lap. He proceeded to draw documents from it while the two men watched him with acute interest. He selected an unmounted photograph and handed it to Jimmy Clahan.

"This picture," he said, "was taken in a remote section of Manhattan Island on a day shortly before the primaries. The two gentlemen in the foreground and shown entering the taxicab are you and Robert Kelleher, the Republican leader. You see that there are plenty of witnesses who will vouch for the date and the occasion."

Jimmy Clahan wore his best poker face as he looked at the photograph. He rose without speaking, beckoned to Tom Gentry, and walked into a rear room. Mr. Twiggett continued to explore the interior of his hat.

"Kind of awkward," said Jimmy, holding out the picture for Tom Gentry's inspection.

"It don't amount to much, but it would be kind of hard to laugh off after the talk that's went around. And then, what else has he got? He got a hatful of something there. Say, I wouldn't be surprised if he knows all about it. But I got an idea, Tom. We can use this bird!"

"Knows all about what, Jimmy?"

"Now listen, Tom," said the leader persuasively. "I was told to win the assemblyman this year, see? That's the word that was passed in the executive committee down in Tammany Hall before the primaries: Get the assemblymen! We got an assembly that's about fifty-fifty, and every assemblyman counts big. Awful big! If we can control the assembly we can put across a big Democratic program. So I took the assemblyman, and I give Kelleher the municipal-court judge. I went into figures with him, and he had to be considered on account of all those colored fellows that just moved into the district.

"Well, naturally, I didn't tell everybody about this. Judge Van Gilder and four others are in the know, but that's all. I'm telling you, Tom, because I think the world of you. Now you know why I didn't run that colored lawyer for the judge; maybe I could have won with him, but maybe I would lose the assembly. So I run Lemoigne for the judge, Lemoigne the real estater that's boosted the rents of half the people in the district. He's cooked. And Kelleher put up for the assembly a kid just out of school that shouldn't be more than a soft-boiled egg on toast for Tooley."

"Great news is breaking these days," said Tom Gentry.

"Now, Tom, I'm the leader, ain't I? I got to think first of all of the organization. I get my orders just like you get yours, but you can see it would make a lot of the boys sore if they knew this deal was on. It would hurt the organization bad. I wonder who told him. I wonder what he knows, hey?"

"He looks as if he knew a whole lot," said Tom Gentry, scrutinizing the waiting Mr. Twiggett.

"Don't he? The fat son of a gun!" agreed Jimmy. "Well, I will go in there and I will show him I know more than he does."

"He's a clever jigger, Jimmy."

"Clever as they come. But that don't make no difference to me, because I'm going to work on his blind side, see? He got wrong ideas about himself and his joke paper. If he don't do our work for us, call me a Dutchman!"

They reëntered the room. "Have a smoke, Mr. Twiggett," said Jimmy, presenting a box of black cigars. "Good strong cigar, that is. Fellow says to me yesterday, 'I like a good strong cigar that won't break in my pocket.' Ha-ha! Hey, Mr. Twiggett? Heard that one before, didn't you? Well, that don't make it no worse. Here, light up."

"Thank you," mumbled Mr. Twiggett, busy with the cigar, but watching Jimmy Clahan with vigilance.

"Now listen here, Mr. Twiggett," said Jimmy. "You're a regular fellow, ain't you? And I'm a regular fellow! So we're going to get together on this. You don't want Hamilton Tooley for assemblyman, hey? All right; he's done. Whatever you say goes. But listen; since we're both regular fellows, you're going to give me an out, ain't you? That's all I want. Now you tell me who you want to go to the assembly and we'll put him across! Fair enough?"

"I really don't know," said Mr. Twiggett.

"Well, what about Professor Buckmaster, the college professor that run in the Republican primaries? Well, he run second, and there was room for another dozen fellows to run between him and Kelleher's man, but he's a mighty good man, ain't he? Suppose we give the job to Buckmaster?"

"But you wouldn't name a Republican!"

"We're coming to that," said Jimmy. "What I want to know first off is, can he be elected? In other words, will the New York Card support him? Say, that's a great little paper of yourn, Twiggett. It got some influence, believe me."

"I dare say Professor Buckmaster would be acceptable to the Card," said Mr. Twiggett.

Jimmy spat. "That's good enough," he said. "If you and the Card will back him, he's as good as in. Now I'll tell you what I'll do: If you back the professor, you and your newspaper, I'll see that you get enough legal advertising to pay your expenses anyway. All I ask is for you to give me an out. Listen, I can't put a Republican on the ticket, and I can't get up and tell the district that our candidate was a crook, can I? We got to consider the rest of the ticket, don't we? Tammany Hall, understand me, stands for pure politics and honest assemblymen and officeholders and no graft and ——"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Twiggett perplexedly.

"Honest officeholders and no graft and ——"

"Oh, yes I thought I misunderstood you, Mr. Clahan. Continue, please."

"Well, this is the idea: We'll run the professor as an independent, see? And I'll help you on the quiet. You get busy and get up a petition to nominate him; you got to do it right away, as you'll need three hundred signatures. I tell you what we'll do: We'll get up the petition for you right here, if you like, so as to show you we're on the level. We'll help you to circulate it! We'll pay all expenses, only you mustn't tell anybody we're helping you. So we'll put the professor across, and at the same time I won't have to eat crow and hurt the whole ticket. Get me?"

"You're willing to have the Card support Professor Buckmaster's candidacy? And you'll give us the advertising just the same?" said Mr. Twiggett incredulously.

"Absolutely!" said Jimmy. "And we don't ask any pledge of you whatsoever. Go on and hammer Tooley and boost the professor for all you're worth."

"That certainly proves that you want him to be elected," said Mr. Twiggett after silent reflection. "And there wouldn't be much sense in beating Tooley and electing an incompetent Republican. I do think it is very wise to name a new man. Here is a slogan for him: Buck the machines with Buckmaster!"

"Great!" cried Jimmy. "A nifty, that is; ain't it, Tom? Don't it take the newspapermen to get them off? Say, Tom, he made that one up right out of his head. Listen, Twig, old-timer: Big Tom here is a lawyer, and he'll wise you up on how to get up a petition and get it through the board of elections.

"And say, Twig, that talk about me and Kelleher fixing up the slates and swapping set-ups is just a lot of apple sauce. Am I a square shooter or not? Tell me if I'm not. I know you, Twig: you're a man speaks of people as he finds them. That's me too. I can judge people when I see them, and I can tell you now that when that warrant gets here I'm going to feed it to my dog."

"I was mistaken in you, Clahan," said Mr. Twiggett, rising and extending his plump hand. "You've proved to me that I was wrong, and I admit it. I'll proceed at once with our arrangement. We'll work, and we'll win!"

"We'll win!" echoed the Tammany leader, shaking hands heartily. But his other hand sought furtively for the hand of Tom Gentry and joined it in a fervent and gratulatory clasp.

Black Jack

–that juicy mellow gum with the

"good old licorice flavor"

Try it!

SEN-SEN to sweeten and perfume the breath.

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant.
Valuable for singers and speakers.

SEN-SEN

EXPANSION PROGRAM OFFERS UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITIES

We are an old established million dollar company having been in business over forty years. A change in sales policy and enlarged activities has created a few desirable openings.

This presents an opportunity to experienced salesmen that have proven records as producers to obtain a franchise and establish what will virtually amount to their own business without any capital investment.

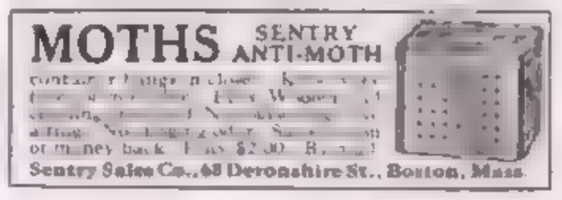
Our unusual sales plan backed by strong advertising enables the aggressive salesman to get a real reward for his efforts.

We now have over two hundred and thirty producing men with openings for thirty-five more. Only men of good standing in their community desiring a permanent connection will be considered. Address all communications direct to the main office of

The Tropical Paint & Oil Company
Cleveland, Ohio

One of the Largest Manufacturers of Maintenance Paints in the World

THE FYR-FYTER CO., 70 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O



TO THE BOLD!

(Continued from Page 19)

most congested section—a gray stone barracklike building, with iron-barred windows, and a deep veranda on the top floor where Hammond maintained his living quarters. The godown and offices, now dark and deserted, were below.

A vast tiled dining room opened through spacious porticoes upon the veranda, and from this we could look out upon the white square housetops eastward to the bay. Dinner was ready when we entered; but we were too hot and sticky to sit down before first taking a hasty bath and changing into fresh clothes.

A Hindu servant in white kanza with a red sash served the meal—mulligatawny soup with rice, fish salad, roast mutton with tinned peas, and a pastry dessert. A cocktail before dinner and a wonderful sweet frothy coffee like creamy chocolate made from Hammond's own short-berry Mocha added something to the palatableness of the meal. We took our coffee and liqueurs stretched out on long Bombay chairs in the balmy darkness of the veranda.

As to business matters there was really not much to discuss. The chief thing was to afford Hammond a chance to get away. There remained little to do, except sign papers at the bank and arrange with insurance agents and shipping brokers for transshipping goods in transit. Therefore I sat smoking, wrapped in pleasant languor, but filled inside with a boiling restlessness, as Hammond maundered on in spiritless tones about a number of details that did not in the least interest me and to which I hardly listened.

I did not dare express my thoughts, but I was revolving in my mind every imaginable scheme to induce De Grammont to bring me again into the presence of Beth Ashton, without arousing his irreverent derision.

She completely filled my mind. I saw her face or form, always just eluding me, wherever I turned.

At last I said impatiently, "Don't you fellows ever go down to the club of an evening?"

"I kept this evening open to talk business," said Hammond in an injured tone. "I'm usually pretty well dated up."

"As for me," said De Grammont, "I seldom make dates. I'm never invited, as a matter of fact. Socially, I'm not at all prominent."

"You seemed to be pretty well known to the Ashtons," said I.

"Ah, ah!" said De Grammont. "That explains it!"

I continued to smoke in a very uncomfortable silence, with De Grammont occasionally looking at me with a knowing grin and Hammond studying me sullenly.

The dark blue of the bay gradually became purple; then it glowed, and an enormous orange moon rose swiftly over the horizon, bringing the old citadel of Cirrir on its lofty rocky eminence into sharp relief.

The sheer beauty of the thing took a man's breath away. De Grammont began to sing under his breath. Gaining assurance as his spirits rose with the rising moon, he stood up shakily and, leaning against the railing, lifted his voice so it carried over the town—a good rich voice, a clear voice, clear and ringing:

"Ah, Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same garden after me—in vain!"

The voice faltered away into a pulsing silence. Then, after a momentary lull, faint handclapping sounded from the officers' mess across the maidan. There were murmurs from the housetops about us. An Arab took up the singing from the direction of the Somali bazaar:

"Ah, Love, if thou will never yield to sleep,
Eternal vigil by this moon I'll keep!"

Sung in Arabic, this was delivered with a surprising burst of passion that stirred the silent listeners. Instantly laughter, mocking songs, wicked songs, impassioned songs of unusual sweetness, followed quickly one on the other, until the dead-looking town became articulate. The bone-white blocks of cement buildings under the spell of the moon came to life.

"You see," said De Grammont, "even this filthy place has a soul! No place is too dead for the spirit of romance!"

"De Grammont," said Hammond with weary disgust, "you don't seem to do anything but bleat about romance! I've been in Aden three years and the only romance I know about is the lies the *karanis* tell!"

"Well!" exclaimed De Grammont with a shrug. "Romance only comes to those who can recognize it!"

Hammond flipped his cigarette butt out into the darkness, where it described a parabolic curve and disappeared like a shooting star.

"You think that—out there—is romantic. I'm not exactly an idiot. Where is it? What is it? It stinks too much!"

"Well, a man doesn't find it packed in bales and stored in godowns ready to be sold, you know. It's not what you'd call a marketable commodity."

"Show me! Or for heaven's sake stop talking about it!"

I looked at De Grammont helplessly, but the Frenchman was not so easily discouraged.

"For example," said De Grammont. "The three of us are interested in the same young lady. Pah! Why deny it? We would not be human if it were not so. Our Yankee friend only saw her once; but his only hope now is to see her again. Nothing else matters! For myself, I see her frequently, usually at a distance; but the knowledge that it is possible for me to see her makes everything beautiful. She inspires me! But as for you, what is the matter with you?"

"Miss Ashton has nothing to do with the point," said Hammond sullenly. "She is something apart."

"Well, I suppose we might look around," said De Grammont musingly, making a face. "What can we do? Climb Shum-Shum in the moonlight? How about a Somali dance? No! By George, I've got it! We'll go to Hassan Omar's bachelor reception."

"And who is Hassan Omar?" said I.

"He used to be our broker," said Hammond. "He's a rather rich Arab."

"And tonight he is a bridegroom," said De Grammont brightly. "We will see some picturesque types, at least. Who knows what else? It is a night for romance!"

Forgetting his imaginary symptoms, De Grammont rose briskly to his feet and started for the stairs, with Hammond and me following dubiously.

The moon, soaring higher, gleamed like the crystal of a watch. The air was decidedly cooler. The moonlight seemed to fall in shimmering flakes, transfiguring the bleak aspect of the rusted dry-rotted slopes. From the bazaars came the sounds of merrymaking, strains of music from stringed instruments, a clang of cymbals and the throbbing bump of a tabor.

We rocked and skidded over the hill of the Main Pass once more, and back again to Steamer Point, where we parked the car conveniently, and made our way through the bazaars on foot.

The main street of the bazaar is ordinarily a dusty lane littered with scraps and refuse, mangy disgusted camels, vicious insolent goats, languid shopkeepers with loins girded with American cotton and teeth stained with betel nut, supercilious Somalis and bawling harried hamals tugging frantically at heavy iron-tired carts laden with all sorts of merchandise from zebra hides and ostrich plumes to sewing machines and chewing gum. The street is flanked with bare bleak white cement buildings which in daylight throw back the glare of the sun against the eyeballs like the touch of rough fingers.

As we swung into this street we met with our first surprise. From a choked and unpleasant thoroughfare it had been transformed into a pavilion whose picturesque beauty was beyond anything we could have anticipated.

A gayly dressed and good-natured crowd milled about the entrance.

The flat fronts of the buildings on either side of the street for a distance of almost a hundred yards were hidden behind rich draperies, flags, Arabian and Persian rugs. At the base of the walls thus formed, and extending in a solid bank down the center of the street, were unbroken lines of divans, covered with many-colored rugs from Mosul, Serabend and Bagdad. The sky was shut out by a lofty roof of makanda mats, woven from the fronds of palm trees. The surface of the street had been laid with perfumed water.

At one end of the pavilion on a dais, slightly stupefied with *kart*, which he chewed with self-conscious abstraction, was a young Arab by the name of Abdullah bin Wazir, a boy hardly past the age of adolescence. Hassan Omar, our host, was sitting on a divan on the right of Abdullah, looking like one of Byron's heroes. On either hand, extending away from the dais in degrees of rank of lessening importance, stretched the guests: a sultan, sheiks, hadjis and merchants.

We had approached in a spirit of friendly recklessness; but as we neared our host I could not help feeling impressed. We lost a good deal of our importance.

Hammond had self-consciously pocketed his pipe and advanced with a somewhat blasé air; but De Grammont, wreathed in smiles, suavely and wittily bandied words right and left in fluent Arabic as he pushed his way easily through the crowd.

"Hammond!" said he. "Do you realize that Sir Richard Burton sat on some of these rugs, actually here, listening to the stories of the Arabian Nights?"

"I realize there are about fifty merchants here who were bilked by my company!" said Hammond stonily.

"Zut!" said De Grammont.

"I have reserved a place for you on my divan," said Hassan Omar, coming forward with a flashing smile of surprise and pleasure.

As we passed rows of turbaned Arabs, bowing to friends we recognized, gravely drawing clouds of scented smoke from gurgling hubble-bubbles of hammered silver, copper and porcelain, our names were bawled out by servants. Others seized our hands and smeared attar of roses on our wrists. We were presented to the young man swaying drunkenly above us, holding on desperately with both hands to a scimitar that lay before him.

As we seated ourselves cross-legged on the divan, twigs of crisp fresh *kart* were piled before us, hookahs were primed and lighted, and candy and small cakes placed within reach. After a whispered conference with De Grammont, a bottle of champagne was even smuggled in, for though an Arab may abstain he understands the meaning of hospitality.

Hassan was a handsome host. In rich brocades and sandals stitched with dyed kidskin and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, he was sufficiently distinguished at any time; but his softly rolled turban of white satin shot with black, to which an aigret was laced with strings of pearls, added remarkably to his air of distinction. Large brown eyes, sympathetic, sardonic, quick to comprehend, flashed with interest, humor and understanding; his mobile lips parted often from his teeth in flashing smiles; his swarthy skin was plump and tinged with the color of good health and good living. He was a genuine friend of De Grammont's, with whom he had so much in common that it was possible to get on rather intimate terms with him.

"Here," said I to myself, "is the perfect hero of an Arab romance."

But Hammond was struck by another thought.

"Hassan Omar," said he, sitting bolt upright on his cushion, with the din of the clashing cymbals bringing a frown to his face, and the weaving figures of the Egyptian dancers swaying and leaping below him, "I understood this wedding was yours. But the bridegroom appears to be this boy, Abdullah bin Wazir!"

"You are dense!" exclaimed De Grammont.

"Hassan Omar is celebrating his wedding—but it is his fifth. The boy up there has the place of honor because he is celebrating his first. Abdullah bin Wazir is a relative, is he not?"

"He is my brother-in-law," said Hassan Omar. "That is why we have the two celebrations in one."

"Ah, you are a blasé fellow!" said De Grammont with admiration.

"Allah!" murmured Hassan Omar modestly, looking intently at the mouthpiece of his hubble-bubble.

"Your fifth!" exclaimed Hammond.

"Why not?" said the Arab casually.

"This is romance!" said Hammond softly.

"At least it is adventure!" declared De Grammont.

"Most Europeans," said I, "seem to feel they've already gone beyond the limit when they've taken one. Where do you get the courage? She must be very beautiful!"

"He has not even seen her," said De Grammont cheerfully. "Isn't that romance? Consider the operations of his imagination!"

Hassan Omar moved uneasily, stole a glance at me, and laughed.

"Ah, well," said he, "after all, a man must have some pleasure in life. The first may be blear-eyed, with warped legs and a cleft pallet—a chatterer—a gadabout—a fool! The second may be no better! But among four or five, say, surely a man is bound to find one to please him!"

"This is romance!" repeated Hammond.

"At least it is charming cynicism!" retorted De Grammont.

"How is it that Abdullah bin Wazir is your brother-in-law?" I asked.

"He is the brother of my first wife."

"What a situation!" murmured De Grammont.

"And do you mean," I persisted, "that he hasn't even had a secret view of his bride?"

"Not yet," said Hassan Omar shortly.

We turned our eyes involuntarily toward Abdullah bin Wazir, who, startled out of his doze by a sudden clash of cymbals, lifted the ceremonial scimitar from the cushion before him, while the guests stirred on their divans expectantly. But at an upward glance from Hassan Omar he thought better of commencing the simple evolutions of the dance at so early an hour, and sinking back on his cushion, resumed his chewing of *kart*.

"How does he know what she looks like?"

"She is very beautiful," said Hassan Omar uneasily.

"Pah! Who knows?" said De Grammont uneasily.

"*Wallah!* Is it not obvious?" protested Hassan Omar. "The women of the different households are free to call on one another. The boy has a mother, aunts, sisters. They can tell him every exact detail!"

"I'd not care for that kind of evidence," said I. "Everyone knows that a woman's idea of a beautiful woman is different from a man's."

"In this case there is no doubt!"

"Ah," said De Grammont eagerly, "there is something extraordinary about this, after all!"

"*Taib!*" said Hassan Omar in a low quick voice, throwing up his hands in surrender. "You are right. The bride is Zaide, daughter of Sheik Bushireh! Is that enough?"

After a moment during which Hassan Omar and De Grammont looked at each other with understanding, the latter leaned toward me and clapped his hand on my knee.

"We have stumbled on something, after all! Listen! The bride of that boy up there was once engaged to an Arab officer named Salim who made a big reputation during the war. He used to come through the British lines into Aden disguised as a Bedouin carrying wood to the house of Sheik Bushireh. At that time Sheik Bushireh thought the Germans were going to win. He permitted Salim to meet his daughter, Zaide, and promised her to him. Do you follow that?"

"Certainly," said I.

"But here is the extraordinary part: Sheik Bushireh's daughter was an intimate friend of Miss Ashton, daughter of Colonel Ashton, the one we met today. Imagine the situation!

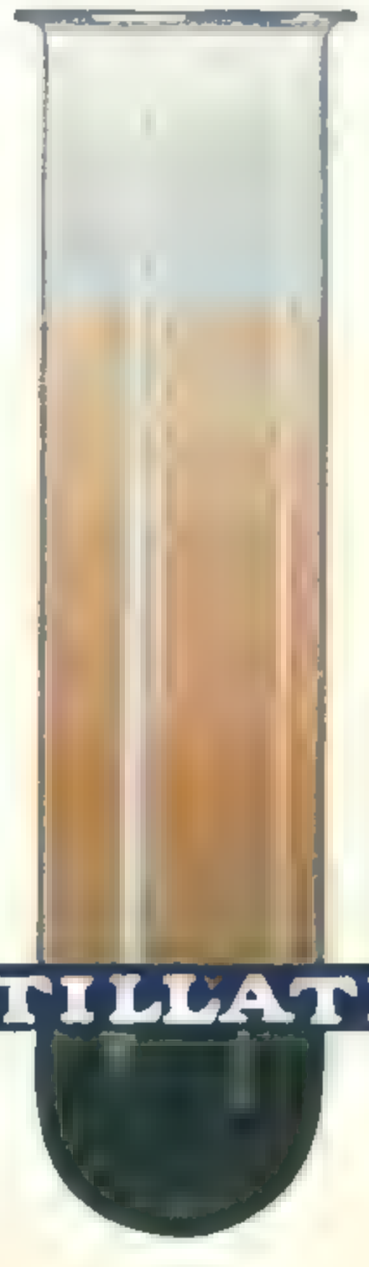
"Zaide was in love with a Turkish spy; and her intimate friend, Beth Ashton, was the daughter of the chief of the British Intelligence! Sheik Bushireh was dancing on hot plates! His honor was in danger on one side; his life on the other. You must know Sheik Bushireh?"

"By name," said I. "He is a wealthy merchant here, isn't he?"

"Yes. He still does business in Aden. That answers the question. When the news came of the fall of Jerusalem he denounced Salim. Fortunately Salim escaped. Then Sheik Bushireh was frightened lest the British find out what were the relations between him and Salim; so he immediately made another engagement for

(Continued on Page 102)

Pure lubrication comes from above this line



Each type of Sunoco Motor Oil is wholly distilled

Compounded oils are light oils to which cylinder stock is added

Use a wholly distilled oil

Wholly distilled means an absolutely pure and uniform oil—free from cylinder stock. Cylinder stock, *the cause of most hard carbon deposits*, is a heavy, waxy, green residue which is added to light oil to produce heavier-bodied oils. Such oils are compounded oils.

There is a right type of Sunoco for your car; a wholly distilled oil free from cylinder stock.

It is this distillation which gives you *pure* oil; effective lubrication in every drop. It explains the fact that with Sunoco you have no hard carbon deposits, fewer repairs and cleaner spark plugs. Most motor troubles are due to improper lubrication. Sunoco is good lubrication.

Ask us or any Sunoco dealer for our booklet, "Motor Lubrication." You'll learn a lot about lubrication that you don't know now.

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

SUNOCO

THE DISTILLED OIL

SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL • *Branches and Agents in Principal Cities* • *Dealers Everywhere*

"I've never seen a

Timken Bearing"

"I've been driving cars for the past fourteen years. Rolled up about a hundred and fifty thousand miles in that time. My cars have been Timken equipped. *I knew that* when I bought them. And yet, come to think of it, I've never seen a Timken Bearing."

A typical case, that. Why have so few automobile owners seen the Timken Bearings which protect the vital units of their cars? It cannot be because Timken Bearings are installed out of sight in hubs, differential, pinion and transmission. The average motorist knows by sight pistons, gears, valves and other hidden parts.

There is only one reason. Timken Tapered Roller Bearings render such trouble-free service throughout the life of the car that the overwhelming majority of motorists never give them more than casual attention. Otherwise, automobile owners would know more about them.

The Timken Roller Bearing Company
CANTON, OHIO
Walkerville, Ont. Columbus, Ohio Birmingham, England Paris, France

© 1924 T R B Co.

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

When You Build or Repair

Give heed to hardware

THE only reason some homes are hardware-poor is lack of forethought. Little temporary frills are added to the house as it progresses and then disappointment dawns upon the owner when he finds his hardware fund depleted. The use of poor hardware is never intentional—it just happens.

Don't let it happen to you. The preventive is simple. To guard against this mishap consult the hardware merchant early in the process of building. He will give you information about McKinney Hinges and other hardware. He will show you the many finishes and calculate costs. Then select your hardware and secure your selection by laying aside adequate funds.

* * * * *

It is McKinney's desire to contribute to the success of your home in every way possible. With that purpose in mind, a set of Forethought Plans have just been devised. They have little to do with hinges but much to do with your home. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints. A complimentary set will be sent to those about to build. Just write.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Pittsburgh Pennsylvania

McKINNEY HINGES

(Continued from Page 98)

his daughter to this boy, Abdullah bin Wazir. At the time Abdullah was entirely too young for an actual marriage; but now he is of age and it can't be delayed."

"Does Hammond know this?"

"Every hamal in the bazaar knows and sings many beautiful songs about the affair! But Hammond—he is dead to romance! I have heard it a hundred times in the *sukh*, and Miss Ashton filled in all details."

"Of course," said I musingly, "she was bound to know. But what became of the Arab officer, Salim?"

De Grammont leaned over and repeated the question to Hassan Omar in a discreet whisper.

Shrugging with annoyance, Hassan Omar said hurriedly under his breath, "No one knows exactly; but the report is he went to Azerbaijan to fight against the Russians. They say he is a friend of Kemal Pasha. *Bismillah!* Look!"

"Speak of the devil!" said De Grammont.

Following his gaze I saw Colonel Ashton making his way toward Abdullah bin Wazir's dais. Among these Arabs his entire personality seemed to have changed. He walked with dignity, with an air of well-controlled power; and a sort of good-natured blandness masked his usual expression of truculence.

"What is he doing here?" asked Hammond when Hassan Omar laid aside his hubble-bubble to rise and greet his distinguished guest.

"Not only is he a friend of mine," said Hassan Omar resentfully, "but he is also a friend of the family of Abdullah bin Wazir. Besides, his own daughter is a close friend of the bride, Zaide, daughter of Sheik Bushireh. It is possible she is with her now. If you want to find out what the bride looks like, ask her!"

Besides a nod of recognition we had not much chance of improving our meeting with Colonel Ashton, since he was already completely absorbed in the attentions of the sultan and sheiks, listening to compliments that seemed to touch his vanity. Yet the three of us continued to study him in fascinated silence. There was something far more appalling in his appearance than the most bilious specter of a mother-in-law! At the same instant the three of us shuddered! There was a look of horror on Hammond's face; De Grammont's eyes flashed with a glint of steel; and I turned my own up to the young bridegroom on the dais, uneasy, nervous, tremulous with uncertainty and doubt.

Having chewed too much *kart*, Abdullah bin Wazir was now lolling among his cushions, threatening at any moment to tumble down among his guests. I got a better view of his face. It was weak, loose, the eyes dull and the skin pock-marked. Young though he was, he had a greasy lifeless look that was unpleasant, and I could not help feeling a slight inward shudder at the thought of the beautiful bride's fate. I felt a horrible sinking sensation of disillusionment and disgust.

It seemed that Hammond was right, after all. There was too much sordidness to leave room for romance.

Having concluded a long and monotonous stampede, the dancers were panting on some rugs flung on the ground; and a saturnine Syrian, to the accompaniment of chords which he twanged from a long lute-like instrument slung from his bony shoulder, began in a deep basso an endless history of a princess of Persia.

Colonel Ashton was grinning indulgently at the lurid tale, occasionally whispering over his shoulder to his neighbors; but Hassan Omar, having reassured himself as to the equilibrium of his young kinsman, after a moment's attention returned to his own dais again, muttering under his breath: "By the beard of Moses, the same old tales! I have heard that one fifty times!"

The throng of guests, however, did not seem so sophisticated. Readjusting themselves upon their divans, they listened with attention, while clouds of smoke enveloped them in enchanted veils.

As the story came to an end Hassan Omar began again to stir uneasily. His attention was directed once more upon the youthful bridegroom, who seemed to be struggling out of a groggy slumber.

An indefinable current of reviving interest reanimated the guests, who began to rise, murmuring among themselves and surreptitiously gathering together their belongings.

Hassan Omar reached up and, giving a tug at Abdullah bin Wazir's garment that almost tumbled him into our midst and brought forth a stifled yelp, whispered guttural: "They expect you. *Bismillah!* Come down! Come down!"

"Is it the bride?" I asked.

"Pah!" said De Grammont with mock contempt. "Hassan Omar will not trust us even so much as to look at the bride. A hundred times he has promised to show me an Arab bride—and a hundred times he has conveniently forgot!"

Hassan Omar shrugged with an abstracted air; but Abdullah bin Wazir began to stagger down the carpeted steps into a broad space that had been cleared for him. At one end of this space was a great brazen tray. Before this tray the groggy bridegroom took his stand, and lifting the scimitar weakly and uncertainly over his head, began awkwardly the simple steps of the bridal dance, while the musicians commenced a monotonous accompaniment.

One fleeting thought I gave to the beautiful bride awaiting the appearance of this horrible greasy little husband—immature, impossible! If she had really loved the vanished Salim with the ardor that Arabs are supposed to feel, what a horror of disillusionment awaited the poor girl! What a death to romance!

The time was at hand for the guests to come forward with their wedding tribute; but all hung back, waiting for Hassan Omar, kinsman, and first of the guests so far as the boy was concerned, his own part being of minor importance in the evening's entertainment. Hassan Omar now dived under the pillows and fetched forth a heavy bag of silver rupees.

De Grammont, Hammond and I looked at one another in consternation.

"How much have you in your pockets?" said De Grammont in a hoarse whisper.

In changing my clothes my boy had forgotten to transfer my purse; so I replied with a gesture of helplessness.

"I have three chips!" said Hammond morosely. "We can slip under this rug into the bazaar. I don't think we're expected to contribute."

"No!" said De Grammont briskly. "Give me a piece of paper and I'll send a chit around to Pallonjee. He'll let me have seventy-five chips. That ought to square us nicely."

A sudden flash from Hassan Omar's eyes indicated that he had heard and appreciated the compliment. A servant was sent hurriedly, and as we waited Hassan Omar advanced with his bag until he stood in front of the tray.

The bridegroom with a sigh dropped back a couple of paces and stood swaying drunkenly. He was a rather pitiful sight; but he only filled me with disgust.

With a magnificent gesture Hassan Omar proceeded to fling the rupees into the tray, where they rang musically. The guests craned forward unconsciously, counting in order that they might gauge the munificence of their own gifts by the amount the kinsman gave. All then began to rise.

"See you at the club," Colonel Ashton flung over his shoulder at us, while we grunted in turn and paid our tribute to the revolting Abdullah bin Wazir. I for my part wishing with all my soul that the money could be diverted to hire a competent assassin to take care of the bridegroom and Colonel Ashton at one meeting.

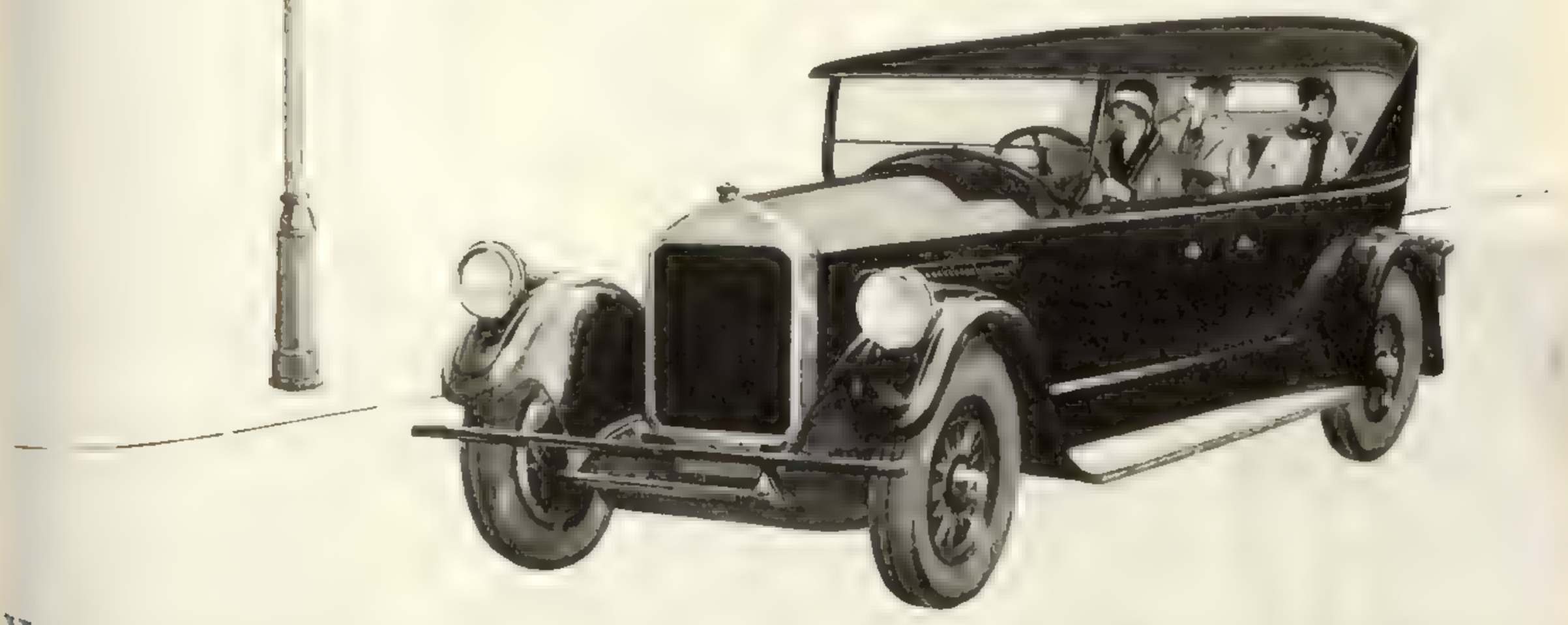
The guests began to crowd and push their way through the exits, some lifting the hangings that made the walls of the pavilion and thus slipping directly into the darkness of the bazaar. Rather than shoulder our way along the crowded aisles, we also lifted a rug, and in another second would have been in a secluded corner of the bazaar had not Hassan Omar at that moment caught me by the arm.

"Wait!" said he. Turning to De Grammont he added in a whisper, "A remarkable thing has happened. This donkey Abdullah is drunk with *kart!* By Allah, he is stupefied!" Hassan Omar's eyes smoldered with contempt and passion as he looked at the maudlin figure of his young brother-in-law swaying drunkenly in a film of smoke while the guests moved about him like phantoms. However, Hassan Omar's dignified aspect became considerably marred as he turned to us a face that had softened with a joyful but challenging leer, slightly flushed with shame. "My old nurse is in the household of Sheik Bushireh. I bribed her so Abdullah bin Wazir might come to the roof of the house and have a look secretly at his bride. This affair is fated! Come, Mr. De Grammont; I will keep my word with you! You will take the place of Abdullah."

(Continued on Page 104)

A New Car
A New Size
A New Price

—have you driven a PIERCE-ARROW Series 80



WE BELIEVE that there is no other motoring experience quite like it, for this new car is characterized by all those finer shades of performance so peculiar to Pierce-Arrow.

The Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* was built in answer to an insistent demand—a request repeated everywhere—for an additional Pierce-Arrow more modest in size and in price than the famous Dual-Valve Six.

In ease of handling, in acceleration, in adequateness of power, in safe, quick braking this new Pierce-Arrow's conduct fulfils the promise of twenty-three years of fine car building. Other reasons for the enthusiastic welcome which the car has received are found in the fact that maintenance and operating costs are unusually low.

Had we followed ordinary procedure, the Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* would have been in the hands of the public months ago. But we determined to step beyond customary practice.

After months of work with experimental models we put a group of *Series 80* cars through regular production—quite a different thing from laboratory methods. These were *stock* cars, built by the same men who always have built Pierce-Arrows and are now building the *Series 80*.

These cars were sent to every section of the country and driven for hundreds of thousands of miles. The drivers were instructed to test them under the severest conditions that could be found.

Thus was assurance made doubly sure that the Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* is a true Pierce-Arrow in every respect—not only in design, construction and appearance, but also in action.

The results achieved make a personal experience in the Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* a revelation. Our dealer in your city now has the car on display and will arrange a thorough demonstration for you.

Series 80 — 7-Passenger Touring Car

$2,895

5-Passenger Sedan, $3,895; *at Buffalo*
Government Tax Additional

STANDARD EQUIPMENT . . . Balloon Tires, Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes

Pierce-Arrow Products include passenger cars of two types: the Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six and the Pierce-Arrow Series 80; Pierce-Arrow Motor Buses; Pierce-Arrow Heavy-Duty Motor Trucks

A catalog describing the Pierce-Arrow Series 80 in detail may be obtained from our local dealer or by addressing us

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

Your hair today

is as important as your clothes

KEEPING the hair in place has been a problem for every well-dressed man. That is why men took to Stacomb at once with such enthusiasm.

One touch of this delicate cream will keep your hair smooth, well-kept, *all day*. Women, too, find Stacomb excellent—especially for bobbed hair. At all drug and department stores.

Stacomb Free Offer:

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A-42
113 West 18th Street, New York City

Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

Hotel Syracuse

Syracuse, N. Y.

Opens August 16

612 Rooms-all outside-with bath-all servidor equipped.

Minimum Rate Three Dollars

Roy. P. Brainard Managing Director

$3 brings you a genuine UNDERWOOD

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Your $3.00 unconditionally

GREAT PRICE SAVING

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

FREE BOOK OF FACTS

Act Today! Mail Coupon

5 Year Guarantee

ShipmanWard Mfg. Company
C275 Shipman Building
Montrose & Ravenswood Aves., Chicago

Name

St. and No.

City State

(Continued from Page 102)

Unable to meet the Frenchman's eyes as he gasped with incredulous delight, Hassan Omar's gaze wandered foolishly over my friend's shoulder. All at once the uneasy twinkle in his eye seemed to flash, blaze, and his eyes distended with an expression of horror. So real was his emotion, as his fingers tightened convulsively on my arm, that instinctively I whirled about, with a thrill of fear shooting up my spine. I imagined a *jambeer* slipping its keen edges between my shoulder blades.

"What is it?" said De Grammont casually.

The space about us was perfectly clear. No one was within leaping distance of us. Hassan Omar had said nothing. Annoyed at my fright, I looked angrily at him for an explanation. His eyes were fastened on a stranger. This stranger was an Arab, handsomely dressed, leaning lightly against a Serabend rug, with the fingers of one hand hooked lightly on the handle of his *jambeer* and the other gripping the edge of the rug as though to rip it from its fastenings.

The stranger was looking fixedly at Abdullah bin Wazir staggering in front of the brazen tray. He had the look of a dweller in tents—open, fearless, alert—showing in every line of his features those clear evidences of natural aristocracy that distinguish the leaders of the Arabs. He was obviously of a passionate nature and a man of ideals. Beside him even the handsome Hassan Omar seemed gross and overfed; but as he looked at the greasy-faced boy stumbling erratically before the brazen platter where the rupees were still ringing, his face had an expression such as I have never seen on any other man's face.

"Ah!" said Hassan Omar, drawing in his breath with a tremulous hiss. "*Astaghfar'llah!*"

The stranger turned his head, and flame suddenly glowed in his eyes as the glances of the two Arabs crossed. In his face, however, was not the shock of surprise that distorted Hassan Omar's countenance. On the contrary, his lips parted in a swift contemptuous smile; and while Hassan Omar swayed uncertainly, groping nervously with one hand for his *jambeer*, steadying himself with the hand upon my arm, the stranger pulled aside the rug and vanished.

"I say," said Hammond in his cool querulous voice, "what the devil are we hanging around here for? Let's push off."

With a stammered curse Hassan Omar came to life, jerking aside the rug I had been about to withdraw, and stumbled into the outer darkness, tugging out his *jambeer*. Without a word De Grammont followed him with pantherish ease, and I at De Grammont's heels.

The rug flapped behind us, and we found ourselves in one of the dark deserted alleys of the bazaar. The murmur and uproar of the reception were muffled behind the draperies; outside there was complete silence, except for the creaking of a charpoy on a roof top, the hawking of a banian spitting into the street from above, a tinkle of crockery, and faint sounds of distant traffic on the main road.

We stood looking at one another, holding our breath, our shoulders showered with silver moonlight, our bodies in inky shadow. The bazaar had swallowed up the stranger.

Hassan Omar gave a long-strangled sigh and began to groan and curse. Striking his chest with a nervous fluttering gesture, like a man who is badly frightened, whose mind is in confusion while he realizes the necessity for some sort of immediate and decisive action, he looked from one to the other of us dazedly.

"*Astaghfar'llah!* May God forgive me!" repeated Hassan Omar hoarsely. "This is terrible! I am shamed! I am shamed!"

"Well, who is he?" demanded De Grammont eagerly

"You have just seen him! It is the day before the wedding, and he has returned!" With a long sigh Hassan relaxed, flinging out his hands. "Corruption! It is Salim himself!"

"Zut!" said De Grammont.

After a moment's confused silence I said, "Is it possible for him to see Zaide herself before the wedding?"

Hassan Omar gave a muffled cry and started to run furiously up the alley. Without a word we raced after him, our hearts pounding delightfully.

Stumbling over goats, and recumbent figures, swathed in blankets, that rose like resurrected corpses and cursed us dismally, we made our way to the great square pile that was the house of Sheik Bushireh, father of the waiting bride, rising like a block of chiseled salt in the moonlight.

Slipping down a narrow stinking passageway we came to a halt, gasping and strangling for breath, by a heavy drainpipe that led down from a roof terraced no more than twelve feet above us. Here Hassan Omar paused in his panting and wheezing for breath to realize the uncomfortable extent of his girth. With his head tilted backward, creasing the rolls on his heavy neck, he bit his fingernails and looked hopelessly up at the drainpipe, while the perspiration coursed down his cheeks. Then he looked appealingly at De Grammont.

"With the greatest pleasure!" said De Grammont, taking hold of the pipe.

"Wait a minute!" said I. "Don't be a blamed fool! You're taking serious chances."

"Without taking chances, *copain*," said De Grammont with a reckless smile, "we get nowhere."

And altogether forgetting his neurosis he scrambled up that pipe like a spider. Hassan Omar flung his cloak to the ground and clambered, grunting, after him, utilizing chinks in the wall for footholds.

I waited until they disappeared over the parapet, hesitating whether or not to follow, when Hassan Omar suddenly gave a sharp muffled yell. There was the crashing, thumping sound of a struggle, and while I stood watching, frozen, a figure came flying through the air, almost flattening me in the dust. I twisted myself spasmodically aside, losing my balance as the man struck at me wildly with a razor-bladed *jambeer*. For a second I was helpless in the dust and there was every likelihood that I might have had my stomach ripped out. It was a rotten moment. I was saved by Hassan Omar, who dropped heavily from above almost upon the Arab with the knife.

"*Y'kelb!*" grunted the Arab, jumping back.

Hassan Omar flung himself at him; but instead of fighting, Salim twisted aside and fled down the alleyway.

I had had enough. I stood up somewhat shakily and began to brush myself off, not exactly displeased that Salim had decided to run; but at that moment Hassan Omar gave a shout of warning that brought me up with a jerk. The ponderous bulk of Colonel Ashton had suddenly appeared at the end of the alleyway, clearly outlined in the bright moonlight. Salim was almost on him, with his *jambeer* lifted to strike. The hulking unarmed chief of intelligence had no chance! The action that followed was so swift that I could not tell exactly what happened; but I saw the colonel fall to the ground, while Hassan Omar gave a choking cry of horror. At the same instant, however, Salim went spinning against the cement wall, his knife flashing in the moonlight as it flew out of his hand, and Colonel Ashton, bounding from the earth, fell upon his assailant, crushing him to the ground.

When Hassan Omar and I reached them, Colonel Ashton was sitting on Salim, his face black with fury and indignation, his bulging eyes glaring at us, his white mess jacket disheveled and dirty; while Salim lay inertly beneath him. Finding his breath as we approached, the chief of intelligence proceeded to curse and splutter incoherently.

"How the devil did you stop him, sir?" said I, with genuine admiration.

"How did I stop him!" He emitted a tremendous oath. "What did you expect me to do—kiss him? I kicked him in the midriff!"

Salim groaned, and Colonel Ashton rose to his feet somewhat abashed, as though a little ashamed of having kicked a man and then sat on him when he was down.

Salim was completely trapped, so we let him rise to his feet alone. A shaft of moonlight now poured its silver glow fully into the alleyway. The Arab stood weakly with his back to the wall, his arms folded over his stomach, his large eyes roving from one to the other of us with an unfathomable expression in their depths, as he struggled painfully for breath. Though his turban had been knocked from his head and his hair was disheveled, he still preserved his air of superiority. This infuriated Colonel Ashton, who raised his whistle to call an *askari*

"Wait a minute, colonel," I panted. "Let's get the thing straight first."

"Beggared if I wait!" said he, roaring. "Look at Hassan Omar there!"

Hassan Omar was leaning against the wall, binding up his forearm, his clothing splattered with dark splotches of blood, and lifting his eyes occasionally to look morosely at Salim.

"What is the use?" said he bitterly. "*Wau!* There will be a terrible scandal! Zaide is gone!"

Salim said sullenly, twisting up his turban, though his hands trembled considerably, "Zaide went away two hours ago in a motor-gharry to Khor Marksar. She is mine."

A loud wail sounded from the depths of the house behind us.

"What in God's name has become of her? Zaide! *Bismillah!* Where is the fool?"

"That does it!" said Colonel Ashton grimly; and he blew a sharp call on his whistle which shrilled like a cricket in the cavernous silence of this remote corner of the bazaar. People began to call from one to another on the housetops; I could hear charpoys shifting within and sleepers rising hastily at the alarm; there was a sudden shuffling of feet, the flat-footed pounding of running Somali *askaris* looking for the disturbance, confused cries, shouts, whistles taking up the alarm on all sides.

Salim had not moved, but the muscles of his bare arm twitched and his eyes kept glancing furtively upward at the house he had just left. He was trapped and helpless. Hassan Omar planted himself firmly in front of his old friend and stared at him gloomily. This was too much for Salim. He came into action with the spasmodic suddenness of a hurt cat.

Spitting frenziedly, he leaped at Hassan Omar. Sending him reeling against Colonel Ashton, he opened a way, leaped down the alleyway and whirled around the corner before we could stop him.

Colonel Ashton was dumb with rage, which gave Hassan Omar time to recover and place himself in his path.

"Sir," he said, spreading out his arms, "in the name of God, let him go! It is too late! There will be a scandal; but leave me here alone. Everyone can see that I fought!"

All at once I thought of De Grammont still on the roof where the fight had occurred, and turning without a word I ran back to the house of Sheik Bushireh and went up the wall like a scared cat. If De Grammont had been caught he was a dead Frenchman!

Nothing like that for De Grammont! I found him in a shadowed corner, with his back toward me, his shoulders slightly hunched.

"Quick!" said I. "Get out of this!"

He jerked his head about.

"Zut!" said he.

As he shifted his position I saw he had an Arab girl in his arms, hugging her very cozily. Her bare arms were drawn tight about his neck—convulsively!—her half-closed eyes were dark slits through which light gleamed; her crushed lips were parted. Nothing in the world seemed of any importance to her save De Grammont.

I felt a sort of hysterical exasperation. This De Grammont, I felt, was capable of making love on the turret of a sinking submarine. I wanted to yell with laughter; but the situation was terribly serious. Then I thought of Beth Ashton; and I knew that this infidelity would leave the way clearer for me. Nevertheless, De Grammont had to escape—and the girl's quick breathless murmurs were like the accents of a woman who is drunk and reckless.

I looked down into the alley. Crowds were filtering in at either end, hunting for the disturbance. Though visible from my point of vantage, they had not yet discovered us, or, seeing us, supposed we were searchers also. Behind De Grammont and the girl was a dark doorway through which murder might leap at any moment. There was no secret line of retreat.

"De Grammont, you damned idiot!" said I wildly. "We've got to get out of this! If we don't jump we're caught!"

"Jump!" he exclaimed, looking at me with blazing eyes, but keeping the girl safely behind him. "That's impossible! How can she jump?"

"You're not taking her! De Grammont, you're crazy!"

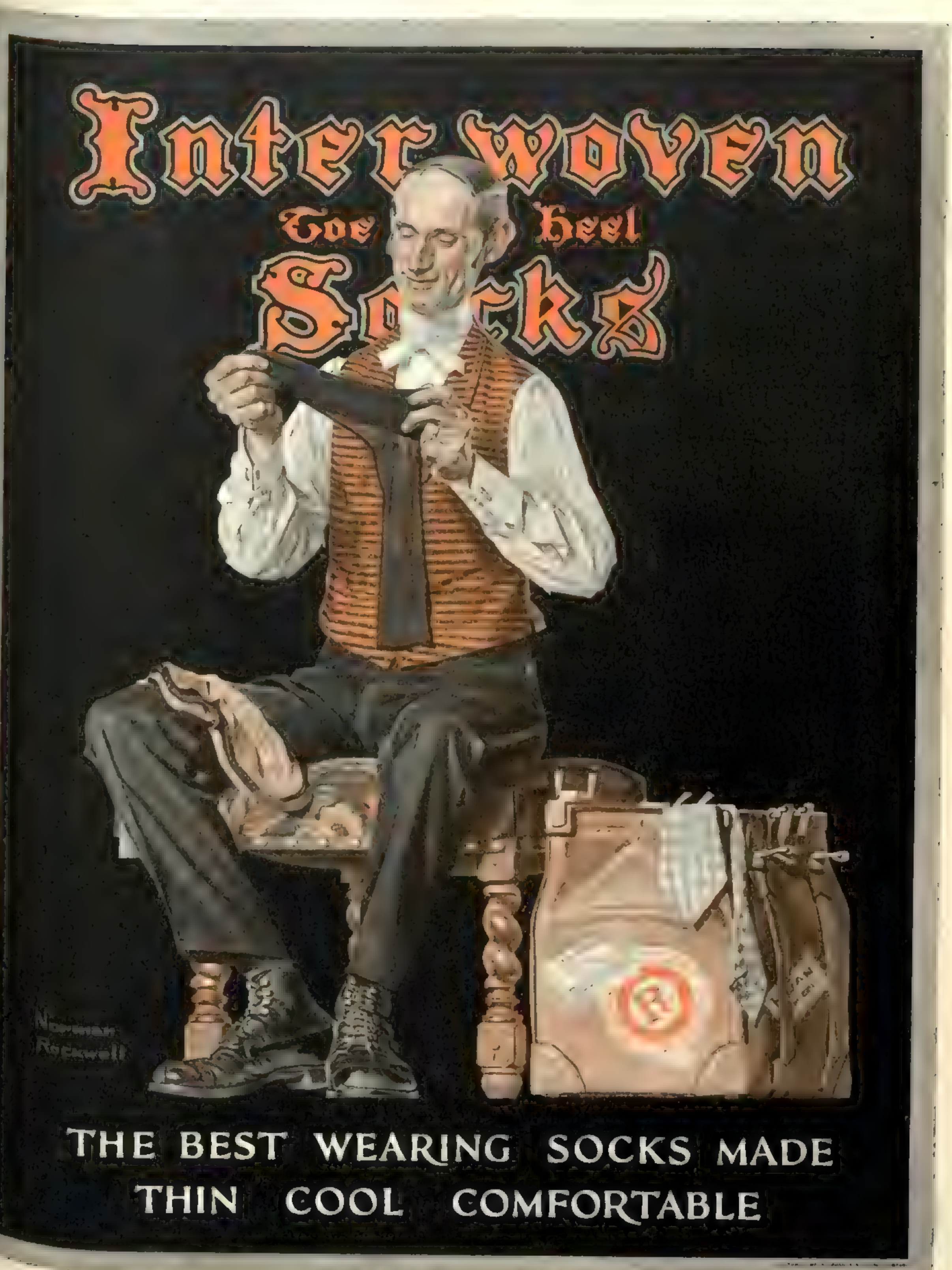
"Oh, but I am!"

"Get down out of there, you—you ——" bellowed Colonel Ashton.

"You see? Ashton down there, yelling for *askaris!*"

Pushing himself abruptly away from the girl De Grammont jumped to the parapet and looked down. The girl flung herself to his side, drawing her veil sharply across her face at the same time. For an instant both

(Continued on Page 105)


Inter Woven
Toe
Heel
Socks
Norman Rockwell
THE BEST WEARING SOCKS MADE
THIN COOL COMFORTABLE

Everyday- the world buys 4 times as many DUNLOP TIRES as the combined number of cars produced each day by

Ford
Chevrolet
and Buick

The world demand for Dunlop Tires is due to the fact that millions of tire-users regard Dunlops as *"the world's best tires"*

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

DUNLOP GOLF BALL

(Continued from Page 104)

stared in silence; then their heads turned to face each other and they began to hiss and whisper rapidly. I turned my fascinated gaze to the black gaping doorway, with the soles of my feet tickling and the backs of my knees wilting rapidly. All at once De Grammont ran over to me and gripped me by the shoulders with surprising firmness and strength.

"Yankee," he said very earnestly, "listen! Everything is all right! I give you my word. Stick to me, will you? Will you? She's coming down with us."

"Good God!" said I dazedly. "Good night!"

"Oh!" said De Grammont with desperate impatience, rolling his eyes upward and waving his fingers above his head. "*Mon Dieu et tous les petits diables!* We have not the time to exchange notes. Think quickly! She is the one who planned Zaide's escape with Salim. She must leave this house instantly, regardless of anything else!"

"All right!" said I; and I went over the wall

De Grammont lowered the girl after me, and I caught her in my arms as she fell. Colonel Ashton stood back, astounded, looking from her to me, finally seething over.

"Fast—fast workers! Never saw such a damnable outrageous performance in my life!"

De Grammont came shooting from the sky like a black meteor.

"Sir," said he, rising from the dust imperturbably, "it's absolutely necessary for this girl to leave that place! There's no other way about it!"

Colonel Ashton's pink hair stood on end, and he thrust his heavy face forward belligerently, blasting my French friend with look and choking comment.

"You! De Grammont! You!"

"Can't be helped," said De Grammont nervously. "She's here and she's going with me. I'll be responsible."

All at once Colonel Ashton became cold and decisive.

"It'll probably be necessary to put you under arrest, young fellow. I didn't expect to find you mixed up in an affair like this—anyway, not in so public a fashion. Abduction is not popular in this colony!"

"You'll have to show a reason," said I lamely, feeling it was time for me to say something.

De Grammont had taken the overwhelmed Hassan Omar by the wrist and was breathing into his ear.

"*Taib!*" said Hassan Omar listlessly. "It makes no difference to me. If she wishes to go with you it is not my affair. Zaide is gone!"

"Do you hear?" said De Grammont. "He himself does not object. This young lady is of age and is coming with me willingly. How can you arrest me?"

Colonel Ashton looked puzzled. His anger had been somewhat subdued by the sudden realization that the affair might be serious, that it had extraordinary ramifications, that the Frenchman was acting in a startlingly curious manner. Besides, there was the flight of the armed fugitive to be accounted for. He waved the *askaris* away, and I told them to keep the crowds out of the alleyway.

Suddenly turning to the girl he demanded in Arabic: "Do you know the Mohammedan law? Do you realize what you are doing?"

"*Aywah, effendi!* Yes, excellency!" said the girl, recoiling a little and clinging to De Grammont's arm.

"And you, De Grammont, are you mad? You have won a fine reputation. You stand high. Do you intend to throw everything away? Do you realize the enormity What the devil do you propose to do?"

"Marry her!"

Colonel Ashton was no nearer apoplexy than I was myself; but at least I have been somewhat prepared for shocks.

Collecting my senses, I ventured soothingly, "Can't we go somewhere and talk the thing over quietly? We'll be in the center of a mob in a few minutes."

"Good!" said De Grammont in his sprightliest manner. "I've a suggestion, Colonel Ashton. Let's go straight to the resident. If he says he sees no objection to the marriage, will you permit it without any further interference?"

"What ruddy insolence!"

"Aside from the insolence," said I, "that's certainly a sporting offer. If De Grammont can't make things straight to the resident he will be just so much deeper in trouble. On the other hand, if he can justify himself—why, there you are!"

"Well," said De Grammont, with the shaking girl crowding up against him, murmuring incoherently, "if the resident sees nothing wrong with it, what do you say?"

"Say! You may marry an alligator if you feel like it!"

"The situation is not exactly the same," said De Grammont coolly, as the girl gave a sigh that sounded like a whimper and clung closer to him. "No one cares particularly about the disposal of an alligator; but there are circumstances around this situation —— I just want to know definitely, if the resident has no objection to this girl marrying me, will you raise any obstacle?"

"No!" shouted the chief of intelligence shrilly, unable to contain himself any longer. "You can marry her whole family!"

"Zut," said De Grammont.

The *askaris* procured a motor-gharry, while Colonel Ashton interviewed Hassan Omar, and orders were given to take up the chase after Salim, a hopeless attempt that was made simply to save face.

The four of us climbed into the gharry, leaving Hassan Omar to meet his kinsman alone, and proceeded in a tense and dangerous silence to the club, where we knew we should find the resident playing bridge.

The conventions made it impossible for the girl to enter; so I became Colonel Ashton's messenger. By a bit of rare luck I found the resident at the moment when he was dummy, and slightly bored by a dull evening. I talked as persuasively as possible. Cool, impassive, yet extremely nettled at what he considered an undignified performance, he yielded to his curiosity and came out.

With much gesturing Colonel Ashton explained as much of the affair as he knew in furious language.

The resident looked very coldly at De Grammont. De Grammont smiled charmingly.

"It all comes down to this, sir," he explained cheerfully. "Colonel Ashton has consented to my marrying this girl—who, incidentally, has publicly shown her willingness to marry me—if you see no serious objection to it."

"That's it!" exploded Colonel Ashton.

The resident was astounded, though calm. He looked down at the ground, delicately brushing the ash from his cigar; he flashed an intent look at the chief of intelligence; he looked from one to the other of us mildly but searchingly; he looked earnestly at the girl. Instead of becoming nervous under the sharp scrutiny of the great man, the girl deliberately leaned forward and returned the gaze of the resident with a de glistening eyes.

"If you will kindly lift the veil," murmured De Grammont uneasily.

"It's not necessary," said the resident, taking the girl by the hand and beginning to laugh. "I know her well. No man is worthy of her! But if she has decided in favor of you, De Grammont, she has done the best possible thing. I think it will be a splendid match! My heartiest congratulations to both of you!"

"What! What! What! What!" cried Colonel Ashton, groping the air with both heavy hands.

"As chief of intelligence," said the resident, spluttering with laughter but continuing to shake the girl's hand, "one might have supposed you would have noticed the young lady's blue eyes!"

Colonel Ashton tore the veil frenziedly from his daughter's face!

Not very long afterward I slipped away unobtrusively into the club, where I immediately made my way to the bar. As I approached with dry and burning lips, I found Hammond already there, drinking in a state of dismal moodiness. His presence was a considerable shock to me, since he had passed completely out of my mind the moment the rugs had fallen behind me as I raced after Hassan Omar. "What was

"*Hodi!*" said he sullenly. "What was the idea of you fellows doing a bunk? I thought you were coming straight over to the club. That cursed Arab shindy was dull enough, but we might have made up four for a hand of bridge, what!"

"We came through the bazaar," said I, gulping down the first *burra* peg.

Hammond's lips curled contemptuously.

"Oh! I suppose that ruddy fool, De Grammont, was trying to show you some romance! You'll not find it in that stinking place!"

"Zut!" said I, and gulped down another.

The PASSING *of the* OLD MARKET SQUARE

NEARLY any man past forty can recall an old market square. The hitching rails gnawed to a shallow curve by impatient, fly-bitten horses. The cobbled pavements, the innumerable strange dogs, the solemn little farmer boys.

Long before sun-up the wagons jolted in, backed into place, and goods were arranged for sale. The merchants settled themselves comfortably, for salesmanship consisted largely of—waiting.

The square filled with buyers. They bought cheap jewelry and mule colts. They bought hay and ducks and print butter. They bought pickles and sprigged calico, watermelon-rind preserves or a brilliant string of peppers. They bought all sorts of unknown, unsponsored merchandise. Each drove his own bargain, each appraised his own values.

The old market square is mostly a tradition.

But incredible as it may seem, some manufacturers of to-day follow the market square practices of the 80's. They get their products into wholesalers' warehouses and onto retailers' shelves—and wait. And wait.

The new market square is the advertising columns of the nation's newspapers and periodicals. Products are presented over the signatures of reliable, responsible makers. They are presented under the most favorable conditions. They receive the most careful and serious consideration from the people in every home in America.

The tastes of these people are varied and complex. Their needs are many and pressing. They are alert to improve their homes and to raise their standard of living. And advertising brings them new ideas and new products. It creates new interests and satisfies old wants. It is carefully studied for every suggestion that tends to make living easier, pleasanter, more decorative.

And the manufacturer who keeps his product fresh in the minds of these people year after year, gains not only present advantage—but the permanent regard of a public whose buying power has yet to feel a limit.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

A MUTE REMINDER OF ROME'S LOST GLORY

THERE lies in the British Museum an andiron which last felt the warmth of blazing logs when Imperial Caesar ruled the world and Britain was a Roman Province.

Just how long this old fire dog remained buried in the damp earth we have no means of knowing. But it could hardly have been less than 1500 years. Yet this interesting relic shows but few marks of the ravages of corrosion.

Did these old Romans possess some secret process which gave to iron such marvelous rust-resisting power? No, the andiron in the British Museum is made of wrought iron, the same material that is used in Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe.

Since 1848, Reading Pipe has been known for its high resistance to the corrosive agents always present in water. In numbers of instances where old pipe lines have been dug up or old buildings torn down, Reading Pipe, practically as good as new, has been salvaged.

When Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe costs but little more than the cheapest pipe, and outlasts it two or three to one, what's the answer?

READING IRON COMPANY
READING, PA.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

Boston, Philadelphia, Seattle, Tulsa, Pittsburgh, Chicago, New York, Houston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Los Angeles

All steam lines in the New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd St., are of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe.

READING PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

LO, THE NATIVE AMERICAN!

(Continued from Page 7)

American institutions therefore represented the needs and expressed the genius of a Nordic people. Any other race of people in the same circumstances would have been bound to create different institutions; and it is very probable that a motley of races, such as now exists in the country, under the same physical and economic conditions, would have been unable to create enduring institutions of any kind. As it was, the creative task fairly exhausted the powers of agreement among a people alike in race and religion. It can scarcely be doubted that pronounced racial differences would have defeated the beginning. The meaning of this is perhaps forgotten.

Said Alexander Hamilton at the time: "The establishment of a Constitution, in a time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole people, is a prodigy to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety."

The task of the founders was to bind together as a nation thirteen diverse and very jealous colonies. Some had their wealth in slaves, some had it in shipping, others had it in agriculture. Moreover, the difficulties of communication among them were such as now are unimaginable. Travel was by coasting vessels and by roads so bad that a journey from Charleston to Boston was more arduous than a passage to Europe before steam navigation. No telephone, no telegraph, no possibility of the simultaneous publication of news and ideas.

The New Immigration

But the factors of unity were powerful and did prevail. Those factors are disinterestedly recorded by James Bryce, in The American Commonwealth, thus: "All spoke the same language. All, except a few descendants of Dutchmen and Swedes in New York and Delaware, some Germans in Pennsylvania, some children of French Huguenots in New England and the Middle States, belonged to the same race. All were governed by the same English common law and prized it not only as the bulwark which had sheltered their forefathers from the oppression of the Stuart kings but as the basis of their more recent claims of right against the encroachments of George III and his colonial officers. In ideas and habits of life there was less similarity, but all were republicans, managing their affairs by elective legislatures, attached to local self-government and animated by a common pride in their successful resistance to England."

Even the Dutchmen, Swedes and Germans to whom Bryce refers were of the same race stock as the people of British origin. In the native American population of North Carolina, parts of Pennsylvania, Virginia and New Hampshire there was a considerable Celtic Scotch Presbyterian content come hither to escape religious persecution.

Such as it was, there it is—the native American stock. One need not suppose it was either better or worse than many other kinds. The point is, it was different. It was itself, unique; and it created those basic institutions under which the American experiment so far has been carried on. But it has not reproduced itself. In 1790 it was the population. Its representation in the total white population of 1920, according to the Census Bureau, was 49.9 per cent, while the representation of foreign white stock was 50.1 per cent. Descendants of native Americans, 47,330,000; representation of foreign white stock, 47,490,000.

The balance has just shifted. In 1900 the representation of native white stock was 56 per cent of the total white population; in 1910, it was nearly 52 per cent, but sinking fast; in 1920 for the first time it was exceeded by the representation of foreign white stock, meaning immigrants and their progeny.

The two first great tides of immigration were Irish and German, one stimulated in the beginning by the potato famine in Ireland, the other by political oppression in Germany. The Irish took over many forms of common drudgery and did no doubt for a generation or more adversely affect the conditions of living on the plane of unskilled labor, displacing therefrom the native white stock for whom no kind of labor hitherto had been taboo. But they had the common language and were easily assimilated. The Germans went much more to the soil and for that reason created fewer economic and social problems than the Irish. Along with the Irish and Germans came Scandinavians—a small but important tide. They also preferred the soil. For nearly a century practically all immigration was of this character, very closely related in the ethnic sense to the native American stock. It was British, German, Scandinavian; therefore, as the term now may be understood, Nordic. Or by another definition it was almost wholly Celtic and Teutonic—Celtic including the Scotch, Irish and Welsh; Teutonic the English, Germans, Scandinavian and Dutch. All these people were from the north and west of Europe; all of them had been touched more or less in the same way by that phenomenon of European awakening called the Renaissance; each division had some understanding of the others' culture; most of them were politically minded, especially among the Germans, the earlier immigrants who fled from political oppression in Germany. The population for more than a century was overwhelmingly Nordic.

Beginning about 1885 there was a sudden and amazing change. Nordic immigration from the north and west of Europe began to fall, and fell steadily from half a million a year to fewer than one hundred thousand. At the same time Slavic, Jewish, Italic and Hellenic immigration from the east and south of Europe began to rise, and it rose prodigiously. In 1886 the number was fewer than one hundred thousand. Twenty years later it was running to a million a year. Prior to 1885 this immigration had been negligible. After 1900 it represented three-quarters of all immigration.

The number of Slavs, Jews, Greeks, Italians and other east and south European peoples received in thirty years was two-thirds as great as the total number of British, German, Scandinavian and all other Nordic people received from the north and west of Europe in one hundred and thirty years.

Never in the political history of man, in peace or in war, had a nation been invaded by foreign races in a manner like this.

If the rate of the old immigration, consisting of Nordic race stock, had increased three or four fold in those thirty years, and nothing else, the means of assimilation would have been greatly taxed, but no new problems would have been presented. The new immigration presented new problems, and all the historic means of assimilation broke down.

A Babel of Tongues

First of all, these last comers were a multitude of thirty or forty tongues, embracing races as different from one another as all south and east European people were different from the native American white stock or from any race hitherto assimilated by it. The Immigration Commission, in its Dictionary of Races or Peoples, 1911, referring under the head of Caucasian to the "astounding recent change in immigration," said: "While up to 1880 it was almost entirely from northwestern Europe, or, in other words, was composed of races and peoples which now constitute the older American stock, immigration comes mainly at the present time from southern and eastern Europe—that is, chiefly from Italian, Hebrew and Slavic stocks that differ widely from the American in language, character and political institutions."

Secondly, these new multitudes, quoting again from the Dictionary, were "subject peoples, unless we except the Magyars, who have fallen at least into economic subjection to their landlords." That is to say, they were not political-minded. Millions of strange peoples with no traditions of self-government, all impelled by the economic motive descending headlong upon a country where there never had been the slightest distinction between economic and political participation and where easy access to citizenship was thought an alien's right.

Thirdly, it was urban—much more urban than any immigration hitherto, except the Irish; and from settling in cities it derived a political importance even beyond its numerical strength, being, as city population, mobile, excitable and easily organized. The comparisons are interesting. The Census Bureau finds that the Germans were 67 per cent urban and the Scandinavians 53 per cent. They were of the old immigration.

(Continued on Page 110)

The FOOT ARISTOCRATIC

In the interests of finer footwear fashions Robert H. Foerderer produced Vici kid

For years there was need for a more adaptable leather — a leather that would lend itself perfectly to any shoe pattern or color that fashion might favor.

Then Robert H. Foerderer produced Vici kid. The qualities and the unlimited color possibilities of this leather immediately convinced the shoe world that the ideal leather for fine footwear had at last been made.

In the interests of fine footwear Robert H. Foerderer produced Vici kid. In the interests of wearers of this footwear he reserved its exclusive manufacture to one company. Vici kid is and always has been manufactured solely by the company he founded—Robert H. Foerderer, Inc.

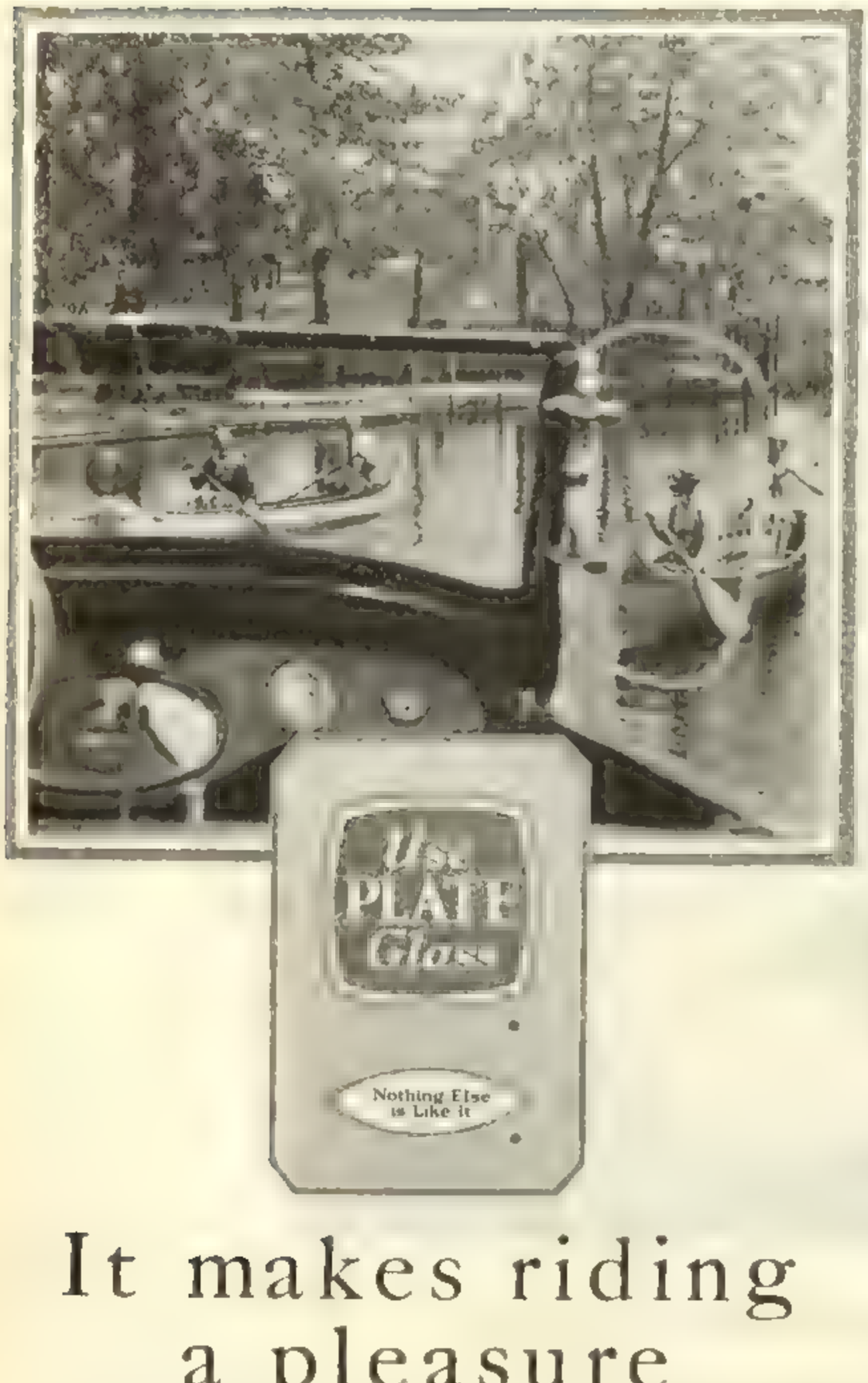
ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid is manufactured solely by Robert H. Foerderer, Inc.

VICI kid

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

THERE IS ONLY ONE VICI KID --- THERE NEVER HAS BEEN ANY OTHER



It makes riding a pleasure

BUT for the windshields of your car, automobile riding would not be at all pleasant. You would be extremely uncomfortable with the constant rush of air in your face as the car glides forward.

Plate Glass makes comfortable riding possible. With Plate Glass in the windshields, windshield wings, curtain windows and closed car windows, you have protection from the wind without the slightest interference with your vision.

Plate Glass is the only proper glass for your car. Its highly polished surfaces enhance the beauty of your car, while its perfectly clear body insures perfect vision for safe driving.

When buying a car, see that it is glazed with Plate Glass. In having broken panes replaced, tell the repair man nothing but Plate Glass will do.

PLATE GLASS MANUFACTURERS *of* AMERICA

(Continued from Page 108)

But of the new immigration, Italians are 78 per cent urban and the Jews 87 per cent.

Hence, you would suppose, the uncontrollable growth of cities in the last thirty years. Hence also the coincidence that the population of the United States became more than half urban and the foreign white stock achieved a numerical majority at about the same time.

Not necessarily so. Obviously the very high foreign content in the population of cities is owing to the new immigration; but when you speak of the growth and size of cities you raise a fundamental question, which is this: Does immigration increase the population or does it merely change the character of the population?

A controversy runs here; and the authorities become sometimes very heated in their disagreements. What has happened is clear enough. Among native Americans the birth rate, which at first was very high, perhaps the highest in the world, has continuously fallen. It has fallen as immigration has increased, and it has fallen most precisely where the foreign population has increased most, notably in New England, in the large cities and in the North generally; it has fallen least in the South, where the immigrant does not go. Indeed, one to whom the fact of immigration was unknown might read the tables of a century's growth in the population of the United States and see no sign or trace of it. All the growth, that is to say, might be accounted for by a law of natural increase, without any immigration. If since 1800 the native American stock had multiplied itself, not necessarily to the physiological limit of fertility, but only at the rate of colonial times, the population would be as great as it is, perhaps greater, with no aid whatever from any foreign white stock.

Native Increase Checked

Prescott F. Hall, in his work, Immigration and Its Effects on the United States, says: "Nearly all students of the matter are agreed that the United States would have a larger population today if there had been no immigration since 1820."

Madison Grant, in his work, The Passing of the Great Race, says: "There is every reason to believe that the native stock would have continued to maintain a high rate of increase if there had been no immigration of foreign laborers in the middle of the nineteenth century, and that the actual population of the United States would be fully as large as it is now, but would have been almost exclusively native American and Nordic."

It was the conclusion of General Francis A. Walker, superintendent of the ninth and tenth censuses, an eminent student of the subject, that the access of foreigners was a shock to the principle of population among the native element and that immigration from the time it first assumed large proportions "amounted not to a reënforcement of our population, but to a replacement of native by foreign stock." If the foreigners had not come, he thought, the native element would have filled the places usurped by the immigrant.

In that case it follows that the country owes neither the growth of its population nor the development of its material resources to immigration. Everything that has been accomplished might otherwise have been done by the natural increase of the native American stock.

Those who resist this conclusion say, first, that the native stock would not have continued to increase at the original rate, which is undoubtedly true. They point to the fact that the birth rate falls also with the second generation of foreign white stock, which is true; to the fact that suddenly over the whole world about 1875 the birth rate began to fall in a mysterious and perpendicular manner, for reasons not yet explained, and has been falling ever since; and to the fact, which seems to be a law of long and universal holding, that the birth rate tends to fall as people rise in the scale of economic well-being and social magnificence. Fashion, knowledge, ambition, selfishness, individualism, materialism, feminism, legislation forbidding the exploitation of child labor—all these tend to limit the birth rate.

From such facts it is inferred that without continuous additions to the population by immigration, with the high birth rate in the first generation of foreign-born whites, the growth of the country would have been much slower.

Possibly. But the argument is academic. The point in dispute is a matter of time. It cannot be either proved or disproved.

Without immigration would the population be as great as it is now?

That is the only question. And it is a question of minor importance. There is no doubt that without immigration the population would have increased fast enough. If it had not increased to one hundred and twelve millions by the year 1924 it would have touched that figure presently, and then higher figures indefinitely. Even at the rate at which the native stock now multiplies, which is a much reduced rate, it could in a short time produce a population that would press hard upon the means of subsistence. In the thirteen Southern states untroubled by immigration the native American stock sustains a rate of increase which if it continued for only five or six generations more would produce a population equal to that of China. Almost one might say that how to populate a country is the least of all human problems. The potential natural fertility of the race is so great that it has continually to be restrained, either by Nature in her way or by man in his.

"Assuming a doubling in twenty-five-year periods to be well within the historic as well as the physiological limit," says Reuter in his work, Population Problems, then "the descendants of a single pair living at the time of Christ would today be sufficiently numerous so that the entire surface of the earth would furnish standing room for about one-eleventh of their number."

Henry George in his work, Progress and Poverty, noted that 2150 years after the death of Confucius his descendants, if they had exercised their natural power of increase, should number 850,559,193,106,709,670,198,710,528 souls. As to mere quantity of population there appears to be no difficulty whatever.

What General Walker said was true. The impact of immigration, especially if it be of races with a lower standard of living, is a shock to the principle of population in the native stock. Its birth rate will fall. Smaller families will be the rule. The reasons are many and obvious. Certain kinds of labor become foreignized and are distasteful. The bottom is no longer the first rung of a ladder where anyone may begin. It is a social stratum. To avoid it the boy must be expensively educated. Therefore the prudent father will consider how many boys he can afford to have.

Buckwheat Labor Displaced

In the modern economic struggle the displacement of old races by new takes place at the bottom. The effective weapon is a low standard of living. What the native will not stand is better than the immigrant had where he came from; therefore he accepts it, and the native moves out in disgust. In all basic industries this has occurred. What the new races lacked in skill was made up by machines, and thus industry came to be machined as it is. Cause and effect are circular. It may be argued that cheap foreign labor was called for by machines that required no special skill of hand, only repetitious tending; or it may be argued that the appearance of cheap unskilled labor in unlimited quantities called for the machines. It is both ways true.

When the steel industry began to expand so enormously about 1880, the Buckwheats, meaning young American country boys, and also the Irish, Germans and Swedes of the older Nordic immigration, were displaced by Slovaks, Poles, Magyars and Croatians. In the slaughtering and meat-packing industry, the native Americans and the Irish and Germans were displaced by Poles, Bohemians, Lithuanians, Moravians.

In the coal-mining industry, skilled English, Welsh and native American miners were displaced by Slovaks, Poles and Italians, who were not miners at all, yet could be taught in a few days to tend the new automatic mine-working machines.

Or take the experience of Lowell, Massachusetts, to represent the succession of races that has occurred in the textile industry. As long ago as 1830 Lowell was the best known cotton-goods manufacturing center in New England. The factory operatives were the daughters of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont farmers. Charles Dickens visited Lowell about 1842 and wrote his impression in American Notes.

(Continued on Page 113)

billiards

a gentleman's game

The modern billiard room is several degrees cooler than the outside temperature

Makes one forget the weather

IN the cool, airy billiard room one is unmindful of weather discomforts. The game itself is so intensely interesting that it keeps thoughts away from the thermometer.

Billiards is a mild form of exercise that gently brings every muscle into play. It keeps the body fit without the danger of over-exertion under a broiling sun. Billiards is the ideal hot weather game. It holds out every possibility for good-natured competition that is offered by more strenuous recreations. And, withal, it encourages good fellowship and provides opportunities for sociability that are not always afforded in other sports.

There now are thousands of high class public billiard rooms in this country where the Brunswick equipment, wholesome surroundings and refined patronage attest the fact that billiards is "a gentleman's game." Recreation centers such as these have made billiards what it is today—a pastime as popular in July as it is in January.

The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Company

Branch houses in the principal cities in the United States and Canada

623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

Canadian factory—The BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER Co. of Canada, Ltd.—226 Bay Street, Toronto

SALMAGUNDI
Ideal companion for out-of-doors. The handsome box of decorated art metal gives extra protection to this new and wonderfully popular assortment of Whitman's Chocolates.

That out-of-door craving for sweets

Summer, with its outdoor life, is the ideal time for storing up surplus health and energy. And in this good work Whitman's Chocolates play a pleasant part.

The craving for chocolates after active sports is best satisfied with Whitman's, the universal chocolates, supplied at nearly all points where people gather in summer-time.

Wherever you buy Whitman's you may rest assured first of their purity and goodness, and second that they are shipped direct from the makers. They are never sold to jobbers or distributors. Be safe, say—

Whitman's Chocolates

(Continued from Page 110)

"These girls," he said, "were all well dressed; and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. . . . They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manner and deportment of young women, not of degraded brutes of burden. . . . The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some were green plants, which were trained to shade the glass. . . . Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were only then just verging upon womanhood, it may be reasonably supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance; no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl, whom, assuming it to be a matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labor of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had had the power. . . . I am now going to state three facts which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic very much. Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many of the boarding houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical."

What followed in Lowell followed in all the textile towns of New England. The industry expanded. It became impatient. It could not wait for native girls to get born and appear with their joint-stock pianos, their circulating libraries and their own periodical. Then came a tide of immigration. This was English, Irish and Scotch, and it was not so bad. If these workers did bring the Manchester standard of living, which it had been Lowell's boast that it knew not, they quickly embraced the higher American standard. During the Civil War wages got very high and the industry felt itself hindered. Then came a new tide of immigration. This was French-Canadian, and "The French-Canadians," said the Industrial Commission in its report of 1901, "brought a remarkably low standard of living. They were willing to work for almost any wages." And before this new element could be raised to a higher standard and assimilated to American ideas came the mixed multitude from south and east Europe, even from beyond the Mediterranean—Greeks, Portuguese, Bravas, Poles, Russians, Italians, Lithuanians, Hebrews, Syrians, Bulgarians and Turks. This began about 1890. Twenty years later the Americans, who formerly constituted the bulk of cotton-mill operatives in North Atlantic States, were only one-tenth of the total number.

The Economic Motive

Certainly there are compensations of a sort. Many forms of irksome toil having been taken over by the new races and much low-task work hitherto acceptable coming therefore to be despised by the native Americans and the older Nordic immigrants, these have been obliged to seek higher employment, requiring education and technical skill. Shall people complain that they have been relieved of their drudgery by foreign races willing to perform it in their stead? Do you ask that question? You must first be clear as to who those people are that have been relieved. You mean, of course, the native American stock. True, many of these have been relieved of digging coal, stoking fires, tending repetitious mechanisms; but a great many have been relieved also of any necessity to get themselves born. That is why the progeny of the native American now is less than half the total white population. Numerical supremacy has already passed to the foreign white stock. Political supremacy logically follows. Today a foreigner; tomorrow a citizen. You have to pay to get your work done. And one way of paying is not be born.

Fourthly, as to the new immigration, composed so largely of subject peoples, with no traditions of self-government and alien to what we call Nordic culture, it was and is on a notable degree wage-conscious. Its point of view is proletarian. Previously there had been no proletariat in this country. The word was not current in the language until after the tide of migrating humanity began to rise from the south and east of Europe. There is still in the United States no proletariat but this.

Therein lies a fundamental difference between the old and the new. In all immigration there is an economic motive. It need not be the only motive. The farther back it was the more it was animated by other motives also, the more it was moved by the pioneer spirit of high adventure. Until about 1885 the great bulk of immigration represented people—that is to say, individuals—who had the courage, the will and the imagination to uproot and transplant themselves. In that sense they were self-selected, and a very high selection it was in the average. In contrast, the new immigration has represented people of whom you say not that they moved themselves but that they were moved.

The moving of them became a highly organized enterprise. The rise of the German mercantile marine was based upon it. German and British steamship companies, respectively backed by their governments, fought over a division of the traffic, for it was extremely profitable. The Germans had a geographical advantage because so much of it passed overland through Germany to the sea. They established control stations, ostensibly for sanitary reasons, which became points of solicitation for steerage passengers to the United States. A British Board of Trade commission investigated this situation and wrote in 1918: "At the outset the stations were limited to a few on the Russian frontier, and all emigrants traveling westward through these stations were required to submit to a medical examination, disinfection of persons and baggage, and so forth. Whatever may have been the original ground of their establishment, there is no doubt whatever that these control stations came to be used by the German steamship companies for confining the growing stream of emigration to their own lines and eventually as a weapon in their struggle with the British lines for supremacy on the Atlantic." Management of these control stations was vested in the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd steamship companies, which bore all the expense.

Is There a Foreign Vote?

Back of the control stations was an organized work of steamship agents. "Next to the advice and assistance of relatives and friends," wrote the Immigration Commission in 1910, "the propaganda conducted by steamship agents is undoubtedly the most important immediate cause of emigration from Europe to the United States. This propaganda flourishes in every emigrant-furnishing country in Europe, notwithstanding the fact that the promotion of emigration is forbidden by the laws of many such countries and by the United States immigration law." Obviously, as the commission remarks, these laws could not be enforced. And so the new immigration, running as high as a million a year, was promoted by foreign steamship companies as a paying maritime enterprise. Besides, it was assisted, financed, procured by numberless foreign agencies in the United States. These were private, social and corporate. That they functioned efficiently is proved by the manner in which the curve of annual immigration synchronized with the curve of industrial activity in the country. In years of high activity immigration heavily increased; in years of temporary depression it fell off. The law forbidding the importation of foreign labor under contract could not be literally enforced. All it did was to eliminate written contracts. "Indeed," said the Immigration Commission, "it is certain that European immigrants, and particularly those from southern and eastern Europe, are, under a literal construction of the law, for the most part contract laborers; for it is unlikely that many immigrants embark for the United States without a pretty definite knowledge of where they will go and what they will do, if admitted." It added: "With comparatively few exceptions, the immigrant of today is essentially a seller of labor seeking a more favorable market."

Object, wages.

In general, these immigrants from south and east Europe who took over the rude tasks of industry after 1890 were tame, powerful supporters of burden who hardly knew what money was. They had never had any. Tractable, uncomplaining, slow to be excited, they were ideal automatons for machine processes; and almost nobody regarded them in any other light.

It is what happened. The motive on both sides was economic. On the side of

The RE-ORDERS tell the story

There is no other

direct subtractor—portable—desk size—visible writing—automatic-shift multiplying—adding—listing—figuring machine on the market at any price

Over 75% of Sundstrand owners formerly used the multi-keyed type of adding machines. They had used adding machines—*and many of them*—before they ever heard of the Sundstrand. Hundreds of such large and keen adding machine buyers now use from 15 to 165 Sundstrands each. "The re-orders tell the story" of service rendered through Sundstrand's remarkable and exclusive advantages. The following are concerns who have recently re-ordered our new Direct Subtraction Marvel Model 20, shown above:

Standard Oil Co.
The Crane Co.
U. S. Gypsum Co.
The Quaker Oats Co.
Amer. Bond & Mortgage Co.
The American Brass Co.
Butler Brush Co.
Nebraska Power Co.
International Harvester Co.
City of Minneapolis
The Texas Company
City of Los Angeles
W. R. Pickering Lumber Co.
Dierks Lumber & Coal Co.
Humble Oil & Refining Co.
Ocean Accident & Guarantee Co.
Eastman Kodak Co.
Shell Company
U. S. Casualty Company
Thomas A. Edison Inc.
Detroit Edison Co.
Boston Insurance Co.
American Hard Rubber Co.
Johns Manville, Inc.
Yellow Cab Mfg. Co.
James B. Clow & Sons
Los Angeles Examiner
Midwest Refining Co.
Boston Pobstebeng Co.
Weyerhaeuser Lbr. Co.
Bradford Novelty Mach. Company

When such concerns buy and buy and continue to buy—is there any stronger indorsement? We invite you to do what these concerns have done—compare the Sundstrand with *any other* adding machine you know or have used. See how clearly it excels in speed, ease of operation, range of usefulness, and in every other practical way. Over 55,000 Sundstrands in use prove correct design and dependability.

Telephone or go to the nearest Sundstrand office. Or write us. Address Dept. B-8.

Sundstrand
ADDING AND FIGURING MACHINE

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, Rockford, Illinois, U. S. A.
Sales and Service Stations everywhere in the United States and foreign countries

QUAKER STATE
TRADE MARK
OILS AND GREASES

Keep Your New Car New

Preserve that smooth, powerful action of your new motor

Your new car can be kept surprisingly new and the upkeep surprisingly low by proper lubrication.

But make sure that your oil is *right*.

All talk of motor oil efficiency comes straight down to two points: the quality of the *crude* oil and the degree of refinement.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL is derived exclusively from Pennsylvania Crude—*the highest-grade crude oil in the world*. Its production is limited and its cost higher.

Furthermore, QUAKER STATE is so rigidly refined that only a minimum of each barrel is used—*the cream of the crude*.

Result:

1 an oil that is free from sedumentation and having practically no carbon residue.

2 an oil with a body giving a perfect film that no heat or wear can dissipate and which maintains an even viscosity throughout an extraordinarily wide range of temperature.

Ask any experienced motorist how important these qualities are.

QUAKER STATE will preserve over a long period that smooth, quiet, powerful action of a new motor. It will save you actually hundreds of dollars in repair bills and lessened wear and tear. It will slow up depreciation and increase resale value.

For ten years, QUAKER STATE has had the highest endorsement of automobile manufacturers. It is used largely by motorists whose experience with poor lubrication in the past has brought them wisely to the best.

Watch for the QUAKER STATE sign at the next garage. 6,500 dealers in the United States and Canada.

* * * *

In case your dealer does not carry QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL, fill out this coupon and mail it to us. We will send you the name of the QUAKER STATE dealer nearest to you and also a copy of a very helpful booklet on lubricating efficiency.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING COMPANY
Successors to Phinny Brothers Co. and The Eastern Refining Co.
OIL CITY, PA.

Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the name of the nearest dealer carrying Quaker State. I shall be glad also to receive your booklet on lubricating efficiency.

Name _____

Address _____

My regular garage is

Address _____

No oil satisfies
PRATT & LAMBERT
except Quaker State

We just learned that the Star Oil Company of Chicago are no longer handing Quaker State Lubricating Oil and they have offered us an oil of other make as a substitute

We have been using 6 drums of Quaker State oil per year for several years with entire satisfaction in our Pierce-Arrow, White, and Reo trucks. This oil has also given entire satisfaction in Lincoln Studebaker Dodge, Moon Ford, Chevrolet, Hudson and Willis Ste Claire pleasure cars.

Naturally we would like to continue using the Quaker State Brand and we will appreciate your advising us who is the selling agent of this oil in Chicago, so that we may continue to get the same quality as heretofore

PRATT & LAMBERT, Inc.
E J Cramsie
EJC.JG *Superintendent*

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Official Insignia of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association
Permit No. 50

the immigrant this was the dominant motive; on the side of industry there was no other. What happened is. The consequences are and will be political.

As the flood of south and east European immigration changed the racial composition of the population, so at the same time it changed the character of the foreign vote. In the cities one may see it clearly. The Bureau of the Census reports the dominant nationalities among the foreign born in the cities having more than 250,000 population. In twelve of them the east and south European races now are the dominant foreign born; thirty years ago their number was negligible. In New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore the Russians are dominant—Russians including Hebrews. In San Francisco, Newark, Jersey City and New Orleans the Italians are dominant. In Buffalo, Chicago and Cleveland the Poles are dominant; in Los Angeles the Mexicans.

There are those who say there is no foreign vote. John Palmer Gavit, in Americans by Choice, one of eleven Americanization studies financed by the Carnegie Corporation of New York, says: "There is no foreign vote, any more than there is a labor vote." The reason there is no foreign vote, he goes on to say, is that the foreign elements are too diverse to be united on a political question. Yet in another place he says: "In 1824, following a period of agitation for earlier naturalization, Congress passed an act the most important provision of which reduced from three to two years the minimum interval of time between the declaration of intention and final naturalization. It is interesting to note that this agitation for more liberal conditions came, as might be expected, at the time of the initial influx of aliens to the Eastern cities and the beginnings of the political exploitation of the foreign vote."

It certainly is not a weakness of politicians to exploit a nonexistent vote. And evidently there was even then a question on which diverse foreign elements did and could unite.

United Against Restrictions

They have always united and still unite to oppose restrictions upon immigration or changes in the naturalization law that would make citizenship less easy to acquire. Their influence is enormous. Each race now has its own press, its own means of propaganda, its own way of direct access to the sources of legislation. What Gavit means is further modified when he says: "But it would be a cardinal mistake to suppose that the unnaturalized foreign born, who have no votes themselves, represent no political influence. Neighborhood sentiment is a very great force in politics. The politician pays special heed to the wishes of voters; but he is exceedingly mindful of the desires, enthusiasms and hatreds of those in his district who are audible all the year round. This is all the more true when he is of the same racial origin as the bulk of the population that surrounds him in a Little Italy, a Little Hungary, a New Bohemia or a Ghetto."

The foreign born multiply their political power by settling themselves in cities, and that is why their leaders and their newspapers are loath to see the racial groups break up. They are often—in fact, generally—more interested in getting one of their race elected to office as a sign and recognition of their power than in anything represented by the political parties. Knowing this to be so, the municipal boss—or maybe it is the state committee—in making up the ticket will put there a man whose racial identity will pull the vote of his race. The rival party then does the same thing; and no matter which party carries the election the foreign element will get what it wants—a man in public office. This is the beginning of political power. No practical politician has the slightest doubt as to the existence of a foreign vote. Nor do the racial leaders doubt its existence. They boast of it. They coöperate with the practical native politician to exploit it, until there is a question such as an immigration policy that touches all the foreign born alike, and then their point of view is what you would expect.

For example, the whole foreign-language press of the South and East European races as with one voice bitterly denounced the Immigration Act of 1924. They denounced it for restricting immigration at all and especially for the manner in which it was done.

The following quotations are furnished by the Foreign Language Information Service, which is an institution supported by private funds to carry on the public work of translating the foreign-language press to American newspapers and American newspapers to the foreign-language press.

L'Opinione, Italian, Philadelphia: "The present Johnson immigration project reveals an odious race prejudice."

La Follia, Italian, New York: "What is the reason for all the prejudice against the Italians, the Russians, the Poles and the Greeks? Anglo-Saxon America feels the ground slipping under its feet. It has been discovering for years that it cannot compete successfully with the races that come here in all earnestness to produce and contribute in terms of effective labor. It would close the doors to competition. It would destroy rather than meet it. There can be no sounder American policy than one based on equality of races and nationalities. Discriminatory legislation is un-American, inhuman and despicable. The Johnson Bill should be defeated."

Foreign Language Press Opinions

Narod, Czech, Chicago: "The outstanding feature of the Johnson-Davis bills is that they are directed against all Slavs and against the Latin nations. The Czecho-Slovak National Alliance is preparing an English brochure to show that Americans of Czecho-Slovak descent are definitely and effectively contributing to the upbuilding and improvement of America wherever they are located."

Spravedlnost, Czech, Chicago: "It is noteworthy that the Johnson Bill is supported by all the reactionary forces in our land, chief among which are the Ku Klux Klan nativists, the most radical of American chauvinists."

Denni Hlasatel, Czech, Chicago: "During the war the American papers and public speakers patted us Czecho-Slovaks on the back and pointed out how loyally the sons of our immigrants enlisted. But now, under the provisions of the Johnson Bill, it is publicly proclaimed that immigrants from the lands of their fathers are undesirable, and in the future their number is to be drastically decreased. All this is a result of the propaganda of the Ku Klux Klan the American Federation of Labor and even the American Legion."

Jewish Daily News, New York: "This is not a question of the Jewish vote. There is no such thing. But we must be politically active to protect Jews from the unfair, malicious, lying reports that are being spread broadcast by the foes of the Jews, which include even some Jews themselves. The fight is on."

The Day, Jewish, New York: "Johnson's bill, which is aimed clearly and mercilessly at the Slav, the Latin and the Jew, but which attempted to slip by under the harmless guise of a change in the date of the census, has attracted the attention it merited. . . . The insulted nationalities understood, and they protested in a fashion which put the fear of the electorate in the heart of the party. It is a great pity that the threat of the party vote should have to be brought to the rescue of a principle which has nothing to do with party—the first principle of Americanism. But if the threat has to be made, let it be made clearly and unequivocally."

Nowy Swiat, Polish, New York: "Poland has been listed with countries possessing a low culture. Such a classification is harmful to the United States, for it represents an official classification of nations into better and worse categories. This may have very fatal and far-reaching results as concerns the relations between the various races living in this country which up to the present time were quite harmonious. . . . The Johnson Bill should be a call to mobilization for all the citizenship clubs of which Americans of Polish descent are members, as well as to the forces of Polish immigration in America in general."

Uj Elore, Hungarian, New York: "As a matter of fact, the Republican administration has plenty of serious trouble with other things, and would not wish to excite the great number of foreign-born citizens just before the election by attempting with Draconian severeness to solve the immigration problem. The leaders are afraid; but the alien haters who are behind Johnson will not give up."

Russky Golos, Russian, New York: "The proposed further restriction of immigration is a bone that the Republican

(Continued on Page 117)

The Federal Government, many states and counties and 185 municipalities own Graham Brothers Trucks—and find them eminently suited to the rigid requirements of public service.

For the Public Good

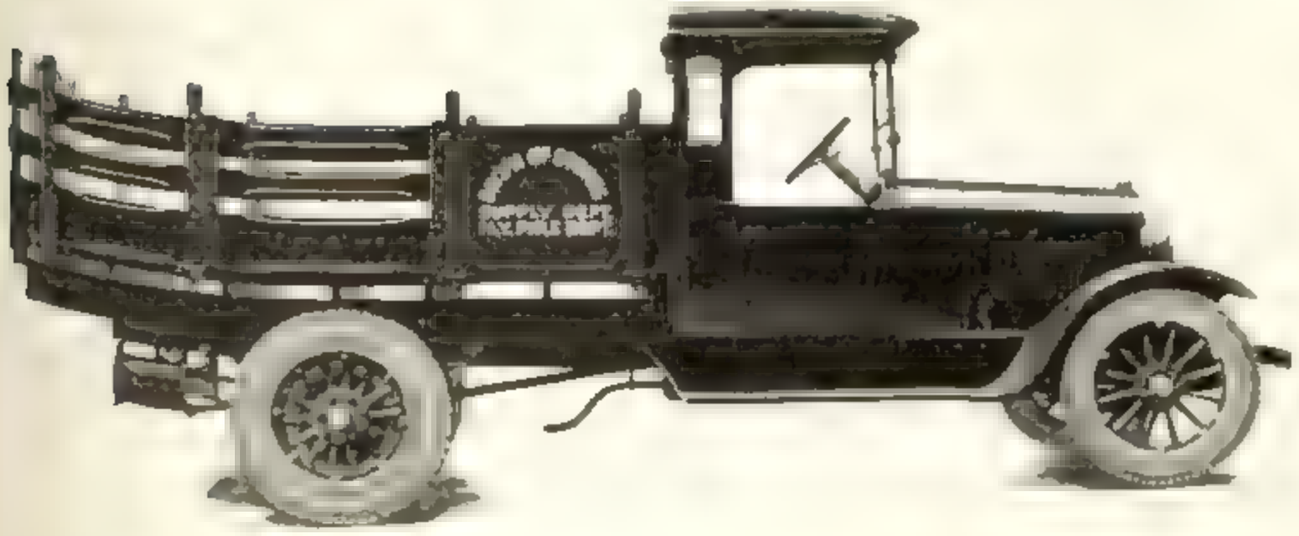
The wealthiest institution in the world is the United States, with assets of one hundred and fifty billion dollars.

The safety of these enormous resources is dependent largely on the 770,000 officials and employes who administer our national, state, county and municipal governments. Often criticised, seldom commended, the great majority of these employes conduct public affairs in a capable, business-like manner, at salaries far below those paid by private corporations.

The selection of transportation equipment, particularly, affords public officials an opportunity to display good business judgment. And the constantly growing number of Graham Brothers Trucks in all branches of federal, state, county and municipal service, indicates that these officials are usually as insistent as any private buyer on better performance at lower cost.

1 Ton Chassis, $1265; 1½ Ton, $1315; f. o. b. Detroit

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit



GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THIS HAPPENED TO MR. L. E. K.
and then he got his Philco! What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—has
you had with ordinary batteries?

—and then he got his Philco!

"Can you imagine a worse hand-cranking experience than this from battery failure? Traffic blocked four ways, horns blowing, cops shouting, pedestrians giving us the laugh. * * * You bet I got a Philco!" Mr. L. E. K., Chicago.

Philco gives tremendous power and punch for quick starts. Sustained power for steady white-hot ignition—brilliant, road-flooding lights. That's why Philco Diamond-Grid Batteries have made night driving safe—why they save you the discomforts of hand-cranking in hot, stifling, mid-summer weather.

The over-size capacity and sound, rugged construction of the Philco Battery—its famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Philco Retainers and Quarter-Sawed Separators—are built-in factors of safety that also make its TWO-YEAR Guarantee conservative.

Philco has always been the lowest-cost-per-month-of-service battery built. Now you can get a full-size, full-powered battery made by Philco as low as $14.95, exchange, depending on type and geographical location. Get your Philco NOW—and avoid the dangers and humiliations of battery failure.

RADIO

Forget all you ever knew about radio storage batteries. The new Philco Rechargeable Storage Batteries are a revelation

1. Their acid tight glass cases make them absolutely safe for the finest cabinet
2. An exclusive built in Charge Indicator tells at a glance how far the battery is charged or discharged
3. Recharging with the safe low-current Philco Charger and a throw-over switch—easy—simple and NOISELESS

Increase distance, volume and clearness by having your set "Philco Equipped"

Battery for low-voltage peanut tubes	$8.00*
Battery for standard 6-volt tubes	16.00*

*East of the Mississippi River

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

PHILCO Farm Lighting Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 114)

administration is throwing to the Ku Klux Klan and to the American Legion."

Draugas, Lithuanian, Chicago: "Under the new law a hundred or so will be admitted, while we are advised that 11,000 applications for visas were filed by Lithuanians with the American Consulate in Kovno. Certainly Lithuanians will suffer because of this unfortunate proposal."

Laisve, Lithuanian, Brooklyn: "The American Federation of Labor, the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan are behind it. They have joined hands."

Hrvatski List, Croatian, New York: "The doors to the United States are being closed by degrees. The cold Anglo-Saxon race shows this egotism."

Enakopravnost, Slovene, Cleveland: "So the paradoxical situation has arisen that America is afraid of immigrants, thinking that they may try to enforce their doctrines here. . . . Social revolutions are not the result of agitators and propaganda but of economic conditions. Economic conditions in America are, in comparison with the outside world, still so favorable that the fear of a revolution on the part of the immigrants is absurd. . . . The present immigration bill is sufficiently unjust. The adoption, however, of such a law as the Americanization specialists propose would be much worse."

Svijet, Croatian, New York: "If we were good enough for the American army and industry during the war, if our money was good enough to buy Liberty bonds with, and we were told that America is just a mother to all the races alike that helped her in her emergency, then we must recall this to those who seek now to impose a status of undesirable inferiority upon certain racial groups which in another emergency might — however deplorably — respond differently to the old appeal."

Narodne Noviny, Slovak, Pittsburgh: "This country has room enough for a hundred million immigrants."

Features of the Johnson Law

What is the law they so deeply denounce? The restrictions of the Immigration Act of 1924, called the Johnson Bill, are in two periods. Until July 1, 1927, the annual immigration of any nationality shall not exceed 2 per cent—one-fiftieth—of the number of foreign-born persons of that nationality residing within the United States in the year 1890. That is the first period. After July 1, 1927, the total number of immigrants from the Old World shall not exceed 150,000 annually, and each nationality shall be entitled to a number which bears the same ratio to 150,000 as the number of persons of that national origin bears to the total population of the United States as of the year 1920. Thus, if the representatives of a certain nationality were 5 per cent of the total population in 1920, that nationality shall be entitled to immigrants up to 5 per cent of the whole 150,000 that may be admitted annually.

With the beginning of the second period in 1927 all nationalities will share equally in immigration exactly according to their numerical representation here in the year 1920. But in the first period, or until July 1, 1927, the several races shall share in immigration according to the numbers that were here at a time thirty years earlier—that is, in 1890.

Now of course the purpose of limiting the immigrants of any nationality to one-fiftieth of the number already here in 1890 is to check that south and east European tide which rose prodigiously after 1890. The present numerical strength of the foreign born of these races in the population is owing almost wholly to immigration since 1890. And all that strength is defeated when the quotas are based on the census figure of 1890.

In that sense and to that degree the law is discriminatory. Naturally the south and east European races are offended. It could not be otherwise. They react with a kind of Japanese emotion upon those from whom the offense cometh. They denounce the Nordic races for that they seem to prefer themselves. They ask the Japanese question. Does the Government mean to say they are racially inferior? If so, wherein and how? Is it fair? Is it just? Is it American?

There are human situations in which words bring nothing to the understanding. No race with any pride can be expected to support indifferently the implication of racial inferiority. On the other hand, this angry tumult of strange tongues within is a sign that the nation has waited long to say what it wants and will have of immigration. Inferiority, no. It is not that. Difference, yes. More difference already than may be easily assimilated. One does not regard merely the dissimilarity between races of the new and races of the old immigration, nor add thereto merely the dissimilarity between races of the new immigration and the native American stock. The races of this new immigration are extremely dissimilar among themselves. But to say that religious discrimination also was intended seems far off the point. Proof to the contrary is that the Immigration Act of 1924 expressly provides that no quota, no numerical limitation whatever shall apply to immigrants from anywhere in the New World. The doors stand wide open both north and south.

Strongholds of Opposition

Against the Immigration Act of 1924 were cast seventy-one votes sixty-two in the House of Representatives and nine in the Senate. There was nothing partisan about the vote. What divided it was obviously the influence of the foreign elements in the population upon the lawmaking mentality. Of the sixty-two no votes in the House, forty-two came from five states—namely, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Wisconsin. The population in these states according to the census of 1920 was as follows:

New York	
Total population	10,385,227
Native born of native parents	5,968,266
New Jersey	
Total population	3,155,900
Native born of native parents	1,211,675
Massachusetts	
Total population	3,852,356
Native born of native parents	1,230,773
Connecticut	
Total population	1,380,631
Native born of native parents	449,206
Wisconsin	
Total population	2,632,067
Native born of native parents	1,054,664

Nearly one-half of the no votes came from five cities—namely, New York, Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and Detroit. In three of these five—New York, Chicago and Cleveland—races of south and east Europe now are the dominant foreign-born nationalities. In Detroit the Poles have reached second place; in Boston, Russians and Italians are steadily displacing the Irish. The most interesting fact, perhaps, is that eighteen of the sixty-two no votes came from New York City, where only one person in five is native born of native parents. Of the nine no votes cast in the Senate it is sufficient to say that two came from Rhode Island, two from North Dakota, one from Connecticut, one from Massachusetts, one from Minnesota and one from South Dakota. The ninth came from Oklahoma.

An invisible struggle has been taking place between the mind of the American democracy and its instinct—between the political ideal of universal human equality and a truth that was always present in feeling but begins only now to be revealed in terms of the science of genetics. Race prejudice is perceived to be not what it was supposed to be, not prejudice at all, perhaps, but the intuition that whereas the individual is what he is born, a nationality is what shall be born. The process of its birth is continuous. That which was hitherto controlled by prejudice may hereafter be controlled by political forethought. Hence the movement on the part of new countries, such as the United States, Canada and Australia, to control immigration in a manner to select their population. Chinese exclusion was the first step in that direction on the part of the United States. The exclusion of all yellow races was the second. A check upon the rate of immigration from

Steers won't grow according to specifications

STEERS furnish hides "as is." Thick hides. Thin hides. Tough ones. Weak ones.

Yet despite this difference, the Graton & Knight Standardized Series guarantees you belts absolutely uniform in quality and service. The right belt for the right job.

How can this standard quality be so rigidly upheld? Only by keeping thousands upon thousands of hides in storage. Summer hides only—for they are best for belting use. Hides from our own great West—Europe—South America. Every market that yields the finest hides for different types of belts.

From this enormous stock the hides are carefully selected and held to exacting standards. Picked so two belts of any Standardized Series brand are always exact duplicates in quality and service.

You've never seen finer leather than is put into Graton & Knight Standardized Series belts. Leather that clutches the pulley without shaft-twisting, machine-wearing tension. Leather that wears.

"Standardized Leather Belting" is a book that will save you money. Write for your copy now.

GRATON & KNIGHT

Check this list of Graton & Knight products for informative booklets on the subjects which interest you

Flat Belt
Round Belt
Fan Belts
Lace Leather
Leather Packings
Leather Straps
Whole Leathers
Sole Leather
Soles
Counters
Welting

Nothing takes the place of Leather

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MFG. CO.
Worcester, Mass.

GRATON & KNIGHT
Standardized
LEATHER BELTING

SHALER

5-MINUTE VULCANIZER

Factory equipment on leading cars

Only $1.50

A little higher in Canada and Far West

You can get it wherever auto accessories are sold.

The Job the Kids Like

No wonder the Shaler Vulcanizer is the standby of more than two million motorists. Not because they figure on beating the repairman by doing their own vulcanizing, but because they have found that vulcanizing is the easiest way—the surest way—to fix punctures in a pinch. It's easier than sticking on patches—quicker than changing tubes. All you need is a match—no cement—no danger of burning the tube.

Always carry a 5-Minute Vulcanizer in your car

C. A. SHALER CO., 1406 Fourth Street, Waupun, Wis.

One shade of gray with long 24-inch "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles on sidewalls and shorter 16-inch shingles on roof enhances the value of this home designed by Architect H. O. Blessing, Clearcreek, Texas, for W. T. Stones of Corsicana.

Does Your Home Express Individuality?

SMALL-HOME owners used to be satisfied with ordinary square or rectangular types of construction. Their plainness and ugliness were not so apparent before the development of special architectural design to make the greatest possible use of space and at the same time insure attractive outward appearance.

In every progressive town and city throughout the country you will see examples of "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingle homes in Dutch Colonial or other special roof and dormer designs that express individuality and make the roofs as much the part of the home as the walls themselves. The saving of repainting every three or four years to say nothing of the saving in labor in laying these superior quality shingles without waste is of interest to every home owner.

For 25 cents we will mail Portfolio of Fifty Homes of all types by prominent architects and Sample Color Pad, also descriptive booklet "CREO-DIPT" Dutch Roof and Four Colonial side walls with long 24-inch "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles in Dare White. Address CREO-DIPT COMPANY, Inc., 1000 Oliver St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

30 Color Shades in 16-, 18-, 24-inch lengths. Selected, straight-grain cedar shingles, thoroughly dried, are stained in our factories by a process that carries strongest, pure pigments into the fibres of the wood with creosote and other preserving oils and binders.

Sales Offices—Principal Cities. Factories in various parts of the United States and Canada for Quick Shipments and Prompt Deliveries to Every Section. Leading Lumber Dealers Everywhere Carry Standard Colors in Stock.

Reshingle old roofs with "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles. Lay them over old clapboards on side walls.

"CREO-DIPT" stamped on a bundle of shingles indicates highest quality

"CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the Old World was the third. This attempt to depress the tide of immigration from south and east Europe as against that from north and west Europe is the fourth.

Yet from some strange inconsistency, immigration and citizenship continue to be treated separately. It is perhaps that instinct is quicker to act than reason. The effect of immigration upon the population has been considered to the point of drastic action; its effect upon political institutions has been hardly considered at all. For example, the exclusion of yellow races from both the privilege of entry and the right of naturalization, for economic and biological reasons, does not exclude them from citizenship. The children of yellow parents born in this country are natural citizens. Thus, although Chinese and Japanese have been barred as immigrants, and although those already here are forbidden to be naturalized, still there are both Chinese and Japanese who are American citizens by right of having got themselves born on American soil. It is the law. Intrinsically the yellow instance is unimportant. The number is small and it is unlikely that the Chinese and Japanese who are American citizens will multiply themselves to the proportions of a racial problem.

But it does illustrate the failure to establish a sense of relation between immigration and citizenship, notwithstanding the fact that the immigrant, whatever he may be, is bound to become a citizen, either as himself or in the character of his immediate progeny.

The Immigration Act of 1924 is in effect a finding—first, that there is a rate beyond which immigration cannot be assimilated; second, that in the last twenty or thirty years this rate has been enormously exceeded; third, that certain Old World races, particularly those from the east and south of Europe, are more alien to America and less assimilable generally than the Nordic races of north and west Europe. Yet the stress of all Americanization work among those new races is upon citizenship. The impulse is to bring them as fast as possible to a political status. Why? Their children in any case will be citizens as fast as they are born.

The pressure of the foreign born upon citizenship, to seize and exercise it, was never so great. Yet it becomes the business of Americanization to increase it. The pressure is from those very races as to whom special difficulties of assimilation have been implicitly recognized in the law of immigration. But the law of naturalization is ignorant of any change in the material upon which it acts. It does not know what the law of immigration is. And except for some improvement in procedure and for the elimination of gross fraud, the threshold to citizenship is still as low as it was when the alien was of the same racial stock as the native American. The number crossing it is about a quarter of a million a year. "Five thousand new Americans made in one day!" exclaims Russky Golos, a Russian New York newspaper. "Such is the recent record established by the Naturalization Bureau in New York. During every minute of the session the court added fifteen new citizens. Only one candidate was sent home. He thought that the mayor of New York, Mr. Hylan, was President of the United States. He will get another hearing in two months. At any rate, 5000 Americans were born in one day."

Much faster than native Americans get born.

Editors' Note—In one of Mr. Garet Garrett's articles on the American Merchant Marine published some months ago, he stated that a dispatch commenting unfavorably on the appearance of the Leviathan when she docked in New York after one of her summer crossings, was sent out by the Associated Press. The Associated Press disclaims all responsibility for having sent out this dispatch, which appeared in a number of newspapers under a New York date line

Trees at Night

Spring Night

A SPEEDY TRUCK

50% More Economy
No Carbon Cleaning — No Valves to Grind

WILLYS-KNIGHT MOTOR

$1095 *Chassis f.o.b. Detroit*

A new Federal—a new speed truck—incorporating the world-famous Willys-Knight motor!

Unquestionably the most brilliant engineering success in the long, successful career of the Federal Motor Truck Company.

For the first time, the well known advantages of the Willys-Knight motor now are available to truck users, and in a vehicle which is the latest word in modern transportation.

This new truck accomplishes greater economies. It gives amazing road performance. It offers a length of uninterrupted service hitherto unknown in a motor truck.

For this is the only type motor in the world that actually grows more powerful with use.

Carbon—the great expense—the great destroyer of other motors—actually *improves* the efficiency of this motor. We advise you never to remove carbon from the sleeves of this motor.

You rarely ever hear of a Willys-Knight motor needing repair—yet motor repair is probably 50% of the upkeep cost of most motor vehicles.

In every part and unit, this new Federal speed truck gives you all the traditional reliability represented in $100,000,000 worth of Federals in service.

Over long hauls, under full load, Federal-Knights have averaged over 17 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Our local representative will gladly demonstrate the new Federal-Knight for you, in your work, without cost.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR DEALERS IN OPEN TERRITORY

Other Federal Models: 1-Ton $1675; 1½-Ton $2150; 2½-Ton $3200; 3½ to 4-Ton $4200; 5 to 6-Ton $4750; 7-Ton $5000; Light Duty Tractor $3200; Heavy Duty Tractor $4235. These prices are for standard chassis only, in lead—f. o. b. Detroit. Excise tax additional.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, DETROIT

FEDERAL-KNIGHT

A SPEEDY BUSINESS TRUCK

WHY gamble with the money you spend for tires? Of course you want the safety and comfort that come with low air pressure. But you want long, trouble-free mileage, too.

The Dayton Thorobred Cord is the one low air pressure tire that has proved its ability to deliver amazing mileage. Apart and distinct from all other types of tires—with extra plies of cord fabric and of superior construction—it combines comfort, long mileage, freedom from punctures, ease of steering, economy and proven dependability.

Dayton
Thorobred Cords
The Pioneer Low Air Pressure Tires

THE DAYTON RUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DAYTON,——————————OHIO

LIGHT LADY FINGERS

Continued from Page 13

takes one of the most expensive rooms—perhaps a suite—for why have designs on a possible victim with only enough money to occupy a bathless court room? and establishes herself in it for a day, perhaps longer. At any rate, she stays long enough to learn the exact mechanism of the lock, the position of the room occupied and of the other rooms on the corridor, and in general the habits and layout of the hotel. If the lock is of the sort that will bear tampering with, she may fix it to facilitate a later entry. After her few days of occupancy she leaves, with a quiet record in the office and the memory of generous tipping behind her.

Now comes the time for patience. She watches the hotel arrivals and sometimes through a friend in the organization is able to discover the exact room numbers without the trouble of seeking them out through the switchboard operator. Often eight or nine months may go by before what she considers her opportunity comes. Then she acts swiftly.

The promising victim is watched, the plotter becomes familiar with her habits and, of course, has almost a detailed description of all the valuable jewelry she owns. When the right moment arrives the room is entered and the jewelry is gone—and there may be one more dashing woman on the Riviera the next season.

It is becoming increasingly difficult for these clever women to involve the hotel management in their shrewd schemes. Once it was possible for an apparently wealthy and important guest at a hotel to make purchases at smart shops and have these purchases charged on their weekly bills, which they paid in turn with bad checks. It did not take alert female crooks long to take advantage of this opportunity and several hotels found themselves victims of this practice to the extent of thousands of dollars. Nowadays no hotel will accept C. O. D. packages unless the guest has notified the credit manager about them, and even then the amount of purchases is definitely limited. One discerning credit manager declares that it takes a great deal of character to resist the convincing arguments of some women who, his better sense tells him, are plainly out to do the hotel. Every feminine weapon, from wiles to weeping, is brought into play—sobs on the desk in the main lobby, smiles in the sanctity of the manager's office, until even the most astute hotel men have been known to cash spurious checks for large figures.

Caste Among the Crooks

Such women as these are among the aristocracy of crookdom. They wield a power in their set; their less proficient sisters look up to them with awe and are as timidly excited by association with them as a member of a parish sewing society is when she comes in contact with a Fifth Avenue matron on a committee. Recognition of an aspiring novice by an established woman operator may mean everything to her. It may, as well as raising her in the eyes of her associates, include introductions to fair fat fields of endeavor.

A really brilliant and successful confidence woman had established a sort of salon of admirers. The upper class of the underworld made her Riverside Drive apartment a rendezvous. The niceties of crime were discussed with as much authority and gusto as the usual tea topic—modern art. She was called on one morning by a rather bedraggled girl, who explained that she had been working as an aid to her brother in petty thievery.

"It makes me sick," said the girl to the confidence woman. "My brother double-crosses me all the time, and I'll never get anywhere with him. Just because I'm a woman, he thinks I can't do anything on my own."

This evidently struck the right chord in the older woman, herself an ardent believer in women's rights. She liked the personality of the girl and asked her about her experience.

"Yes," she announced, "I'll help you. You may come to my party next Tuesday."

"But I thought maybe you'd help me get a start," said the girl, a little bewildered.

"Ah, my dear," said the confidence woman, "being seen at my house is a start."

Caste is even carried into prisons. Anyone who has ever had anything to do with the inmates is familiar with the sullen discontent which results when one criminal is placed in a cell with another whom he considers of much lower position. The standards of caste are, however, different among men and women.

The intrinsic position of a woman crook is, of course, not impaired by a trip to prison. From the standpoint of disgrace, it is less convenient, but no more soul-searing than a trip to Florida. It is merely an unavoidable absence, an interlude that is part of the game. Once a member of the aristocracy, a woman is not apt to fall back into the ranks unless she becomes a petty thief or unless she is too divergent to the code of honor among thieves.

As definite a line as divides the lower East Side from the upper East Side separates crooks into various categories. On the lowest rung of the ladder are petty thieves and pickpockets, women who will slip a banana off a cart or open a bulging hand bag of a fellow passenger in the subway. The returns are so pitifully slight that they are scarcely ever worth the risk.

Shoplifting to Your Order

The shoplifter—that is, the professional shoplifter—holds her head high above these violators of law. She has a better education and better clothes, and probably more money to start with. All around, fate has handed her a larger slice of life. So much trickier and so much harder to catch than a man is she that the field has come to be almost exclusively hers. Many are led into this field because of their love of the frail fineries; others, according to psychoanalysts, are victims of repressions in their family life, and still others because they see in shoplifting a profitable way of making money. This last class must have some slight business sense as well, for they must study the markets for disposing of the goods they obtain. Only a few are lucky enough to know an outlet for their merchandise beforehand. They must take what they can and dispose of the loot when the chance offers.

Of the few, one, a clever woman who could easily succeed in the higher branches of crookery, has worked up quite a nice little dress business. Her customers, women of none too scrupulous conduct themselves, go shopping in the regular manner in a retail store. Also in the regular manner, they look oftener than they buy, and come away with only a mental picture of the dress. They then go to her and describe the dress carefully. She, with an accomplice to distract the attention of a saleswoman, will go to the designated shop, manage to slip the dress under her own skirt with light fingers, and in a few hours the customer will have her frock, at, of course, a greatly reduced figure.

Protective measures on the part of department stores are increasing the adroitness of some shoplifters while they are eliminating the less nimble from the ranks. All kinds of ingenious devices are now in use to detect them. In one large department store a tiny light on the ceiling flashes in view of all the clerks and means, "Beware! Light-fingered gentry about."

The most contemptible crooks are the blackmailers, but they are at the pinnacle at which the ambitious female crook gazes longingly. They must be not only women of the world but they must have charm, intelligence and *savoir-faire*, for often before a person is made a victim he must be made a friend. Their enterprises may carry them into fashionable ballrooms, diplomatic teas and circles of high finance. Most often they work without an aid, and they ask no odds of any man.

The debonair spirit with which they meet life makes them delightful companions. They take to luxury very naturally and bloom in warm perfumed air. Some of them are college women, some girls from good families who have come on from small towns, tried meager secretarial jobs before they were swallowed up by the city which furnished them with an easiest way. Some drift into blackmailing quite innocently, confiding hard-luck stories to men friends, who offer generous sums to tide them over. It is all so simple that once they have got a taste of money and a new hat or two, a twenty-five-dollar job seems more than they can endure. If the next check does not come as easily, they begin to make

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Among the finer, better things of life are Florsheim Shoes—reasonably priced so that every man may enjoy the pleasurable economy of wearing Florsheims permanently.

THE BRIGHTON—STYLE 6M-151
MOST STYLES $10
Booklet, "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO

Arrowhead
Ankle-Clinging
HOSIERY
For all the Family
Instead of the ordinary mercerized cotton, these beautiful children's sox-kings have fancy tops of artificial silk. This is the reason the colors are so much brighter and the color combinations so much more pleasing. The remarkably low price allows them to be used for every day wear. Ask to see Arrowhead style "437."
RICHMOND HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Established 1906
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Now $58

Another tribute to American quantity production methods

Carried in stock by the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Electrical, Hardware and Automotive Jobbers.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD.
Canadian Factory, Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Apply with the finger tips

Shave with ease and smoothness

For Shaving without Brush or Lather

Take Mollé on Your Vacation

MOLLÉ is great for vacation trips —touring, camping, hunting, fishing.

No brush, lotions or talcum to bother with—just MOLLÉ and your favorite razor.

Any kind of clear water or a smooth, refreshing shave *without water* if need be.

A soothing, cooling, healing shave each day for your sunburned, windsore face.

Nothing Like It!

A whale of a tube for 50c at druggists, a generous sample by mail for 10c

PRYDE-WYNN CO., NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

Lay Your Old Brush Away and Shave with MOLLÉ

demands. Artistry comes to them with practice. Good breeding makes their protestations of sincerity plausible. Marriage as well as money is often either demanded or offered.

By saying that she would not marry him unless she had something tangible to convince her brother that the suitor was a man of means, one of two well-known New York sisters made a very handsome profit out of a seventy-year-old banker, who, after spending a few evenings with her, was quite convinced that he wanted to marry her. With the aid of her sister, who played the rôle of cousin in this particular instance, the old man was inveigled into signing a paper which turned out to be an agreement to give her the securities, which were supposed to be only temporarily in her possession, just to show her brother in Yonkers. When the old gentleman, with what he supposed was his engagement abruptly broken, realized that he had been defrauded out of quite a tidy sum, he brought suit against the sisters. But when their lawyer produced the paper he had signed, the case was thrown out of court.

The other sister, who is the business head of the team, plans out all their operations. It is she who keeps the blackmail book—a calling list which would be the envy of many members of the Four Hundred. This book is merely a neat ledger, but in it could be found that, for reasons ferreted out by the sisters, Mr. Z pays one hundred dollars a week, Mr. X fifty dollars, Mr. Y seventy-five dollars, and as long as they are prompt in their payments the silence of the sisters will be indeed golden.

A successful blackmailer must have, besides a knowledge of the specific thing that she hopes to get money for, comprehensive information about the personal, business and general habits of her prospects. A minute description of the idiosyncrasies of some famous financier, the intimate use of his given name or perhaps a pet name, will do wonders in establishing firm friendships with other important figures, who are completely disarmed by the wealth of information of their fair friend and unwittingly give her data that might be the ruination not only of a man but of a big financial enterprise.

Many scheming women reach the wealth of great families through the younger generation. A most productive field of operation has long been the colleges, where unsuspecting youths abound, and where, away from the watchful parental eye, they are a ready target for an accurate markswoman. Here a woman must have temperament warm enough to interest men and cold enough to exploit them; brains enough to understand them, but not enough to disconcert them. The average age of a woman blackmailer or confidence woman is between thirty and thirty-five, and this is the period in an attractive woman's life which is very apt to intrigue a young man in college. One prominent Eastern university is said to have more beautiful clinging crooks about than there are debutantes at the big spring prom.

College-Widow Stuff

Introductions in college towns are pretty simple; a dropped handkerchief is almost a formal presentation, and such a preliminary is followed by frequent meetings. The senior son of a Western millionaire was selected by a delectable looking young widow. He was an easy victim to her cream-and-rose-and-golden charms. She liked him quite well and really didn't care whether she got the son's hand in marriage, as he so ardently proposed, or the father's signature on a fat check—her original intention. When the situation was at the boiling point she went out of town for a few weeks. The letters the senior wrote her well justified her absence, for they furnished just the neat packet of evidence she needed to take to his father. The son, of course, was all for marrying her right off, but the father felt differently.

"It's like this," he said: "Of course, I won't cut him off without a cent, but you and he won't be able to live very royally on two thousand a year. On the other hand, I'll be very glad to give you a check for ten thousand dollars for your word of honor that you'll tell him you have fallen in love with someone else so that he may forget you." She decided on the check.

Women outside the pale of recognized crookdom and within the ranks of good society have a far easier time with their cheatings, although the profits are not usually so great. Eccentric, they may be called, but not so often crooked. A certain matron in diplomatic circles has acquired considerable reputation as a card cheat. If she can enlist the aid of her helpful brother, her profits are greater, but if not she can do very well on her own. Her husband is disturbed by this practice of his wife, but does not know exactly what to do. At a party recently, when a card game was proposed, he warned one of the prospective players: "If you are going to play, you had better play as a partner with my wife she cheats."

Fashions in banditry vary with the seasons and with the locality, but as a rule women do not swindle women. They may rob their rooms, but when it comes to a question of personal contact the solidarity of the sex makes them feel that their natural victims are men. So successful are women in despoiling men that many male bandits hide not behind but within women's skirts, dressing for work in feminine attire. This is specially true this season.

The Telephone Approach

The telephone is an important instrument to many women crooks in conducting their little schemes. By means of it they inaugurate many adventures with charming guilelessness. It is such a safe, pleasant way getting away from a disagreeable prospect at the psychological moment. On the other hand, it may be an apparently accidental key to new treasures. The present-day prevalence of the wrong number is a godsend. An always reliable trick is the following:

The adventuress calls the number of an affluent gentleman whom she knows only by name. If she is lucky, he answers the phone himself and she may go ahead. She may speak a few words in a colorful but modulated voice before she says, "But who is this? What number is this?" When told, she is profusely apologetic about disturbing the wrong number. With any luck, the curiosity of the affluent gentleman is piqued by a charming voice.

"Don't ring off," he pleads, and she allows herself to be persuaded not to.

After some fencing, a meeting is arranged. He calls on the woman at her apartment and has a pleasant evening, fancying himself a gay dog, wholly unconscious of the net he is about to be enmeshed in. Suddenly an irate "husband" bursts in on the scene. A choice is given to the affluent gentleman of producing a handsome check or taking the consequences of publicity.

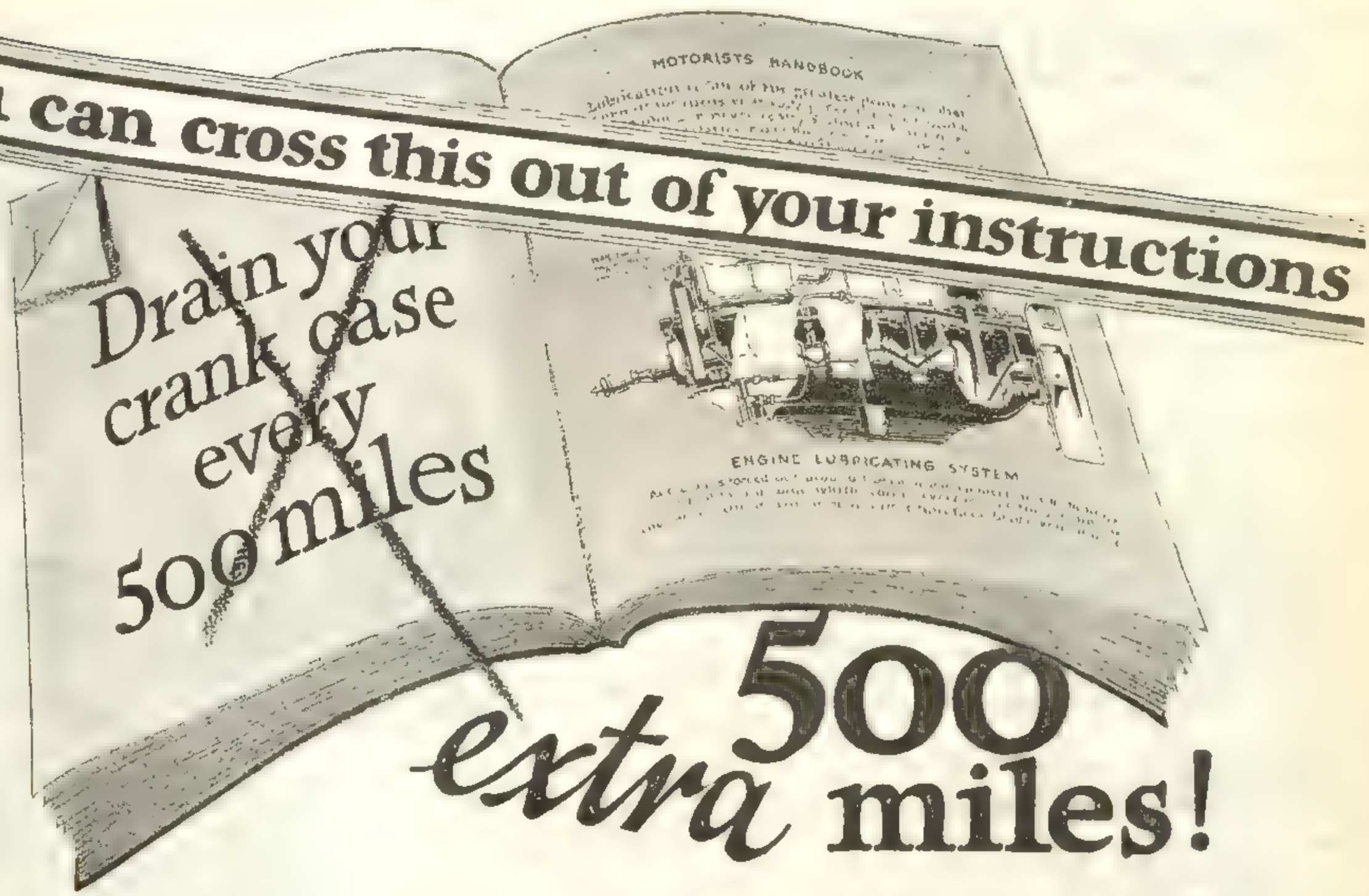
Another development of modern civilization, the great transatlantic liner, makes a splendid playground for the predatory damsel. She lends the feminine touch to the time-honored custom of card cheating on the high seas. After allowing her acquaintance to be scraped by a likely looking man, bored by several days of travel, she introduces him to some necessary accomplice; and, with enough for a game, cards is an inevitable result. There is a grand coup the last night on the boat, and the victim is apt not to realize the trick until the boat is docked and the enchantress has flown.

Sometimes it is not so easy for these sirens to fly off. Their wings may be singed, for if a man has been victimized before, he is suspicious, and likely to enlist the aid of detectives, who are at hand. It must not be thought that the movements of professional crooks are unobserved. They are well known to the police force and detectives, and it is almost impossible for them to leave the country without the knowledge of the authorities, as all sailing lists are combed for doubtful characters. Often some telltale trait may unmask the most elaborate pseudonym. The other day a detective was going over the passenger list of an expensive ocean liner and ran across Mrs. H. Harrington Wilkins.

"I'll bet that's Happy Hattie," he said. "She had better be watched on the trip or she'll nick a lot of these big bugs. I don't suppose she knows it, but she always makes up a name with H. H. in it. The smartest of them give themselves away."

Realizing the presence of crooks and being able to apprehend them are two different things. The times they offend and the times their offenses can be fastened on them are not by any means identical, for definite evidence of a specific crime is necessary for an arrest. It is the possibility rather than the probability of imminent arrest that makes the life of a woman crook so harrowing. And it is doubtless this nerve-racking expectation of a touch on the shoulder which makes women crooks say, "My advice to all women is, it doesn't pay.

You can cross this out of your instructions



~ ~ at least 1000 miles in all without draining your crank case ~ ~ thats what it means to you to use 100% pure Pennsylvania Oil

DOES this appear to you to be a remarkable statement? To oil experts there is nothing remarkable about it. They know that under normal conditions users of 100% pure Pennsylvania oil have always been able to get 1000 miles—and frequently as much as 2000 miles—of efficient lubrication without draining their crank cases.

Of course, the oil level must be kept up to the right point, and fresh oil added if necessary, but the crank case need not be drained under 1000 miles.

Why? Because Pennsylvania is a different *kind* of oil, into which nature has put different materials. It withstands heat, wear, and gasoline dilution without "breaking down."

With Pennsylvania oil you are not only assured of *at least* 1000 miles without draining your crank case, under normal conditions, *but of a longer life for your motor.* This oil saves repair bills, lessens depreciation, and increases your margin of useful power. Pennsylvania oil comes only from the Appalachian Field. It is not a *brand*, but a different *grade* (or kind) of crude oil from which a number of excellent *brands* are refined.

The producers, refiners and marketers of this remarkable oil have created the emblem shown below. It appears only on products refined from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil. See that the Pennsylvania emblem appears on the container from which your next oil comes. Pennsylvania oils are quality oils, and aren't sold by every dealer. It is worth while looking for the dealers who have them in your community. Remember, when you fill with 100% pure Pennsylvania you are not buying just "oil"—*but at least 1000 miles of lubrication.*

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Send coupon below—*now!*

Send for the free booklet, "Systematic Lubrication"—worth money to every motorist.

Mail coupon to Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, 208 Chambers Building, Oil City, Pa.

S E P 8-24

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

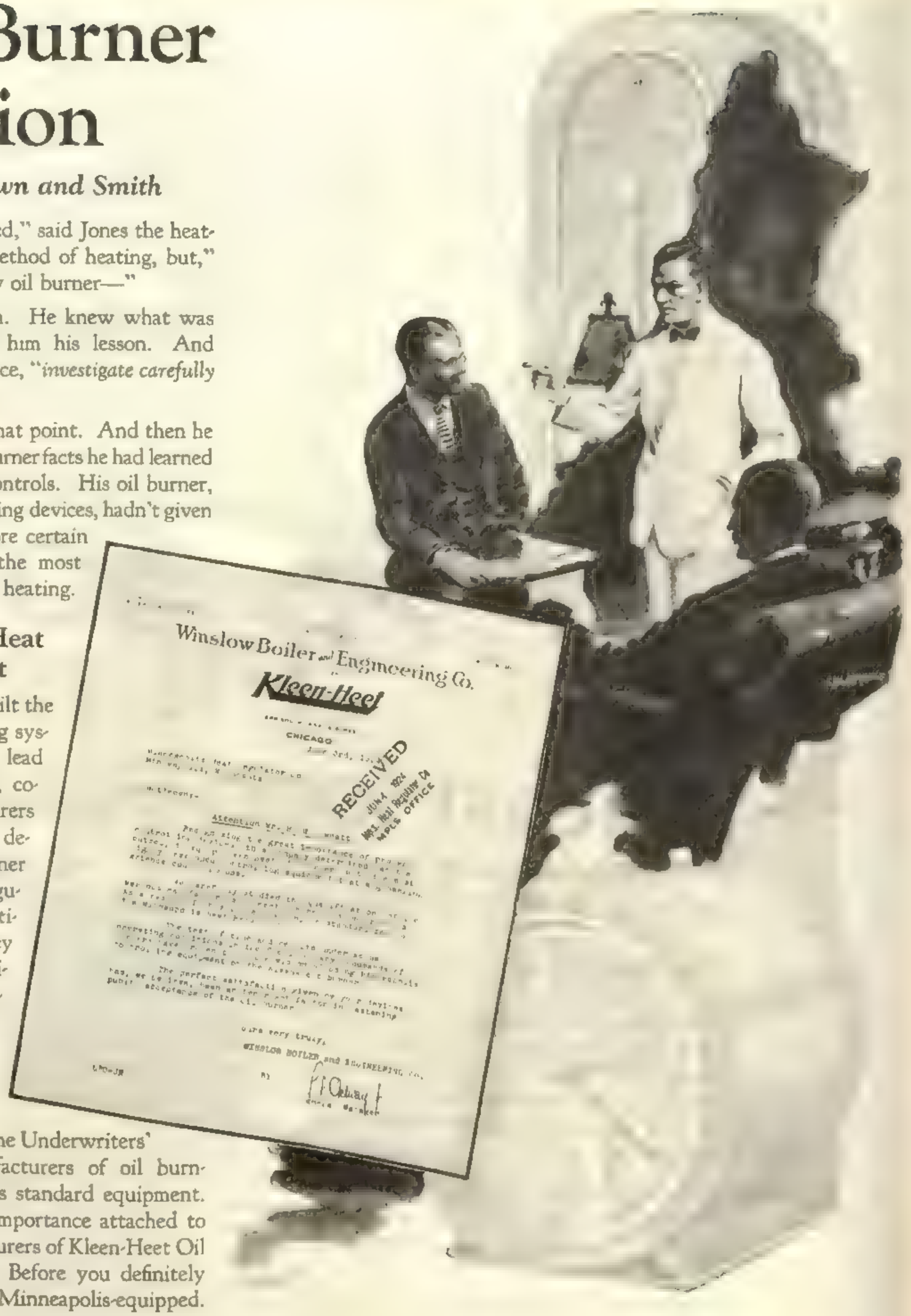
The Oil Burner Question

as seen by Jones, Brown and Smith

"The oil burner—wonderful indeed," said Jones the heating engineer. "It is a practical method of heating, but," he cautioned, "before you buy any oil burner—"

Brown cut in on the conversation. He knew what was coming. Experience had taught him his lesson. And so he finished the engineer's sentence, "*investigate carefully the type of automatic control.*"

Smith took a listening part up to that point. And then he came in strong. One of the first oil burner facts he had learned was the necessity of dependable controls. His oil burner, equipped with Minneapolis controlling devices, hadn't given a bit of trouble. Now he was more certain than ever—control *was* one of the most important phases of oil burner heating.



Originators of Automatic Heat Controlling Equipment

Forty years ago this organization built the first automatic regulator for heating systems. Minneapolis also took the lead in the field of oil burner control, cooperating with oil burner manufacturers to develop dependable controlling devices that would make the oil burner practical. Minneapolis controls regulate the room temperature automatically and keep it uniform always. They also regulate the oil flow automatically. In fact, they control the operation of every working part, starting and stopping the mechanism so as to insure proper heating at all times.

Minneapolis controlling devices have been tested and approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. The leading manufacturers of oil burners furnish Minneapolis controls as standard equipment. Kleen-Heet is one of them. The importance attached to controlling devices by the manufacturers of Kleen-Heet Oil Burners is shown in their letter. Before you definitely decide on any oil burner, ask if it is Minneapolis-equipped.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
2700 FOURTH AVE., SO. Established 1885 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A bulletin will be mailed free on request telling what every prospective purchaser of an oil burner should know about controlling devices. This bulletin fully explains this important phase of oil burner operation. Write for it today.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

Those who burn coal or gas or use district steam will be interested in a booklet of simple rules for saving fuel, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," which is mailed free upon request.

FADS AND FANCIES OF COLLECTORS

(Continued from Page 9)

It's like saying a coffeepot is three hundred. It just can't be.

Just this week I saw a stiff model with tin sails, not pine, of a six-masted schooner, with a background of large waves and blue sky, sell for fifty dollars at a country sale. Even a tugboat model, accurately made, commands a good price, while a picture of a man-of-war painted entering New York in days gone by—it hung for a century in an old governor's house—brings a hundred dollars. Every painted ship upon a painted ocean has a collector after it hard.

The queer things that sailors carved on long voyages are sought for. The queerer they are the more ardently they are searched for, not only by the sea but now in shops far inland. Walrus teeth and ivory from other leviathans of the deep were whittled and cut and smoothed on month-long voyages into pie-crust wheels, curious little cogged rollers on handles, to crimp the edges of toothsome American pies. Sailors home from a cruise brought a sweetheart or a wife a keepsake, to crinkle the pies they were hungry to eat for breakfast. Why wait for dinner? That's a new notion. The old-timers believed in beginning the day right. How little could the sailor think his little pocket piece would in the 1900's be in the possession of strangers! As soon think of peach-stone baskets being precious.

There are queerer things than pie-crust wheels collected. One man has a thousand razors! Many of them were known to the check of fame. "Oh, I know him," says another kind of collector, to whom old dolls, and old dolls only, appeal as purchases. "I was with him when he gathered in Andrew Jackson's razor."

"Old dolls are bad stock," confides a New York dealer. "Moths are always getting into them." But in summer neighborhoods where motoring summer folks spend much time looking for their hobbies, old dolls gather no moths! They do not stay in the shop long enough. And be they wood or be they only the rubber-headed and tight-basqued doll of post-Civil War days, in the hands of a dealer in a pretty shop they can be exchanged for a twenty-dollar bill, while scoop bonnets and Empire gowns and earlier, more curious and rarer ones know no such modest price.

Closely associated with the doll buyers are the miniature-furniture hunters. When first you see a little miniature four-inch slat-back chair sell at an auction for fifteen dollars you might think it unique; but once on the watch for the miniature you will begin to see little chests of drawers and four-poster beds, highboys, tables, little andirons, all accurately and perfectly made, contemporaneous with the designs of real furniture and paralleling them for one hundred and fifty years.

The Rothschild Flea Collection

I know of three collectors who each have more than twenty pieces of these bewitching old playthings. I have a little Empire chest of drawers, six inches high, complete in every detail of graduated size of drawers, little brass handles, well-modeled pilaster, even a marble top! Like the fleas that have smaller fleas to bite 'em, this little set of drawers houses a collection of eighteen old watch fobs!

Fleas! The strangest collection ever gathered is the N. C. Rothschild one of thousands of fleas, at his home at Tring in England. Each in a little vial of spirits, each marked with the place and the host—that's the way it is expressed -on whom they were found, they were gathered from the ends of the earth. This collector would send a scientist to bring him a new flea whenever an exploring expedition set forth. And probably all suggested by old Jonathan Swift's memory-haunting rime of "bite 'em, and so proceed ad infinitum."

Even the churches have turned to antiques, and long settees are pulled up the cellar stairs and painted for the vestibule. The cellar discloses an early pulpit with volutes to hold flowers or alms plate. The carpenter is consulted and the committee is all down cellar in excitement. He guesses he can patch it up for —— His words are taken from him. Patched up, indeed! Not so; it is to be restored. Mentally doubling his estimate, he accepts the restoration.

Church collections used to mean only one thing and were made while the soprano struggled through a solo. Now they almost as often as not refer to the valued old silver flagons, tankards and pattens pridefully loaned by the church to a museum for display. This serves a double purpose. It assures the safe-keeping of the silver from fire and theft—better anyway than under the pulpit or the deacon's bed—and lets the world know that the parish silver is museum stuff! So the old church worries along on what is left—its old pulpit, rose-colored pew cushions, restored pew doors, Windsor chairs here and there, and a dated bell in the steeple.

There are changing fashions in collecting. It is not entirely that all possible things are exhausted by collectors, for always there could be bidding and buying from one another. Take the last decade. Napoleonic souvenirs were the thing. This enthusiasm has waned. The greater war has put a dimness between Napoleon's fame and campaigns and the present day. War prints came into vogue. Now they have passed. The great excitement over Bennington ware has passed the tense stage. Blue plates have passed the peak of prices. Bottles are still to the fore. But it is now the great day of the whatnot gleaner. It used to be that no old parlor was complete without one; now it might be said they are complete in no parlor!

Staffordshire Dogs

They have been stripped of their glass paperweights over all the land. It seems incredible that the shaky old corner shelves could have preserved so many blobs of glass, magnifying their inclosed millefiori, their sentimental little lambs, their pale blue flowers. Keep a thing seven years—our grandmothers used to say. Seven times seven, and there is a collector after it!

And the dogs! They were called china dogs in the day when their only use was to keep a small child quiet on Sundays listening to the rattling of a pin dropped inside. They are Staffordshire dogs now. A collector never says a china dog. One can keep the world at bay so much better with Staffordshire, and it is true that most of the dogs are not china.

I saw a little poodle, no bigger than your thumb, sell for four dollars. A greyhound goes with characteristic fleetness at twenty, but greyhounds have some claim to very graceful modeling; one can understand their appeal to a sense of beauty. But dogs, just plain lumpy dogs with their legs incorporated in the lump, the white ironstone-looking kind with a smoochy nose and two beady eyes and twelve inches of height, can make this kind of collector happy after he has impounded a pair for thirty dollars! Smaller kind less, better kind more! The very same dog, copper lustered—one of them, not a pair—brings thirty-two dollars at auction, and whispers go from one enthusiast to another: "I know where one is!" and "Mine's better!"

While the ransacking was going on for Staffordshire dogs, curious painted plaster-of-Paris dishes of high-colored fruit came to light. I have seen them myself in old attics. Some of these queer high-set plaster dishes were surmounted by a pair of billing doves in vivid yellow. They belong to the hair-wreath era of interior decoration and precede the glass-covered wax fruit and are thirty years before the stuffed oriole under a dome. There are not many of them. A variety of reasons for this! There are collectors of these painted plaster pieces, at five dollars apiece. Hair wreaths are next in line.

While all these were being carried out of the parlors, some men of the collecting brotherhood have gathered in the shaving mugs with inscriptions on them, and mustache cups with moss roses on them, and have seriously possessed themselves, in their desire for early American things, with a row of early spittoons. Bennington ones lead off in value. Some of them are great twenty-inch affairs, beshelled and grooved, mottled and glazed. Never are they referred to as cuspidors; that's an anachronism for an old article, you are told, quite seriously, and nothing puts a shudder into a collector quicker than an anachronism!

Isn't She A Beauty!

FULL of life and vigor, every muscle sound and strong, every movement quick and sure—a pet anyone would be proud to own. It's easy to raise healthy, sturdy dogs and keep them in the pink of condition, with a little care and correct feeding.

Dogs fed regularly on SPRATT'S are healthy and good-humored. SPRATT'S contains all of the necessary ingredients to build bone and body. It is not mussy to feed. For more than half a century SPRATT'S has been the choice of owners, breeders and exhibitors.

Try SPRATT'S Ovals, the pocket dog biscuit for all sizes and breeds. Dogs love 'em!

Insist on the *genuine* SPRATT'S—otherwise your dog will miss a treat. If your dealer cannot supply you, send for sample and enclose 2c for book, No. 84 on feeding.

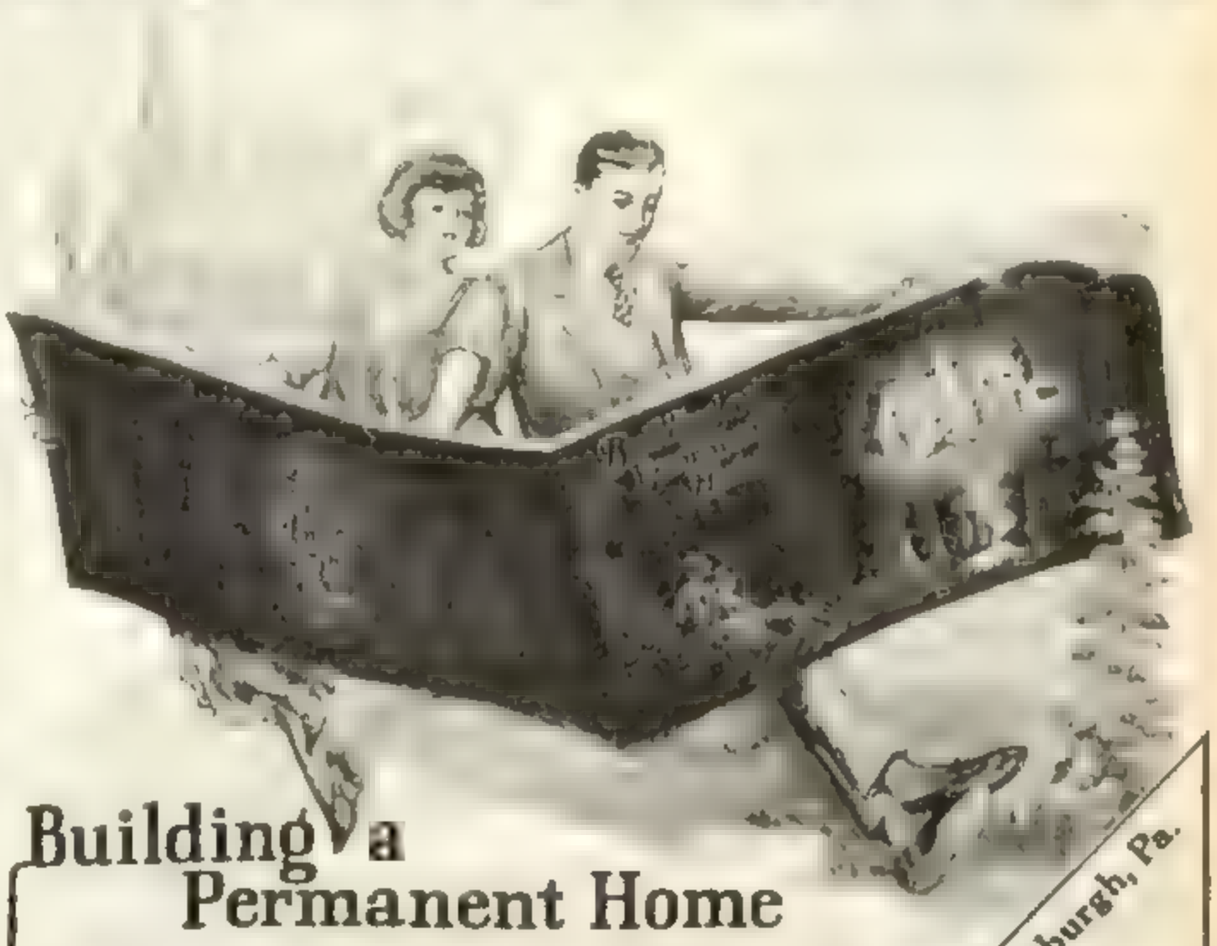
SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED

Newark, New Jersey

San Francisco St. Louis

SPRATT'S

DOG CAKES & PUPPY BISCUITS



Building a Permanent Home

If you are planning to build a permanent, firesafe home or would like to modernize or remodel an old home, send for this book.

National Steel Fabric Company
(SUBSIDIARY OF PITTSBURGH STEEL CO.)
725 Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Atlanta Boston Chicago Cleveland
Denver Detroit Houston Los Angeles
New York City Philadelphia Pittsburgh
Rochester St. Louis San Antonio
San Francisco.

National Steel Fabric Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me, free of charge, the book "Building a Permanent Home"
Name
Address
City
State
725

Use National Steel Fabric for Invisible Strength

THIS BOND SAYS — SATISFACTION OR NEW HOSE GRATIS
THE SMARTSILK HOSIERY GUARANTEE
Smartsilk Hosiery Co
Smartsilk Hosiery
FOR MEN & WOMEN
is sold at your home by our representative
An outstanding value is No. 100 - Pure silk - mock seam-reinforced lisle top, toe and heel at ONE DOLLAR
District managers and men and women representatives wanted. Liberal commission. Like owning a business without expense. Write for plan.
SMARTSILK HOSIERY CO. 115 E. 23RD ST. NEW YORK

The Curtis Publishing Company
963 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Perhaps it is my opportunity, so send all details. I don't promise anything, but I'll look them over

Name

Street

City

State

Is This *Your* Opportunity?

IT was Douglas Satcher's, a hustling young "Native Son." Since he seized upon it, many times he has easily earned more than $60.00 a month extra.

$60.00 or More a Month Extra

THE opportunity is simply this: That you arrange with us to act as subscription representative, in your spare time and right in your own locality, for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Without Experience

One of the best features of this opportunity is that you do not need previous experience to succeed. Profits from the very start and in proportion to the amount of time you can spare. We tell you just what to do and say, and furnish everything you will need. There isn't space here to begin to tell you all the details, so—if you really want to make more money—mail the coupon above.

FREE Supplies Equipment, Instruction

Truly these are Americana characteristically. As late as Grant's Administration they were down the aisles of some churches at pew ends, and it was good form and matter of distinction to use one four or five pews ahead, with no interruption to the preacher by the slightest movement of the listener's head. Great brass ones still ornament the aisles of the United States Senate.

Lots of unusual things are gathered and passed on by dealers who have orders and specialize for clients, priding themselves on gathering for an exclusive clientele. It is a paying proposition to have the buyer think he has all or first choice of a queer thing, and it is a rule of several such dealers never to tell what a client collects. Such stock is in drawers and closed cabinets. If seen by chance, the dealer will cheerfully assure the casual inquirer that they are only for decoration. It doesn't do to talk with every antique lover that comes along about the line of the high-paying specializer. He wants to walk an exclusive path, not a fairway, and be the only man who knows about it. Yoxall, the famous English collector, tells of a man who gets rid of his collection at once if he finds anyone else trying to buy his way into the same field!

After a young prince has sat on a three-legged stool and had a loaded gun put in his hand to shoot tame game beaten in by keepers, he wants to go out and get scratched up by tigers or take pot shots of his own at a hippopotamus. Thus it is that the conventional buying of an antique masterpiece from a fine shop palls after a while. It dawns on the buyer that he has let the antique dealer have most of the fun. He starts out with determination in his eye and shaving mugs or historic shades in his mind.

Have you seen historic shades? They are musty, dusty, sun-bleached window shades with pictures on them. Independence Hall for first choice, and early settlers in covered wagons crossing the Connecticut River, the Landing of the Pilgrims expressed sketchily with one pine tree, a rock, a man with a towline drawing in a rowboat, and the spars and hull of the Mayflower in the distance, all painted in a few strokes on a shade, now sunburned yellow. A shade collector will pay a good price for a good one; thirty dollars for some of them, for aren't they early American? Such a collector carries his own. He prefers a line unique to himself and thinks nothing of riding across a few states with six chairs in his car, though all twenty-four legs poke his ribs on the thank-you-ma'ams on the hills. "I want that piece of burlap to wrap my pewter in," he says of a scrap on the garage floor. "I'll carry it as it is. I don't mind what I carry. I'd carry a dead cat by the tail if that was what I was collecting!"

Piecemealed Houses

I have seen such a one stagger out of an auction with eight hundred dollars' worth of antiques in his arms—a stretcher table, two pine salt boxes, a window shade and some early tinware.

When a rare fireside chair with curly maple wings, a fourteen-hundred-dollar purchase, went off, self-stowed, in its owner's car—and it took a big car to hold it—those that had been bidding for it at the open-air sale under a tent had looks of sadness, of disappointment on their faces, a sort of what-are-kings-and-empires-now sort of look as they watched the departing coat tails climb into the car. All collectors know the superlative passes but once. The old chair would have gone higher if it could have been put up again.

One famous American collector gathered old houses until he possessed a chain of them covering all the periods of historic interest. He would not move one from its site for the world. Not so a collector of Cape Cod houses. He buys and he buys all the little Cape Cod houses that come in the market, no matter where they are, the quainter, the queerer the better. They are all moved up and set down around the first one he had and joined on by a touching corner or by a bridging gallery. If the road masters refuse to let one be moved on the highway, he has it flaked—a Cape Cod method of piecemealing a house—and set up again. The aggregation is one summer home for a Cape Cod collector.

With another American it's old boots and shoes! Quite seriously this is done today. Years ago a famous French etcher amused his world by gathering old boots and shoes, dragoon boots so big you wonder they could be staggered in, little golden sabots so dainty you wonder any old-time bride could get them on. The world laughed at his folly, but now his collection stands in honor in Cluny Museum, and all the world looks at the cases and marvels at the foot coverings of the past. Today a great shoe manufacturer gathers old shoes, and again the world laughs, and in the end some museum will probably get them, and again the public will stand before the cases with respect.

A fortune went from one enthusiast into collecting old printed New England sermons and putting them into exquisite bindings. Incidentally, what seemed the driest of collections was of historic value in preserving a record of the work of every known colonial printing press.

And then there are the bandannas, or, more properly, the printed handkerchiefs. There is the one that Baxter printed of Washington, and another one of Lafayette in browny color, printed from a copper plate. You'll need more than a hundred dollars to start your collection with these two if you tell a dealer to get them for you. There is one about a foot square with George and the cherry tree; and another in pinky-red on scratchy grained cotton, where twenty small boys in long trousers, ruffled shirts and feather in hat, play boy-scout away back in 1812, under the title of Juvenile Riflemen. In an old frame, with two handles, this last one makes a favorite tea tray, but most of these old handkerchiefs are framed for wall collections.

Pleasant Junk of All Sorts

Best of all is the immensely large "Huzza, huzza for war!" of the time of the second war with Great Britain. It must have been something like waving a flag to draw this forth from a tail pocket and wave it, with its flaring gay color and all its insets of naval victories, Perry and McDonough and the rest. There aren't many of them, and the last recorded selling price from a famous collection was three hundred and fifty dollars. A historic, patriotic handkerchief like this fills many wants in many collecting fields. It offers a patriotic record, naval fights, ship enthusiasm, fine color, and an old process of cotton printing. You pay your hundreds and you take your choice!

Every man to his taste, and certainly there are queer ones in collecting. A surgeon scours Europe for instruments of torture, as being, perhaps, something in his own line. Two Pennsylvania neighbors have about cleared the market of old stove plates made in the days of the first and earliest stoves. A man in Kent, Ohio, has early chopping knives cornered and hung on a string. Two insurance men, one in London and one in Philadelphia, have fire-insurance emblems for their very own.

I confess to a fondness for copper watering cans for the garden, early ones like George Washington's, and use them in the garden; but the enthusiasm of others goes farther. I saw one centered on a mantel shelf in the library of a mansion!

Netsuke collecting is a bond between the very nations of the earth. In homes in Holland, in France, in England, in Connecticut I have seen cabinets full of these mysterious, grotesque fobs carved and cut and engraved out of many materials, used in days gone by to knot the belt strings of Japanese aristocrats. A netsuke collector can find a kindred spirit in any clime.

Bible boxes, pistol-handled knives, hog kettles—get them old enough, and a collector waits. As surely as anyone tried to make a list of things collectors are after, he would have to end in "etc." For instance: In a high hill village in Connecticut in the quiet of a summer afternoon a motortruck might have been seen laboring up a hill. Looking between the trees on the old green, a dweller in an old gambrel-roofed house saw on the truck a gay, high-perched stage-coach, the color of a rosy peach, shaped like a nutshell, with C springs swaying, hammercloth spread, steps and cushions and windows in place, a boot ready to hold things, and five little hair trunks strapped on behind!

"What you going to do with it? Camp in it down to the beach? Going to sleep in it?"

"This is the genuine old coach that used to run to Hartford, through Farmington. She has been on the road a hundred and eight years. Sleep in it! It's worth eight hundred dollars! A collector bought it. What will he do with it? He won't ever do anything with it! It's for a collection!"

Have you seen this Everlasting Iron *in its* Everlasting Case?

HERE indeed is an ironing equipment you really *ought* to see before you purchase *any* electric iron.

The finest iron made—the Sunbeam—and an indestructible steel case in which to keep it. The iron that does your work so much quicker, easier, better—that keeps those treasured naperies in such perfectly ironed condition—with cord and stand all in one heat-proof, accident-proof place. Doesn't that strike you as a *real* idea in ironing equipment?

With the Sunbeam Set, between uses your whole ironing outfit is protected all the time against wear and tear, against dirt and moisture and tarnish. The all-steel case provides a permanent safeguard against the hundred-and-one annoying and distressing things that, otherwise, are always happening to your iron.

No wonder women everywhere are so warmly welcoming the new Sunbeam Set as the one and only way out of their old-time electric iron troubles. The minute you set eyes on it—this 100% efficient iron, in its handsome Delft blue enameled case—you too will recognize it as the greatest improvement in electric ironing equipment that has come about in years.

"You Need One Extra Good Iron"

Iron, Stand, Cord and All-Steel, Fireproof Case, $8.50 complete

YOU MEN who are interested in providing the finest and most efficient labor-saving equipment for the women-folk who manage your homes will appreciate on sight the advantages of the Sunbeam Set over the ordinary electric iron. You will immediately see in this new-day combination a very real improvement over anything heretofore available in the electric iron field. Take home a Sunbeam Set, to make her day's work just that much easier and more agreeable. It's a gift any woman will welcome. And, because of the annoyance and trouble and inconvenience the Sunbeam Set will certainly save her, she'll bless you for a benefactor every time she has a bit of ironing to do.

THE SUNBEAM TOASTER AND TABLE STOVE is a mighty handy aid to good housekeeping. A most convenient and practical appliance. Cooks 49 dishes, right on the table. Boils and broils. Toasts bread flat and turns it over. Ask your Sunbeam dealer. $10.50

THE DOMESTIC IRON—known as "the best $5 iron made"—is also a product of this company. It is a good, serviceable iron which you may buy with the assurance of getting the best value possible at the price.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY

34 Years Making Quality Products

5542 West Roosevelt Road — Chicago, Illinois

Sunbeam

THE IRON OF IRONS

LET LOCKTITE KEEP YOUR TOBACCO

"Locktite" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TOBACCO POUCH

Attractive Durable Leathers

Rubber Lined

Locktite Keeps Tobacco Right

LOCKTITE is the handiest tobacco pouch you ever laid eyes on. Exclusive patent closing device opens easy, closes tight at simple pull of tab across top of pouch. Every pipe smoker appreciates Locktite compactness and convenience. Over two million satisfied users. At cigar stores and wherever smokers' accessories are sold. $1 and up. Buy yourself a handy Locktite Pouch today!

Manufactured and Fully Guaranteed by

The F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.

18 or 80

Here's Cash for Your Spare Hours

Whatever your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "Curtis work is my main source of income," says Mr. Charles W. Matthews, a High School boy in Wisconsin, "and I have made about $5.00 in one day." Mr. W. E. Dockry, of Michigan, on the other hand, is a Civil War veteran, a college graduate and a retired physician, who earns extra money by our plan every month.

You Need No Experience

We need more men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon which is printed below.

For Your Convenience

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
962 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I'll be glad to look over a proposition which will pay me up to, say, $1.50 an hour for my spare time. No obligation, of course, if I don't like it.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

THE LADY FARE

(Continued from Page 15)

"I espec's," communed Florian, "that there is goin' to be a new murder committed somewheres tonight an' Ise gwine be embracin' lilies sho'tly thereafter."

Out of all the ominous portent of trouble there loomed a single hope. If Mr. Slappey could raise the necessary money to pay off Percy! If! But the hour was nearly two and it is difficult to borrow money even in the bright sun of noonday. Florian knew also that his credit was not all it might be. His Micawberish tendencies had given him a fame which was not at this moment desirable. There was, however, a single forlorn chance, and he directed Percy to stop by the house where Epic Peters boarded. Percy obeyed grudgingly and glared at Florian's gayly bedecked figure as that gentleman aroused Epic's landlady from a highly diverting journey through dreamland.

"Mistuh Peters ain't here," was her information.

"But he left away fum the Broadway Tavun a li'l' while ago, an' ——"

"He come heah, but he went right away again with Dr. Brutus Herring."

"Where did they go to?"

"I don't know ezac'ly. But they hinted they was goin' fishin' down to the Warrior River."

"I hope," sizzled Florian as he turned mournfully away, "that they bofe of them gits redbugs."

Mr. Slappey had one more scheme, albeit it was as hopeless as a rain check on a clear day. He paid a call. Mr. Semore Mashby grunted to the front door, appearing unusually scant in an ancient nightshirt.

"What you want, Florian?"

"Semore, Ise in trouble."

"Tha's the most thing you is always in, an' I ain't goin' bail fo' nobody."

"I needs fifteen dollars, Semore."

"Then you is in hahd luck, because I ain't got no fifteen dollars with me tonight; an' if I did have, you woul'n't git it."

"Ten?"

"Not ten cents."

"But, Semore ——."

"Don't but me, cullud boy. Any time you craves to borry money offen me, you just bring yo' credick with you. Good night."

Florian clambered back in the taxi with his problem and his companion.

"Boy," he told himself, "if it's true what the poet says 'bout bein' the darkest just befo' the dawn, then it must be pretty near day after tomorrow."

All in all, the situation sized up as distinctly horrible. It was impossible to go home and impossible not to.

"They ain't but two things I can do," he told himself, "an' bofe is wrong."

Every third of a mile the meter clicked depressingly. Florian had long since ceased to light matches for the purpose of inspecting the ghastly total. But one thing he did know—the climax must be postponed until the ultimate moment. He realized suddenly that they were headed homeward.

He shouted to Percy, "We ain't cravin' to go home yet. Drive us somewhere."

Evva Mapes beamed. Here was a man after her own heart. The driver turned his unprepossessing countenance upon Florian.

"Where?"

"Anywhere. Us just craves to be drove. Le's slip out th'oo Norwood an' along the Tarrant City road."

Evva tried to cuddle, but Florian resisted pointedly. Unfortunately Percy neither saw nor heard. Mr. Slappey wallowed in the slough of despond; tick-tick-tickety-tick sang the meter. Florian's brain was going at race-horse speed. There was nothing he could do, and he was doing it with vast reluctance.

He envisioned a scene with the jealous Percy if he should inform that person of the financial stringency:

"Heah's half of what I owes you."

"Where at is them other half?"

"Ain't got it!"

"Ain't got it? You mean you has been lettin' me drive you an' my gal ——"

"Uh-huh!"

Wham! Florian shook his head soberly.

"There is posolutely nothin' doin' on that," he reflected. "So long as I keep ridin', he ain't got no right to ast me fo' no money. Once I stops he knocks me fo' a ghoul."

But an additional worry enlisted in Mr. Slappey's army of unhappiness. It was patent that Percy was grossly misconstruing this journey along the broad paved boulevard which winds through Boyles and Inglenook and Tarrant City. Regarded exclusively from Percy's viewpoint, the situation was sinister; it was a plain and simple joy ride indulged in by two attractive persons of opposite sex who desired most pointedly not to part. That the female person was an ex-fiancée of the driver's merely added a highly unwelcome spice of danger.

Florian focused a wary eye on Percy's tremendously broad shoulders. It appeared to him that the big bulgy muscles fairly rippled under the tight-fitting coat.

"Hot diggity dawg! Was Percy to let loose a good hard wallop on my jaw, sweet Gabriel, toot yo' trumpet!"

Miss Evva Mapes was not pleased with Florian's lack of ardency.

"You don't seem to love me none, Florian."

"Huh! You ain't half started to talk when you utters them words, gal."

"Ain't I pretty?"

"Too dawg-gone much so."

"Don't I dance good?"

"Us ain't dancin' now."

"Well"—spiritedly—"ifn you feels that-away 'bout it, I reckon the best thing us can do is drive home."

"No!" The word was a vocal explosion. "I ain't cravin' to drive home. Lemme see, what you reckon Ise joy-ridin' you fo'?"

"Dunno, lessn it is to show me them moonlights. 'Cause tha's all what you has been doin'."

Through Inglenook, then by a huge by-product plant which spurted flame from tall chimneys and illuminated the country with a red, eerie glow.

"Looks like hell," announced Florian seriously. Past Tarrant City and on out through dense woods. Florian contemplated flight, but doubted his own speed. At three o'clock in the morning they reached the end of the pavement and a trifle beyond he discerned a modest barbecue stand. An idea smote him; a very fine idea which was more than a little desperate.

"Ise hungry," he lied.

"Me too," echoed Evva.

"You? After all them eatments you inhaled out at Epic Peters' place?"

"I always craves food," she asserted, and he believed her. He slid forward.

"Percy?" His voice was mild and soothing.

"Huh?"

"How 'bout stoppin' heah a minute an' eatin' a few san'wiches with us?"

"Pff!"

"Fresh barbecue pork with sauce on it, an' hot buns."

Percy yielded. He was very, very hungry. He parked fifty yards from the barbecue stand. Florian hopped nimbly to the ground, Percy right after him.

"You don't need to come, Percy. I buys the san'wiches."

"Yeh." It was a deep, throaty growl. "You buys 'em all right, but I watches you."

Mr. Slappey cringed. Percy seemed distrustful.

"Dawg-gone his hide," reflected Florian, "what right has he got thinkin' I'd try to do him out of somethin'?"

Florian ordered a half dozen barbecue sandwiches—"an' put lots of hot sauce on 'em." He lighted a cigarette. There was in his face, a rigid, set expression of grim determination. Stark necessity was mothering a considerable bit of invention. The scheme which he schemed was fraught with unpleasant possibilities and dire danger, but certainly it was better than piecemeal extermination at the hands of this green-eyed taxi driver who used to be engaged to Evva Mapes and who had a slight weakness for battering her gentleman friends in public places.

Florian held a brief and muttered conversation with the proprietor of the barbecue stand. They nodded and smiled. Florian backed out of the door.

"He's got a telephone in that house yonder, Percy. I aims to use it."

Percy glowered after him.

"Yeh, an' be shuah you comes back quick."

Florian trotted to the house. In his mind's eye was a picture of the taximeter—up around fifteen or sixteen dollars now; his own cash capital of eight dollars and

forty cents depreciated by the purchase of barbecue sandwiches and ginger ale. He looked in the telephone book and found the number he sought:

KEEFE GAINES, UNDERTAKER

Five minutes later he had the sleep-drugged Keefe on the phone.

"Keefe?"

"Yes."

"This is Florian Slappey."

"Uh-huh."

"Is yo' ambulance in?"

"I think so. Anyway, the hearse is."

"I don't want no hearse I craves an ambulance."

"Whaffo?"

"An accident."

"Where?"

"Out somewhere near Inglenook on the paved road."

Professional interest was driving sleep from the eyes of the undertaker.

"Who did the accident happen to?"

"Me."

"When?"

"Well, Keefe, it ain't exac'ly happened yet."

"Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf."

"Tain't foolish. Now listen heah. You git in yo' ambulance an' drive out the Boyles road. 'Long about Inglenook you start lookin' fo' a Gold & Silver taxi which an accident has happened to Somewhere around you is goin' to find me an' Ise gwine be pretty near daid. You gits me on yo' stretcher an' scoot me away, see? An' no questions asked."

"But, Florian —"

"You do like I says, will you?"

"All right. But remember I charges the same fo' this as if it was a real accident."

"Boy, you can charge how much you likes. You gits yo' money fust thing to-morrow!"

Florian rejoined his *bête noire* in the barbecue stand. Together they sauntered toward the waiting taxi and the regal Evva Mapes. But Florian did not immediately enter the car. He turned solicitous eyes upon Percy.

"Gosh," he commented, "I'll bet you is tired drivin'!"

"Humph!"

"An' hungry."

"Humph!"

"Now listen, Percy, lemme be suggestive. Spose you gits in the back with Miss Mapes an' I takes the wheel while you-all eats yo' san'wiches together. How would that suit you?"

Percy's eyes narrowed. He suspected something, but didn't know what it was. Florian introduced the taxi driver and Evva with much flourishy gusto. Each bowed frigidly.

"I has suggested to Percy that he should leave me drive a li'l', while you an' him eats barbecue in the back," he said, and blithely hopped into the driver's seat. He backed and filled and rolled slowly townward. From the rear of the car came acrimonious voices, Percy's deep and bitter, Evva's shrill and vitriolic. Florian pressed slightly on the accelerator.

In and out they wound through hills and alleys, slowing down only as a mark of respect to the notorious vigilance of the Tarrant City police force. From there on Florian watched his chance. His heart was thumping, and his jaw set. The task he faced was horrendously ticklish, but at least it promised relief from the present appalling situation.

Far down the road twin lights appeared; glaring, blazing headlights, which were groping from one side of the road to the other in search of an accident. Florian knew those headlights; he recognized the solemn white invalid carriage to which they were attached. His own eye roved; a large tree, a big spreading oak, caught his fancy. He acted instantly.

The Gold & Silver taxicab swerved abruptly and rather too violently. Its contact with the unyielding tree trunk was far more emphatic than Mr. Slappey anticipated. There was a sickening crash, a tinkle of glass and the earth opened. An oath spurted from the rear of the car, a shrill shriek of terror from the throat of Miss Evva Mapes. And then oblivion.

When Mr. Slappey struggled back to consciousness he was lying flat on his back. The cot upon which he lay was enormously comfortable; the car rolled with elegant ease on balloon tires and compressed-air shock absorbers. Mr. Slappey blinked rapidly, learned that he possessed many sections of anatomy hitherto unsuspected, and turned pain-racked eyes upon the solicitous countenance of Keefe Gaines, Birmingham's foremost colored undertaker.

"Gosh-amighty, Florian, you suttinly did bust them forest!"

"Oh-o-o-o! I kind of busted myse'f too."

"Ain't it the troof? Fo' a minute I thought you was sho' nuff daid."

"Ain't I?"

"Not yet."

Florian groaned.

"Dawg-gone my hide, I suttinly was too enthusiastic hittin' that tree." Then memory flashed back to him. "Did I kill that taxi driver?" he inquired hopefully.

"Nope; you jes loosened up a few of his teeth."

"An' Evva Mapes?"

"Shuh! That gal must be made of cast iron. When us got to her she was holdin' Percy's head with one hand an' a barbecue san'wich with t'other."

"Golly, that woman shuah is a persistent eater!"

Keefe bent over his friend.

"Now spose you splain me a few things 'bout this heah accident, Florian. Seems kinder funny."

"Funny! Huh! Reckon you would think it funny was you in a taxicab prison with a man which aimed to kill you, an' a gal which di'n't care how quick or how tho'ough he done so. An' them two hatin' each other ——"

"You is delirium, Florian. Percy an' Evva don't hate each other."

"How come you to utter them words?"

"Well, befo' we left them they was huggin' each other an' promisin' that they is gwine git ma'ied."

"Hot dam! Tha's one load removed offen my chist." He gave Keefe Gaines the details of the night's agony. "An' there I was," he finished, "'bout ten or twelve dollars shy of how much money it took to pay that ol' dragon an' no way to git it until mawnin', an' him thinkin' that I must be crazy 'bout his gal or I woul'n't be joy-ridin' her around. Fooie! All I wanted was to git away fum him, which is how I come to think of that accident. T'morrow mawnin' I borries that money offen Epic Peters an' pays the taxicab bill."

"An' mine."

"An' yourn. An' even if I is busted, I remains alive. I never did hanker to collect no life insurance."

Keefe took Florian to the Gaines Undertaking Parlors—Embalming Neatly Done, and there ministered to his immediate sufferings. There were many vicious contusions on Mr. Slappey's slender body, but no bones were broken; and before morning dawned Florian considered himself excellently well out of a thoroughly nasty scrape. Not that his body failed to shriek protest with every movement of joint or muscle; not that his head ceased to ache and his bones

Have a pair of Colored Goggles with you wherever you go. It is easy to buy them from the WILLSON assortment on the attractive card . . .

The WILLSON *name on every frame*

WILLSON GOGGLES, *Inc.*, READING, PA.

It's pure when it reaches you—Keep it so!

WHEN the milkman leaves it at your door, nothing but pure, wholesome milk is in the bottle—but what happens when you open it?

If the cap is the ordinary kind, you never can replace it so that it is a real protection; you'll crumple it so it won't fit—or you'll puncture it with the ice-pick or a kitchen fork. Dust, dirt and germs can easily enter—you and your family may suffer.

Compare these archaic methods with Perfection Caps, which lift by a reinforced tab that won't tear off. You can replace them as often as you wish. The cap is not mutilated; no dirt can enter the milk.

Just by sending the coupon, you can obtain, free, a month's supply of Perfection Caps. Get them—try them—then tell your milkman that you want him to use them. He will be glad to do it.

Send the coupon now.

PERFECTION
MILK-BOTTLE CAP

Drink more milk

AND PROTECT IT WITH PERFECTION PULL CAPS

JUST TEAR OFF THIS COUPON AND MAIL

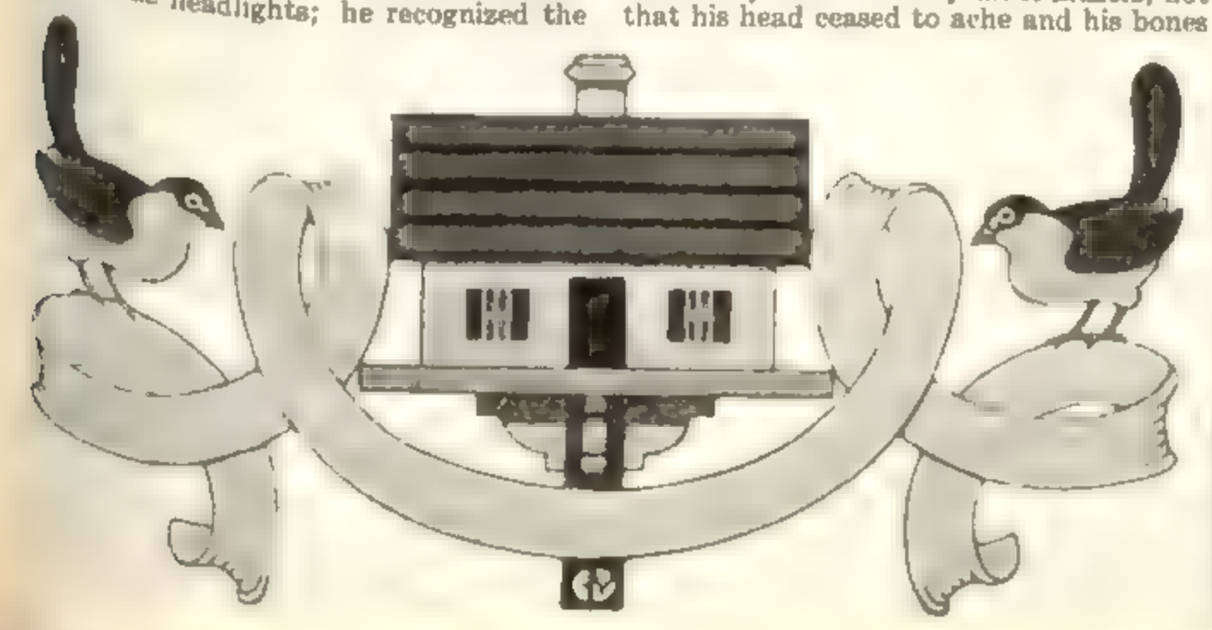
P7

THE SMITH-LEE COMPANY
537 Fitch St., Oneida, N. Y.

Without obligation please send me a month's supply of *Perfection Caps*

Name

Address



Correction of an error

On page 217 of the May 10th issue of this publication there appeared an advertisement of Krementz links. Through a typographical error, these links were described as "18 kt. white gold."

This description should have read "18 kt. white gold *plate*."

We regret the error sincerely and take this means of correcting it.

KREMENTZ & CO.
Newark, New Jersey

to cry for rest; but at least Mr. Slappey was alive.

The task of borrowing thirty dollars—a fair safety margin—was not without its difficulties, but eventually it was completed. Florian, walking agonizingly, made his way slowly to the house where Evva Mapes boarded. He found that lady radiant with happiness.

"I an' Percy is engaged ag'in, an ——"

"Nemmin' 'bout that. I has come to 'scuss some impawtant matters. I was skeered last night when I got accidented that you an' Percy—'specially Percy—might think I was tryin' to do him out of how much taxicab bill I owed. I has come to pay you back fo' same. Did you pay it?"

"Yeh."

Florian flashed his roll of one-dollar bills.

"How much?" he demanded apprehensively.

She smiled sweetly.

"One dollar an' eighty cents."

Florian's jaw dropped.

"Says which?"

"One dollar an' eighty cents."

"Gal, you says words, but they don't make sense. That taxi bill must of been 'bout twenty dollars."

She shook her head slowly.

"Tha's what my Percy allowed, but the meter just said a dollar an' eighty."

One dollar and eighty cents! Suddenly every bruised bone and aching joint in Mr. Slappey's body commenced hurting at double speed.

"I don't understand. Tha's all what the meter said?"

"Ev'y cent Percy thought it was funny."

"Funny! Gal, you don't know what funny is. An' me gittin' accidented!" A sudden inspirational thought struck home. "Listen, I seen that meter when it registered. . . . Look heah, Evva, when I an' Percy was buyin' them san'wiches, you di'n't happen to touch that taximeter, did you?"

Her fair forehead corrugated in a frown.

"Well, yes," she admitted candidly; "I did kinder fool with it a li'l' bit. I always was cu'ious to see how them things wukked."

Florian seized her arm.

"What did you do?"

"Not hahdly nothin'. I heard it tickin', an' it kinder made me nervous."

"Yeh, that tickin' made me nervous all evenin'."

"An' it seemed like to me the li'l' gold flag wan't in the right place. It was hangin' down 'stead of standin' up."

"An' you "

"I just stood it up, tha's all."

"All! Wiggilin' tripe! Tha's all what you did? Pushed that flag up?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' then what happened?"

"It stopped tickin' an' I figured it had run down, so I wound a li'l' crank an' a piece of paper come out. I got skeered an' th'owed that paper away, an' then I pushed the li'l' gold flag back down again to where it had been an' the meter stahted tickin' once mo'."

Florian was dazed. So the accident had been unnecessary after all. Evva had shoved the taximeter back to zero, then started it again. Solemnly, Florian counted into Evva's hand the sum of one dollar and eighty cents.

"There's how much the taxi bill was, Evva. You give that to Percy an' tell him Florian Slappey ain't no man to do nobody out of nothin'. Tell him tha's what kind of a guy I am. Gosh!"

His eyes half closed and he stood gazing raptly off into the distance. Briefly and painfully he summarized the situation. There was the dollar and eighty cents which he had just returned to Evva Mapes; the inevitable check-up of the meter shortage with its consequent financial demand upon the bewildered Percy. As for Evva, she had parted with no money and had secured for herself one evening of complete high-class enjoyment and one large husband.

Florian felt her hand on his arm.

"What you thinkin' about, Florian?"

"Thinkin'?" Mr. Slappey answered slowly. "I was just sort of reflectin', Miss Mapes, that there ain't no sense or either truth in that old sayin' about it bein' the woman who pays."

Stop Foot Pains

INSTANT RELIEF FROM TIRED, ACHING FEET AND ANKLES

Non-Skid Arch Uplift is the improved type of arch saver, perfected through our 35 years experience in [illegible] care of all types of body [illegible]. The adjustable, Non-skid cushion pad conforms to every movement of instep muscles and corrects [illegible] foot strain. Overcomes pain in ball of foot and heel. Corrects other foot troubles by supporting and strengthening muscles.

Positive Relief for Corns, Callouses, Bunions

[illegible] one of [illegible] and leather liners. Worn by men, women and children with any style shoes and no [illegible]

NON-SKID ARCH UPLIFT

Made in pink or black to fit every foot. Guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. Thousands in use. Endorsed by physicians.

State size of shoe when ordering. Worth [illegible] $2.00 pair, regular price $1.50 without pad $1.00. If your druggist, chiropodist or dealer cannot supply, order direct. Sent C O D if desired.

THE OHIO TRUSS CO. Dept. D. Cincinnati, Ohio

Send for FREE BOOK

43.8 Miles on Gal. of Gas Obtained in Official Test (Affidavits on File)

Blancke Thermostatic Carburetor Control is guaranteed to increase mileage on your Ford car or [illegible] speeds possible in high gear, easily and quickly installed. Costs only $5 and you will find it quickly pays for itself many times.

An Automatic Carburetor Control for Ford Cars and Trucks

Guaranteed Trial Offer

[illegible] Thermostatic Carburetor Control under Blancke [illegible]

A. C. BLANCKE & CO.
Dept. 257 802 W. Lake St. Chicago

HAY FEVER LOGIC

[illegible] Nasal Filter. Can't irritate nose or throat. Sent on trial. $1.00 postpaid. NASAL FILTER COMPANY, Saint Peter St., Saint Paul, Minn.

Salesmen Sell virgin wool underwear direct to consumer. [illegible] $10.00 a week or more. Write for proposition. J. B. SIMPSON, Inc., 843 W. Adams St., Dept. 595, Chicago

WANT WORK AT HOME? Earn $15 to $60 a week Retouching photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish Working Outfit Free. Limited offer. Write to-day Artcraft Studios, Dept. J, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

August 9, 1924

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
A Speaking Likeness—*Julian Street*	3
The Set-Up—Thomas McMorrow	10
The Lady Fare—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	14
To the Bold!—*William Ashley Anderson*	18

ARTICLES

Lo, the Native American!—*Garet Garrett*	6
The Sin of Success—*Albert W. Atwood*	8
Fads and Fancies of Collectors—*Elizabeth Shackleton*	9
Light Lady Fingers—*Katherine Sproehnle and Jane Grant*	12
The Making of a Stockbroker—*Edwin Lefèvre*	16
Weber and Fields—*Felix Isman and Wesley W. Stout*	20
The Argonauts of the Automobile—*Earl Chapin May*	25

SERIALS

Balisand (Third part)—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	22
The Silver Forest (Conclusion)—*Ben Ames Williams*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Cost-free to boys

THESE PRIZES

Bicycle
Baseball Goods
Fishing Tackle
Flashlight
Watch and Compass
Tennis Racquet
Boy Scout Outfit
Radio Set and Supplies

Which Ones Will You Have?

TAKE your choice—as many as you want of these or 250 other boys' prizes we offer. We'll send them to you and *you don't have to pay a cent.*

Besides this, we'll pay you money for sodas, ball games, even some for the bank—as much cash as you need—*it all depends on you.*

Earn Money, Too —it's fun!

Any Thursday morning, along with 35,000 other boys your age, you can start for these big awards. (The first can be yours right away.) How to do it? Just sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* to readers near your home (in U. S.). An hour a week can turn the trick and it's FUN, for we help you to sell. To learn where you can get copies in your town—

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Sales Division
958 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Friends: I want to be in on your prizes and money. Tell me how to start—right away

My Name_____

Street _____

City_____ State _____

It's Easy!

Easy To Hang Pictures
without marring wall paper, plaster or woodwork with a
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
10c pkts. Sold everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Book and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" Send model or sketch of your invention for *Examination and Instructions FREE.*
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

From a Painting by Cushman Parker

Copyright 1924 Pratt & Lambert-Inc.

When you finish linoleum with "61" Floor Varnish you put *durability* where it is *needed.* On linoleum, floors, furniture and woodwork "61" displays extraordinary wear-resistance, as well as water-resistance. Water or other liquids, hot or cold *can not turn it white.*

Color card and sample panel, with names of P & L dealers will be gladly sent you on request.

"Save the surface and you save all"

P & L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

A human life at stake!

SAFETY—*for less than a penny a day!*

"NEVER again would I drive at night without one." Car owners everywhere are saying this about the Fyrac Night Guide. Why? They have found new safety, new comfort, and new enjoyment in night driving.

The glare of oncoming headlights no longer holds a dread. With Fyrac's beam on the right hand road-edge, there is *sight* where there was *blindness*. No more "trusting in luck" to hold the road. And objects ahead are plainly visible.

Curtains or closed windows cannot shut this super spotlight from use. It does not "hang" from the windshield support—it fits through your windshield glass, is controlled from within the car. Its Gun Grip is at your finger ends. Aim its 1500-foot beam where you wish—"stays put" in any position, secure against road shocks. Quickly removed for use as a trouble lamp.

Installed at dealers' while you wait, without removing the windshield. $12.75 installed—*less than a penny a day for safety!* Made by the makers of Fyrac Spark Plugs.

Patented May 15, 1923; others pending.

FYRAC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ROCKFORD, ILL.

FYRAC *Night* GUIDE

the Super Spotlight

Fits through your windshield glass

COMPLIES WITH ALL STATE LAWS

Bon Ami

for Aluminum etc.

Unlike gritty cleansers, Bon Ami doesn't scratch. That's why, for many years, leading aluminum-ware manufacturers have recommended it for cleaning the highly polished parts of aluminum utensils.

And Bon Ami should be used for the *inside* of pots and pans, too! For then the inside surface will be perfectly smooth—free from the little scratches that catch the food and increase the danger of scorching.

Bon Ami removes dirt by softening it and blotting it up. It's so easy to use! Just a little Bon Ami cake or powder on a damp cloth—a few brisk rubs—and aluminum kitchenware shines and glitters like new.

And Bon Ami is kind to the housewife's hands—it never reddens or roughens them.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
Glass Baking Dishes	Tiling
White Woodwork	White Shoes
Aluminum Ware	The Hands
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	Linoleum and Congoleum

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

Real *Fresh-Fruit* Lemonade

—just like you'd make at home

Look for *These Machines*

YOU'RE hot, thirsty and tired and want a real, old-fashioned lemonade *made with lemon juice* to quench that thirst, refresh you and really *cool the blood.*

Then do this:

Walk right into any fountain now—any one that uses the Sunkist Juice Extractor—and get just what you are looking for.

You'll see these bright, shiny electrical machines with the immaculate porcelain tops and spouts on the counters of the most up-to-date stores this summer. Don't miss them.

Order lemonade, and see the fruit pressed to the revolving reamer. See the fresh, pure, natural juice gush into your glass. See the water and sugar added. *See the whole drink made right before your eyes.*

No doubt about *that* being a *real lemonade*—your favorite drink—even before you taste it.

Try it. Look well at the illustration printed on this page. Then look for the fountains that use this proof of the genuineness of the delicious, healthful, cooling lemonade they serve.

Rich in the natural, fresh fruit salts and acids that aid digestion and help to *cool the blood.*

Remarkable, too, in the *fresh vitamine* content that is so necessary to the health of men, women and children.

A good health rule: At least two glasses daily throughout the summer—real *fresh-fruit* lemonades prepared with the Sunkist Extractor.

Get your first glass today.

California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

Uniformly Good

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Los Angeles, California

Growers of Sunkist Lemons and Oranges and Manufacturers of the Sunkist Extractor